Collier's

NOVEMBER 9, 1946
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MOVIE REVOLUTION

ARCTIC GIANT KILLERS

WHO GETS THE PROFITS?

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

BANJO TWICHELL
AND THE DEMOCRATIC DOGS
— an election story

Nov 9-1946

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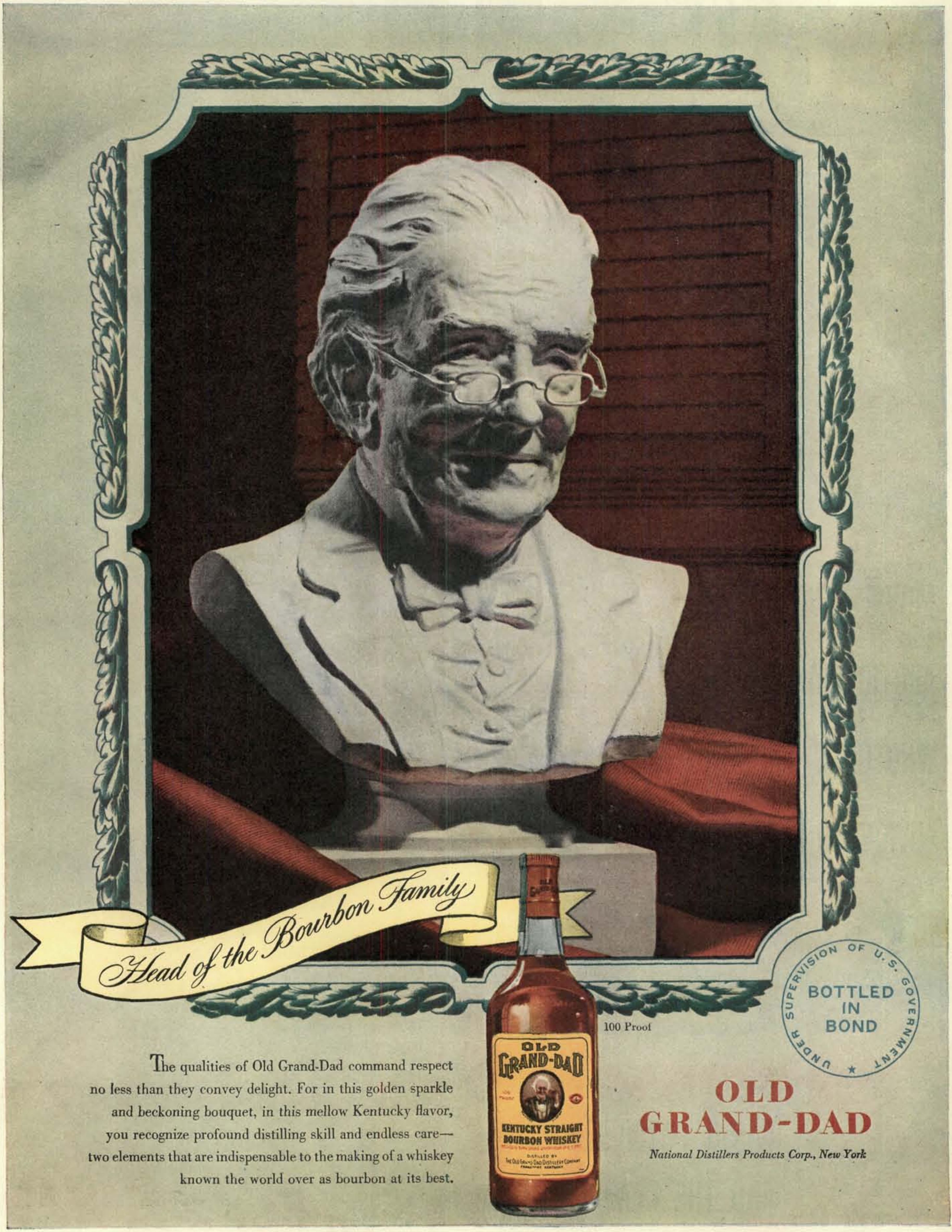
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100 Proof
UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
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OLD GRAND-DAD

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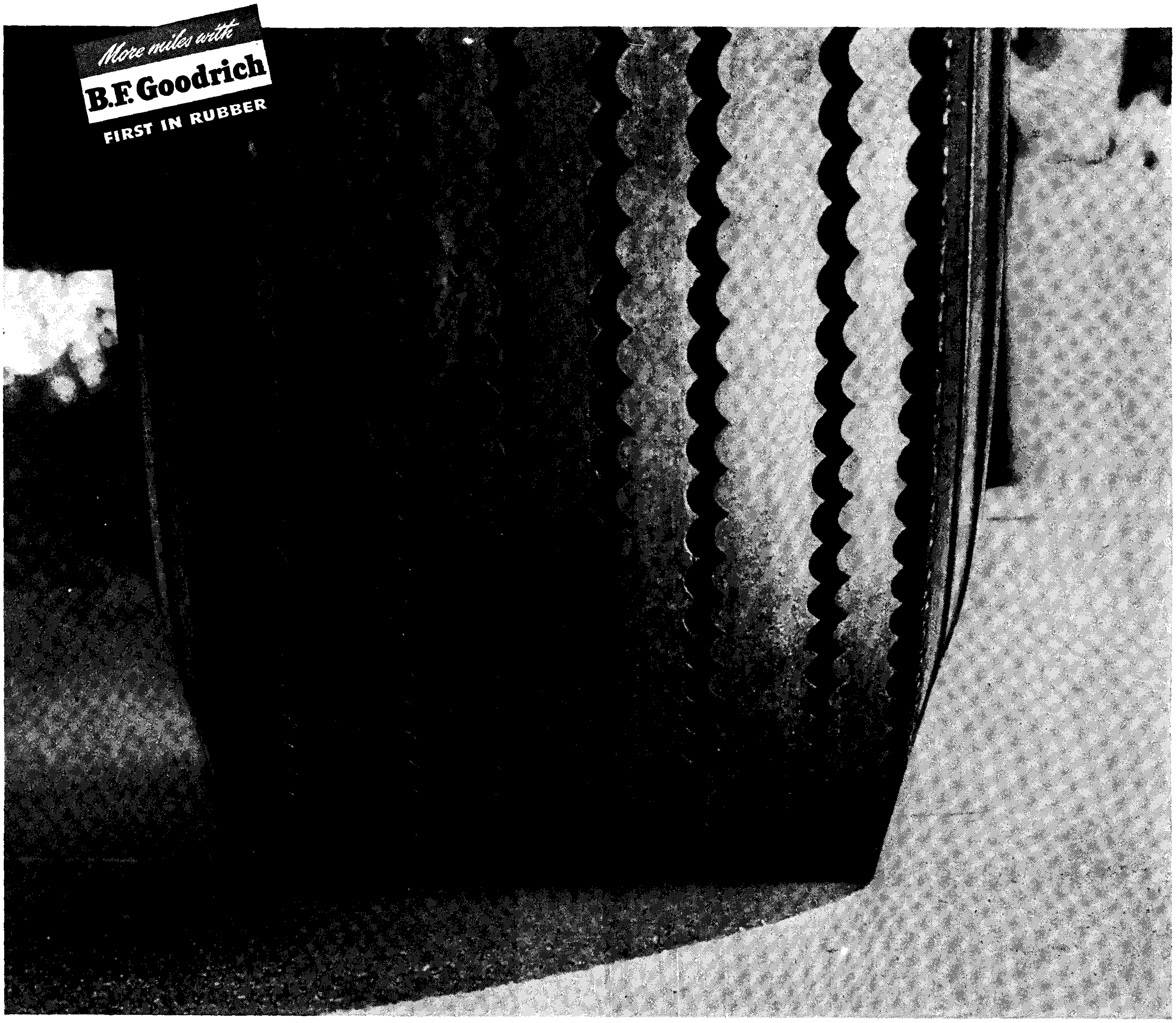

THE NEW B. F. GOODRICH TIRE OUTWEARS PREWAR TIRES

On any kind of road and in all kinds of climates, the new B. F. Goodrich tire outwears prewar tires. It has proved itself in millions of miles of driving on taxi fleets, police cars, and special test cars. Reports are coming in every week telling how much better the new B. F. Goodrich passenger car tires stand up than the tires of prewar days.

One reason for this exceptional durability is the wider, flatter tread that wears longer because it wears more evenly. Another is the stronger tire body, made that way by using more cords and stronger cords.

This combination of thick, tough, longer-wearing tread and more rugged tire body gives you a tire that can take the pounding of bumpy roads as well as the steady grind of high-speed driving on smooth concrete.

Of course, supplies of tires are still limited. In spite of greatly increased production, demand is even greater. This is especially true of the B. F. Goodrich Silvertown tire that outwears prewar tires. Please check your needs well in advance. Talk to your B. F. Goodrich dealer. He'll do his best to keep you rolling until he can get the new tires for you. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

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COLLIER'S

November 9, 1946

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WILLIAM B. HART *Fiction*
MAC LENNAN FARRELL *Fiction*

THIS WEEK

FICTION

PAGE

NOW ABOUT OLD BILL WILLIAMS By WILLIAM BRANDON 14
Teresina's father gave her every chance to marry the right man.

AT THE JUNCTION By LULA VOLLMER 16
Love makes it hard for a minister to practice what he preaches.

THE MEDALLION By FRANK O'ROURKE 20
Never had the Mexican diver known a girl as beautiful as Kathy.

BANJO TWICHELL AND THE DEMOCRATIC DOGS By DAVE GRUBB 24
It sure was dumb of the sheriff to hire him as dogcatcher.

STORM BEFORE DAYBREAK By MARIAN SIMS 26
The Serial Story. The third of four parts.

ANGEL FACE By GERALD KERSH 96
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

ARCTIC GIANT KILLERS By CHARLES LANIUS 11
A visit with the intrepid Eskimo whalers in northernmost Alaska.

MARY AND HER MAIL By MAXINE DAVIS 17
Miss Haworth injects psychiatry into her heartthrob column.

YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE A PROFIT By CHARLES E. WILSON as told to G. EDWARD PENDRAY 18
A defense of capitalism—by the president of General Motors.

THE PATHS OF GLORY By MARTHA GELLHORN 21
Highlights of the grim comedy and dire tragedy of Nuremberg.

REVOLUTION WITH A CAMERA By HERB A. LIGHTMAN 22
Bob Montgomery's new screen technique in Lady in the Lake.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING MIRACLE By BILL DAVIDSON 79
Why penicillin and other wonder drugs are not cure-alls.

INNKEEPERS' IMBROGLIO By KYLE CRICHTON 93
Meet Mr. Hilton and Mr. Kirkeby, the nation's top Bonifaces.

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 8

WING TALK By WINNIFRED WISE and CAROL LYNN GILMER 104

EDITORIAL: *A Statement of Fact* 106

COVER By *WARD BRACKETT*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

IKE vs. MONTY vs. READERS

DEAR SIR: In your article, Montgomery's Quarrel With Eisenhower (Oct. 5th), is the most absurd group of statements I have read in a long time. This article boosts Montgomery, but in reading it, he actually failed to obey his orders from Eisenhower at least a dozen times. Had he been a buck private, he would have been shot.

H. A. CRAWFORD, Birmingham 8, Ala.

. . . Your clarification of the Montgomery-Eisenhower strategy is a masterpiece. It, however, was not a quarrel—it was merely two different plans by two great military strategists.

FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER,
New York City

JUST THE TYPE

DEAR GURNEY WILLIAMS: I just came in from trying to put a man-neck sweater on a turtle, when I found this week's copy of Collier's with the new trick display type. I think it's wonderful!

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE,
South Norwalk, Conn.

Thanks, and so do many other readers of Collier's, Colonel.

LIFESAVER

DEAR JOE ALEX MORRIS: I have just seen the piece on the Traffic Safety Association of Detroit (Stop, Look and Live!, Oct. 19th). All of us at the National Safety Council appreciate this added proof of Collier's continuing interest in accident prevention. You can't realize how much this helps us to hold down the accident toll.

PAUL JONES,
Director of Public Information

SOUTH AMERICAN WAY

DEAR EDITOR: I read Dorothy Roe Lewis' very interesting article, Rio Roundelay (Sept. 21st). Miriam should have gone to Gonzaga Beach in Santos (my home), and the boys wouldn't ear-pull, but just say: "Gos . . . to . . . zo . . . ña!" That is Brazilian slang, means a bit more than "Hubba-hubba!"

VICENTE MELLO, Newnan, Ga.

HIGHER EDUCATION

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: The Kids Come First (Oct. 26th) is an exciting and highly suggestive story of community action to improve schools. Citizens must want good schools, able school administrators and well-trained teachers. They must see that working and living conditions are attractive and they must be willing to pay the bills. If the story of New Castle's vision,

(*Continued on page* 103)

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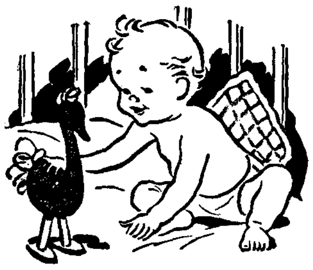
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

Can you answer these questions about

Having a baby?



Q. Why is maternity safer now than ever before?

A. Medical science has made tremendous advances in protecting both mother and baby. Better obstetrical training of doctors, improved techniques, the effective use of new drugs, especially the sulfas and penicillin, and the increased proportion of hospital deliveries, have all contributed to a great reduction in the hazards of motherhood.

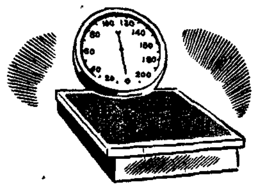
Q. What about pain during childbirth?

A. As a rule some pain is to be expected. Of course every physician tries to make confinement as easy as possible, but he must safeguard the mother's health. Your doctor will know what medication to use to ease pain, if it is advisable in your particular case. Remember, too, that a happy, confident attitude toward what, after all, is a natural and welcome event will help to encourage an easy delivery.

Q. Will mother's diet affect the baby's health?

A. Mothers who follow a proper diet, one recommended by their physician, generally have healthier babies and shorter labor. Good nutrition during pregnancy is also an important factor in guarding the mother's health.

Q. Why is too great a gain in weight bad?



A. Too great an increase in the mother's weight during pregnancy is dangerous because it puts extra strain on the heart, kidneys, and other organs. Normal increase is generally between 16 and 20 pounds, but this varies with the individual. Let your physician determine how much you should gain.

Q. What pre-natal care is advisable?

Proper pre-natal care is important for the health of both mother and baby. The first step should be to visit the doctor promptly and let him advise as to diet, exercise, and other matters. Continued visits for periodic check-ups are also desirable.

While the doctor may suggest plenty of rest, sun and fresh air, as well as the continuation of most normal activities, he is likely to advise against any undue strain, such as reaching, or pulling or pushing heavy objects.

Father can aid by recognizing that the pre-natal period is one of adjustment, and by helping his wife keep happy and confident. In many communities the Public Health Nurse may be of assistance to both parents and physician.

To help assure good health for mother and child, and to learn many other important details, send for Metropolitan's free booklet 126-C, entitled "Information for Expectant Mothers."

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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Please send me a copy of your free booklet 126-C, entitled "Information for Expectant Mothers."

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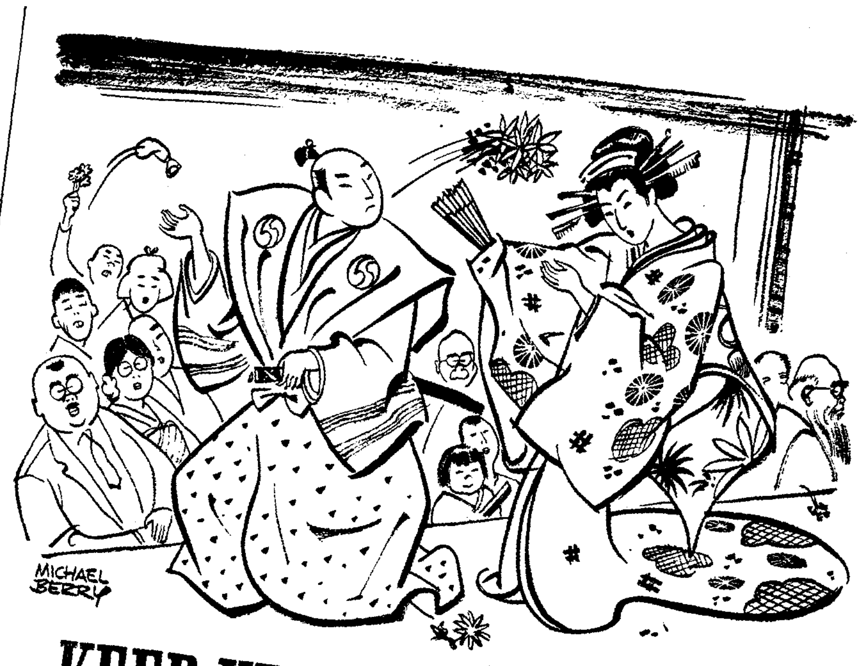
oh-oh, Dry Scalp!
Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

"... I SHOULD BE enjoying this game, but all I can think about is his hair . . . How lifeless and stringy it is! I'll bet it's hard to comb . . . and full of loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp all right . . . Guess I'll tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

HOW DIFFERENT his hair looks now! Check Dry Scalp yourself with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. A few drops a day make a world of difference. Better-looking hair, a better-feeling scalp. Loose dandruff is checked, too. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Of the four types of dramas staged in Japan during the past two centuries, the most popular has been the Kabuki, a spectacular musical play which is presented only in special Kabuki theaters. A unique feature of these playhouses is the *hanamichi*, a runway leading from the stage to the back of the house over which the stars make their entrances and exits so appreciative members of the audience can toss them bouquets of flowers or purses of money.

The vast international communications systems of the U.S. and the British Empire have recently, by agreement, reduced and standardized their rates. Today, the basic rate for an ordinary radio or cable message from the U.S. to almost any point in the world is 20 cents a word, whereas, in 1936, it was 30 cents to Russia, 42 cents to South America and 75 cents to China.

The largest personal income in the United States in 1945 was $1,113,035, reported by the film director and writer, Leo McCarey, most of which came from his percentage of the year's profits on Going My Way.

The octobass, a three-stringed musical instrument invented in Paris in 1849, was 13 feet in height and thus required its player to stand on a box to bow it and press its strings with artificial fingers which he moved by levers. Owing to its unwieldiness, this giant instrument was a failure and only four were made, three of which are preserved today in museums in Vienna, Paris and London.

An extensive operation in the Eastman Kodak Company plant in Rochester, New York, is the recovery of the silver from waste film which, in 1945, amounted to 2,500,000 ounces, or 16.66 per cent of the total quantity of silver used. Despite the thoroughness of the recovery processes, which included the extraction of fine grains from the air, the amount of the metal irretrievably lost was 150,000 ounces, worth almost $107,000.

During this fall and winter in the United States, 107 fox hunting clubs in 26 states with some 4,000 members owning around 2,000 couples of hounds will hold about 4,000 hunts.

The Maharaja of Mysore, India, to make his fabulous palace appear as spectacular at night as during the day, has its exterior outlined with 130,000 electric lights which are set eight inches apart and which, if placed in a straight line, would cover a distance of 16 miles.

No American is supposed to be addressed or referred to by the title "The Honorable" unless he is among the high public officials whose importance automatically confers the privilege upon them in the Style Manual of the Department of State. However, members of Congress bestow it widely, recent issues of the Congressional Record showing the title used in reference to such individuals as small-town politicians, lawyers and newspapermen.

A pilgrimage made by 14 groups of individuals from various European countries for the purpose of praying together for international peace ended in the cathedral of Vezelay, France, on July 19, 1946. Each group traveled on foot and brought with it a large wooden cross, several of which were so heavy that three men could not carry them for longer than ten minutes at a time.

The world's most complete collection of orchestral music is the Fleisher Collection in the Free Library in Philadelphia. Valued at $6,000,000, it contains as many as 100 instrumental parts of each of some 11,000 orchestral works from over 50 countries which it lends gratis to orchestras when unobtainable elsewhere. Among the hundreds of odd compositions is Charles Ives' Fourth Symphony which is performed by an orchestra divided into three sections, each playing independently in a different rhythm under its own conductor.

During the past 20 years some 640 American colleges have had a total of about 12,800 football teams of which no more than 160 have been undefeated and untied and only five have had no points scored against them.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17) N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

A star died a million years ago It shines anew tonight
for her because she dreams of love. So with her
diamond — from all the treasured mete of mines this
lovely lighted spark is hers alone. Her engagement
ring stone must be selected for such a destiny
It need not be of many carats, for color, clarity
and cutting are important also in determining value.
You will need the judgment of a trusted jeweler.
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and Associated Companies.

Stop trouble

BEFORE IT HAPPENS!

As this young halfback well knows, the right kind of protection can prevent a lot of trouble. That's the case with *car* trouble, too — so, to protect yourself against unnecessary repair bills and needless breakdowns . . .

Let the United Motors Man Keep Your Car in Shape

Your car will be quick-starting, smooth-running and dependable in any kind of weather . . . if you take it to the United Motors man for regular servicing and checking. That famous orange and blue United Motors Service sign stands for the best of everything in automotive service—including *original-equipment parts, approved maintenance methods, personal attention.* Wherever you are, you'll find a friendly United Motors man in your own neighborhood. See him for car-saving service.

Look for this Sign — UNITED SERVICE MOTORS — It's right nearby

United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

HARRIS & EWING

FOR author Maxine Davis, one of the pleasantest aspects of producing her current article for Collier's, Mary and Her Mail (p. 17), was that she didn't have to leave her home city, Washington, D. C., to gather material.

"I have spent at least half my life in transit, in pursuit of copy," Miss Davis says, "and I *hate* to travel. The last four months of 1944 were the worst; I traveled 35,000 miles in bucket seats of stripped-down airplanes from Washington to Europe, Africa and Asia—and came home to find I'd gained a pound.

"I *also* hate to write. The business of sitting down and getting the story on paper is the price I pay for the fun of reporting. That I love. Going out and collecting new facts is, to me, the most exciting experience in life; writing the story is the most painful. Like most reporters, I always take until one minute before the ultimate deadline to finish my job. That always baffles my family who are still incapable of understanding why, when I knew a month in advance when the article was due, I have to be writing like mad the night before."

As a reporter for major newspapers and news services, Miss Davis has worked in practically every country in Europe on one assignment or another—and her greatest reportorial sorrow is that she once broke an engagement to go to Munich and interview a psychopathic little crackpot named Hitler.

Although she, Miss Davis, has written numerous articles and four books—The Lost Generation, They Shall Not Want (a study of unemployment relief in England, Sweden and the United States), Woman's Medical Problems, and Through the Stratosphere—she says she still approaches new assignments with something like fear: "I have been scared to death of some of the people I have written about, usually without foundation. Newton D. Baker, whom I approached in a cold sweat, was the kindest man in the world to a young reporter; Mahatma Gandhi, whom I interviewed on a boat at Marseille, was an only slightly incarnate mind who treated me as though I were a recording machine. I am frequently afraid of some of the subjects I've tackled: the world economic conference of 1933 was a headache even to the experts, but war was the worst.

"I hated going to the England of the buzz bombs, but the Army Air Forces convinced me that it was my duty to go there and write a book on aviation medicine."

WILLIAM BRANDON tells us there's a sort of bibliographical ghost story in connection with the mystery of exactly what about Old Bill Williams (hero of the short story, p. 14). "Ruxton, an English traveler and author of books on the American Far West a hundred years ago, wrote in a book published about the time of Old Bill Williams' death: 'He was killed by the Utes in the South Park of the Rockies during the winter.' However the book was published a couple of months before Williams actually met his death in about that same region, and possibly in that same manner. Ruxton himself was dead by the time the book was in print, so he couldn't be questioned about his peculiar prescience. The exact circumstances of Old Bill Williams' death, or disappearance, which occurred as an aftermath of Frémont's unfortunate fourth expedition, remain a puzzle to historical researchers."

LULA VOLLMER says that she had been planning to write her story, At the Junction (p. 16) for a long time, but couldn't decide on the ending. "Alexander, the young minister, had been traveling around in my mind, lost in his problem. I couldn't answer his questions. Then, one day, I saw the old lady step into the train. All I had to do was to lead her to sit beside Alexander. I knew that she could show him his way."

Miss Vollmer is a playwright, too. Her Sunup had a good run in New York and London.

Lula Vollmer

IN THE mid-thirties when Hitler's Luftwaffe rehearsed for war, Martha Gellhorn told the story. As the Nazi octopus spread its tentacles over one nation after another, Miss Gellhorn was on the scene. She reported the initial incredible German triumphs, then the faltering of the war machine and finally the abject collapse of Germany. Now she comes to the last chapter—at Nuremberg, where the Nazi leaders stood in judgment before a world court; and Miss Gellhorn reports this graphically, too, in The Paths of Glory (p. 21).

This week's cover: Walking down Park Avenue one day, artist Ward Brackett bumped into a girl, said, first, "I beg your pardon," and then: "Would you consider posing for me for a Collier's cover?" But this girl, Beal Baldwin, wasn't surprised. She was already an experienced model.

"Getting back to drawing beautiful girls," says Brackett, "is almost as exciting as getting out of the Army." . . . A.P.

Ever Had a "Conditioned Air" Ride?

Pick out a day when the world is one mass of howling cold and timid souls have scuttled off the highway . . .

Make that the day to discover the *pleasure* of driving a new Nash.

Leave your overcoat at home—your gloves, your laprobe. You won't need them. *When you step into a Nash you step into complete living-room comfort.*

First you will see that the car windows are closed to the top. But out of nowhere comes a gentle flood of conditioned air, as warm as the living room you've left, yet fresh, *invigorating*. Into nowhere vanishes the smoke of your cigarette, the moisture of your breath. Windshield and windows stay sparkling clear.

More amazing still, as you speed along, the mercury can rise or tumble, the wind can shift—but front seat and back, floor-level and head-level, the temperature you choose is automatically maintained.

So you settle back and enjoy the weather.

You're riding in a world all your own—where winter can't reach you, where drafts can't touch you, and where—winter and summer and the year 'round—you'll enjoy travel that is free of dust, stuffy air, and fickle weather.

Here is not only the first scientific heating and ventilating system for motoring—here is also automatic control that outguesses changing weather. The silent sentinel of your comfort is the Nash "Weather Eye." You set a dial for the temperature you like—and it does the rest, *automatically*.

This is "Weather Eye" Magic. One of the great contributions to motoring, introduced by Nash and perfected by Nash—and you'll find it today in the Nash "600" and Nash Ambassador cars.

Ask a friend who owns one or call a Nash dealer. Have a Conditioned Air ride. You'll agree—it's the grandest experience you ever had in an automobile!

Nash Motors

Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation,
Detroit, Michigan

YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH Nash

Recipe for Good Telephone Service

Take four Ms and a W: Men and Women, Money,
Management and Materials

Stir well with Efficiency

Season with Experience

Add a dash of Enthusiasm

Serve with Courtesy and Understanding

It takes many people and many things to keep on giving you the best telephone service in the world.

It takes a lot of money—investors' money—to provide the facilities. There's an investment of $240 behind your telephone and every one of the 25,000,000 telephones in the Bell System.

It takes good management and good employees to operate these facilities. There are about 600,000 Bell System employees—many in management and supervisory positions.

It takes faith in the future. We're busy right now on a $2,000,000,000 building and expansion program—to catch up with the Nation's needs and give you more and better service than ever before.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Eskimos stand over the lip of a whale. Note the ropes threaded through the lip to prevent it from sinking when severed from the carcass

ARCTIC GIANT KILLERS

BY CHARLES LANIUS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Armed with primitive weapons, the whalers of Alaska speed out in tiny boats to conquer the world's largest mammal. It's not a job for the Eskimo who eats too many white man's biscuits

THE spring whaling season at Point Barrow, northmost tip of Arctic Alaska, started badly. Taakpuk, the greatest whale killer in the north, and his crew killed two whales but lost both before enough blubber to fill an Eskimo baby could be salvaged.

The first was carried out into the Arctic Ocean—ropes, block and tackle and all—when the flaw ice suddenly broke. The second sank under the polar ice pack.

I had been waiting a week for good whaling weather, but uncharitable winds moved the ice pack south and closed the leads where whales spout and play on their annual trek north.

One morning Calcord "Rusty" Heurlin, a husky, red-headed artist who lives with the Eskimos, introduced me to Taakpuk. He suggested I go out on the ice with him when the leads opened again.

Taakpuk, between 79 and 85 years old—no one knows exactly—is robust and vigorous, intelligent and shrewd, and his thinly whiskered, leathery Oriental face is a network of character lines.

Taakpuk is a taskmaster and some young men avoid going whaling with him; others consider it an honor. He views the younger generation skeptically, claiming young Eskimo men "eat too many white man's biscuits." Barrow villagers know that if anyone gets a whale, grizzled, weather-beaten old Taakpuk is likely to be the man.

Two days later the winds shifted. Dark streaks of misty vapor appeared about six or seven miles offshore hanging low over the ice pack, a sign

Taakpuk, the master whaler, is the last of the old Point Barrow whalers that leads were opening. Walton Ahmaogak, a large, handsome Eskimo, drove in from Taakpuk's camp five hours southwest of Barrow. I decided to go back with him.

Walton gave me a pair of Eskimo *mukluks*—soft-soled sealskin boots—and a caribou-hide parka. I put on the parka, hair side in, over a woolen shirt and a light sweater. Underneath I wore two suits of woolen underwear. The *mukluks* were a little large so I put on an extra pair of heavy woolen socks, which made three pairs altogether.

"You'll need everything you've got on," Walton assured me.

We headed the dogs down the coast about five o'clock in the afternoon. We skirted the shore, staying on smooth snow-covered ice about midway between land and the first pressure ridge a mile from the coast. The pressure ridge, a jagged glistening chain of millions of tons of ice forced violently up from the ice field by ocean pressure, sometimes rose 50 feet in the air.

Fifteen miles down the coast we cut diagonally into the ice field. Rough travel started at the first pressure ridge. Arctic Ocean ice normally freezes from five to ten feet thick, yet solid blocks of ice at least 15 to 20 feet square were scattered through the pack. The blue-hued translucent walls sometimes seemed impassable, but always Walton guided the dogs to a hidden opening just wide enough to let the sledge through.

After two hours of twisting and turning through dazzling ice gorges and valleys strewn with fantastic ice formations, we stopped to rest on a flat, snow-covered table. I asked Herbert Otis, 17-year-old son of another member of Taakpuk's crew, how much farther it was to the whaling camp.

"Maybe five miles," he replied solemnly. "Maybe ten. Less than fifty."

Walton said camp was about two miles farther, about an hour's traveling distance. We started out again but the dogs refused to pull and we often had to lift the sledge over ledges and barriers. Several times young Herbert ran ahead and beat the dogs with a rope. It was the only way to make them go forward.

Suddenly Walton shouted and pointed to a high mound of ice ahead. Taakpuk's victory flag, 13 red and white stripes and a circle of seven stars in a blue field, floated from the crest. The old hunter had gotten another whale.

The dogs smelled camp and now were straining hard. The next moment we broke out on an open sheet of ice. I saw the lead, a stretch of gray-black water three quarters of a mile wide. The bright Arctic night light made the ice pack on the other side look like a mirage. The camp was on a jutting cape of ice.

The Eskimos waved their arms and shouted when they saw us coming. Taakpuk was beaming, his chest thrown out, and his sparse mustache white with frost. We congratulated him and shook hands with each member of the crew. The whale was a "sinker," lying just below the congealing surface of the sea, buoyed up by "pokes"—sealskin floats—and tied securely to "deadmen" chopped in the solid ice.

It was a big one, a bowhead bull measuring 53 feet when I paced off its length. Its flukes, a very delectable portion, which the men immediately cut off, were each seven and a half feet long. The Eskimos sent one to the village with a runner to notify the people a whale had been caught. The other fluke was for immediate consumption at the camp.

The *muktuk*—the inch-thick black rubbery skin—and about an inch of the fibrous peach-colored blubber is considered the choicest eating. The men started cutting off thin slices of skin and blubber and eating it. It was a rubbery chew, tasted like coconut meat and was not unpleasant.

Eskimos prefer cooked whale to raw. They cut the *muktuk* into inch-wide strips and boiled it in a can of water over a primus stove. When it was done everyone reached in with his fingers for a piece of hot dripping *muktuk*. The cooked blubber looks like a piece of boiled beef fat but has a fishy flavor. The black skin always chews like rubber.

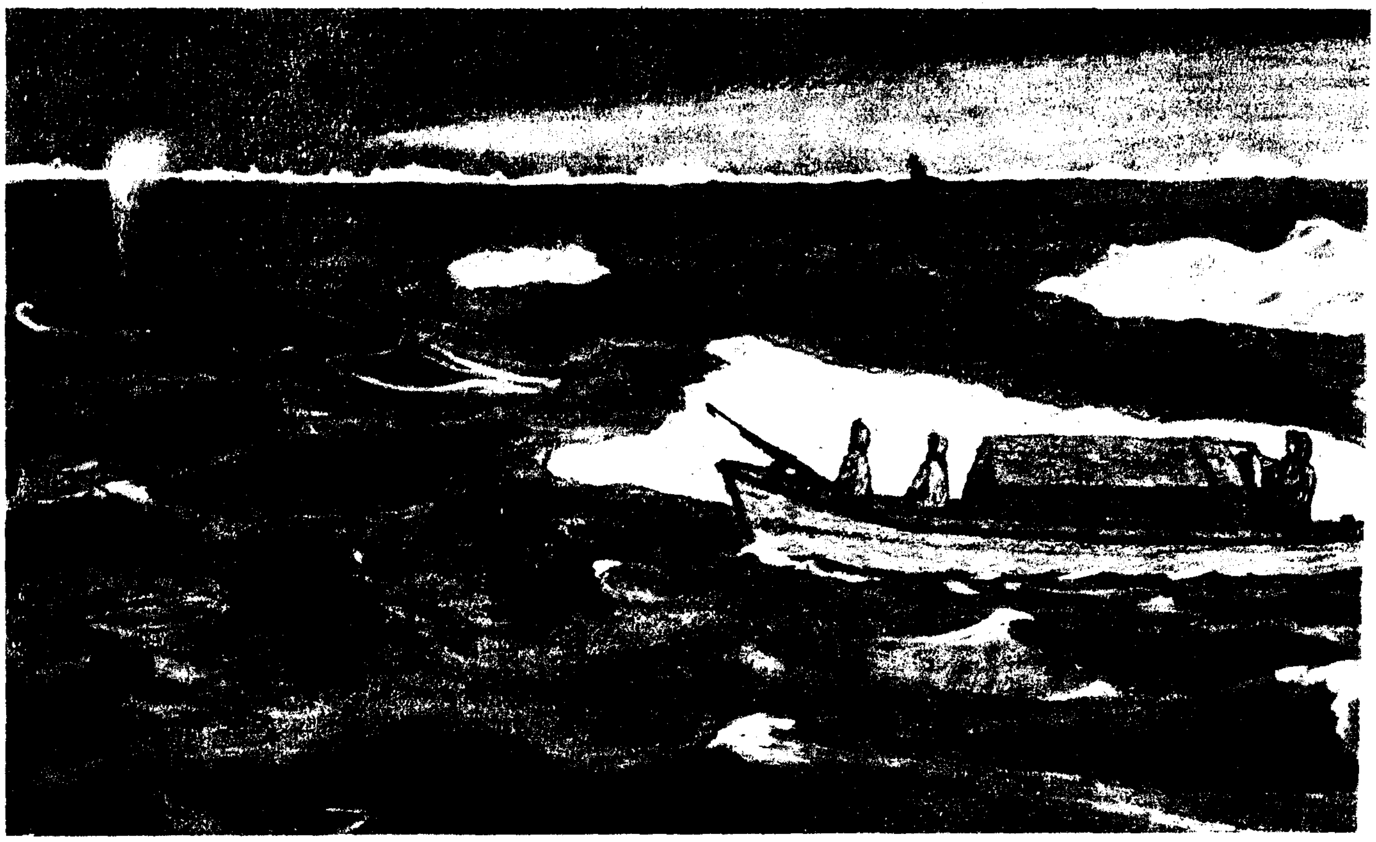
The big bull had been a tough one to kill. The Eskimos sighted it coming leisurely up the lead and put out to intercept it in their umiak, a light but sturdy boat made from the tough hides of a bearded seal. Otis Ahkivak, father of young Herbert, first shot the whale in the neck with an old-fashioned brass shoulder gun and almost simultaneously Bruce Nugaigak sank a harpoon with a line and floats attached, in the animal's shoulder. The bull sounded, taking the hampering floats down with him.

Eighteen-year-old Sam Taalak, the youngest member of Taakpuk's crew, told me how the whale was killed. Sam is a big-boned, likable youth somewhat on the shy side.

Taakpuk chose him as a crew member because Sam's father was a great whaler and Taakpuk believes young men who come from first-class whaling stock are likely to have "whaling hearts."

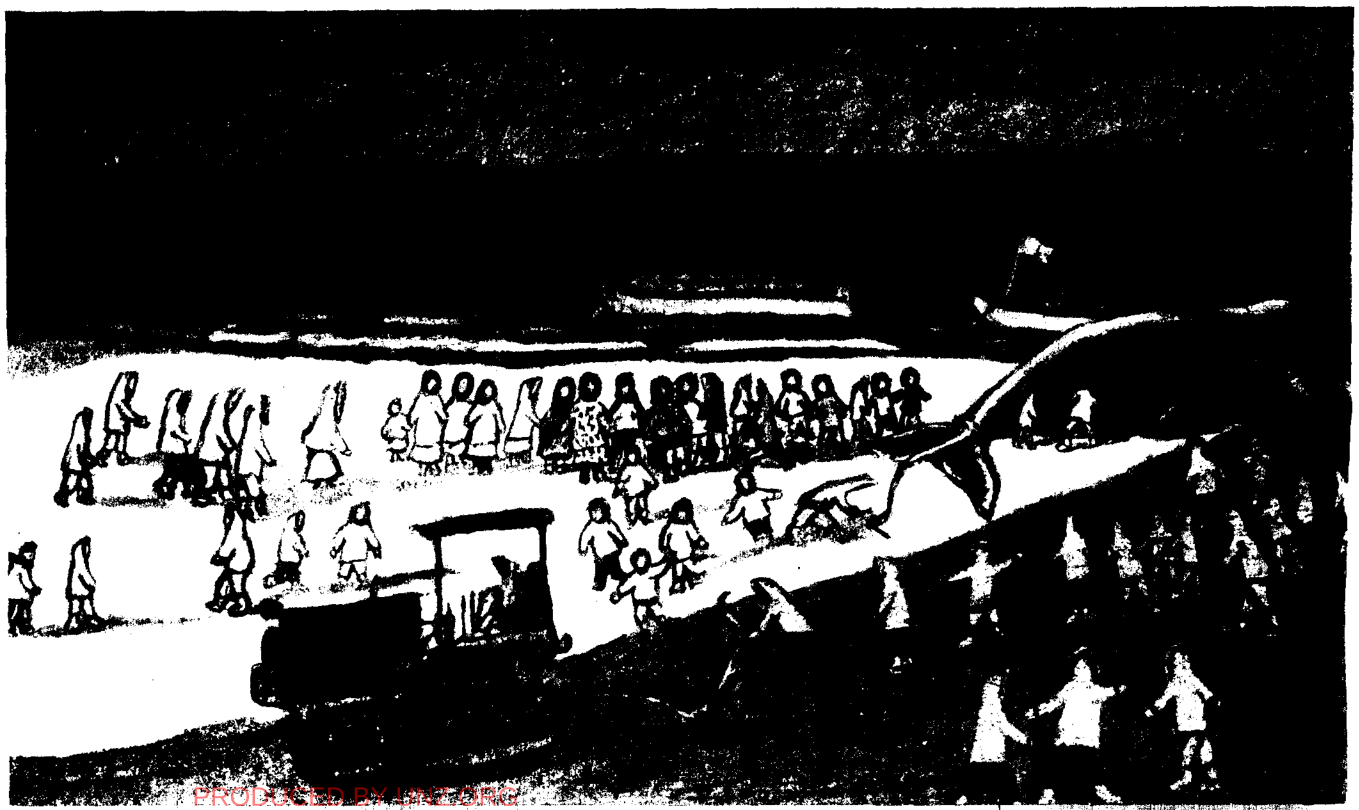
"The whale came up about twenty minutes after we struck him," said Sam. "He was about a half mile away, swimming in circles and trying to shake off the floats. Taakpuk sent us rowing after him. When we got close enough and the whale stopped threshing for a moment, Otis shot another bomb and Bruce fastened more floats on him with another harpoon. He went down again but only for five or six minutes. He came up right under the boat but luckily we slid off his back and didn't tip over.

"By that time Steve Hopson's crew, camped about two miles north, had rowed out in Steve's Peterborough to help us. Horace Ahsogiak, Steve's harpooner, stood up and rammed in another harpoon and bomb with his darting gun. The whale threw up his



Harpooning scene by Wallace Itta. As the boat nears the whale, the man in the prow prepares to launch the harpoon. The artist exercised his artistic license in this drawing. Boats are not equipped with covered engines

An imaginary scene of a whale being beached, by Roy Ahmaulik. With fine disregard for reality, the artist shows how young Eskimos think the job should be done—with tractors, which they saw Seabees use during the war



tail and tried to sound, but Horace's bomb, which exploded near his heart, had finished him. He started to sink but we grabbed the ropes and held him up until we could fasten more floats on him. It is hard slow work, towing a 'sinker' and we were an hour and a half bringing him in. We got him tied up just as you drove in."

The Eskimos whale off the flaw ice. When a whale comes bumping up the lead close to the ice, the Eskimos try to wound or kill it. An animal more than a half mile out is usually safe and under water by the time the men can launch a boat and start pursuit. Because the whale's eyes are on the sides of its massive head, Eskimo whalers try to approach it from a head-on angle or from the rear.

Equipment hasn't improved greatly since white whalers brought in bomb guns and iron harpoons shortly before the turn of the century. The salt-resistant brass shoulder gun Taakpuk's crew uses was made in Boston in 1878; it weighs 24 pounds and the recoil will knock an inexperienced man flat.

The shell and bomb is about 12 inches long, an inch in diameter and packed with about four ounces of black powder. A time fuse explodes the bomb about ten seconds after it enters the whale's body.

The iron harpoons have pivotable heads which open up after they are thrown or plunged into the whale. They are about three feet long with detachable seven-foot wooden handles. Float lines are fastened to an iron ring welded about two feet up from the harpoon head. Eskimos seldom throw harpoons. A harpooner must be practically on top of the whale and jab his weapon into the animal with all his strength to get the best results. It is a dangerous job.

The most effective weapon is the darting gun, a combination harpoon and bomb gun. The Eskimo rams the harpoon into the whale in the orthodox harpooning manner. A plunger or trigger rod attached to the shaft protrudes about a foot back from the harpoon head. When the plunger comes in contact with the whale, it travels backward and releases a trigger in the shaft. A powder charge sends the bomb into the whale. Only an expert can handle a darting gun and the recoil often sends it sailing over the boat crew's heads.

Eskimos try to strike the whale in a spot in line with its heart. Another favorite spot is between the neck and the body. A good thrust sometimes cuts an artery. The thinnest spot in a whale's skull is squarely on top of its head and a well-placed blast from a shoulder gun has been known to kill whales in head-on encounters, but Eskimos don't favor this method. Too often the bomb bounces off the animal's skull.

The Eskimos kill whales today solely for food. The meat and blubber are stored underground in deep permanently freezing cellars for consumption during the long Arctic winter. Three good-sized whales will just about feed the 600 Eskimos who live in Barrow Village, but six means abundance for everyone.

Last season not a single whale was caught and Barrow endured some lean months. Eskimos believe Navy pilots who buzzed the leads in DC-3s frightened the whales away. The pilots were forbidden by camp officials to fly near the ice this year.

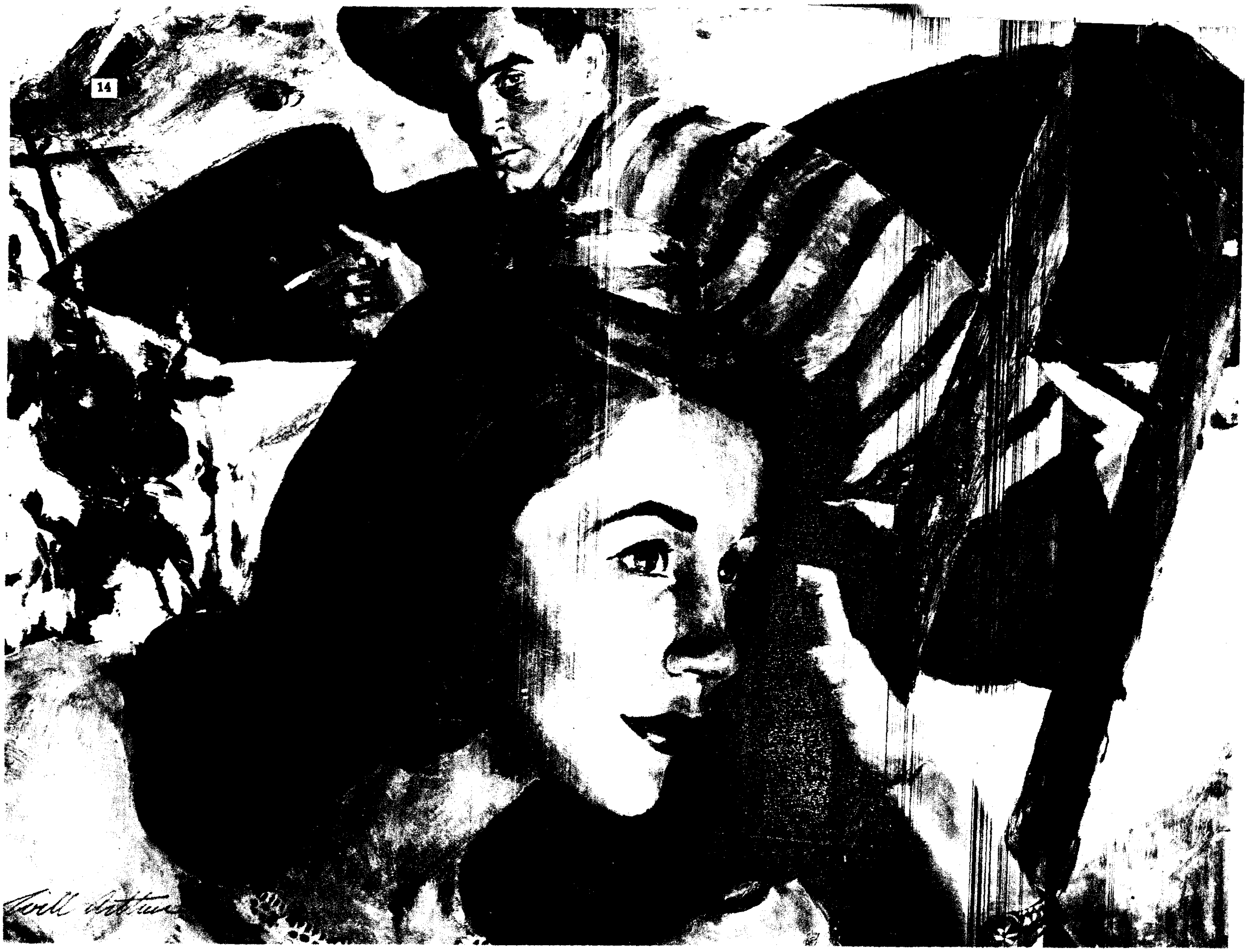
(Continued on page 73)

With long-handled cutting spades, the Eskimos peel the blubber and meat from the carcass in squares about three feet wide and one foot thick

The women scrape the jawbone clean. Later they will chop into the bone for cartilage and carve it into balls that bounce almost like rubber

From his boat, an Eskimo hacks off a square of blubber from a part of the whale in the water to lighten the carcass and facilitate beaching

In the old days, when corset stays were made from whalebone, these bones would have been valuable. Eskimos now use them to make trinkets



NOW ABOUT OLD BILL WILLIAMS

TWO convertibles and a station wagon were parked under the cottonwood tree at the end of the drive. Steve left his own clunker standing in the sun and walked up to the house. When he went through the gate into the patio he found Teresina in what appeared to be a hysterical condition. She was sitting in the shade of the adobe wall, her face buried in her arms. Her shoulders were shaking and she seemed to be sobbing.

Steve said, "Hey, Tess."

She looked up, and he saw she was laughing. She shook back her hair and said, "Sit down and comfort me, Steve. I'm just quietly cracking up."

"Got to go to work," Steve said. He gave her a critical look. She was still giggling spasmodically. "Are you drunk?"

"Gosh, who has to get drunk?" she said. "Don't go in yet. There's more of an uproar than usual and you might as well— Come and sit down and I'll tell you."

"I saw the cars. Looks like a motor pool. Who's here?" He perched on the ladder beside her. She was wearing a bright-colored Mexican skirt and a lacy blouse with a lush neckline. Her brown hair fell loose over her shoulders. "You have certainly grown up," Steve said irrelevantly.

"M'mm, you've said so before. You don't know any of my hopefuls, do you? I mean, Dad hopes one of them will marry me. So today he called them all out to give them a briefing. I didn't know anything about it until they showed up and he started making a speech."

"Speech?"

"Well, he began by telling them I was nineteen years old, sound in wind and limb, and half educated, and he said it was high time I was married, for a whole lot of reasons. He said a woman's first duty was to marry, and no woman should be single after eighteen, but he said the war had held me up. He pointed out that Kit Carson's wife was fourteen when she married Kit Carson. Then he said that during the summer he would judge very closely the fitness of poor Tom and Link and Yudy—they're the hopefuls—and that after he had reached his decision he would advise me accordingly. Then he began what he called an inquiry into their financial futures. It was kind of fascinating, in a way; but finally I couldn't stand it any more, so I left. This time he really threw me."

"Seems to me it's a reasonable way to attack the situation," Steve said. "The old man thinks a lot of you."

She said with a sidewise smile, "You wouldn't needle me, would you, mister?"

Steve grinned and stood up. "You'll live," he said. He went into the house. He could hear Dr. Shandy talking in one of the front rooms. It was his lecture voice, all right. In the study, Steve got out his notebooks. Maybe, he thought, Dr. Shandy would so embarrass those three jokers, Rink and Link and Yudy, or whatever their names were, that they wouldn't come back.

THE old man came in presently, said, "Be right with you, Steve," and went to the telephone. Steve heard him call long distance and give a New York City number. "Well, Steve," he said across the mouthpiece while he waited, "your first solid week back home. How does it feel by now?"

"Pretty good, I guess," Steve said.

"What do you think of Tess?" Dr. Shandy asked.

Steve looked up from his work.

"You've certainly grown up," Steve remarked. "Dad thinks it is high time I was married," said Teresina

BY WILLIAM BRANDON

"She's turned into quite a production."

"Think she's developed?" the old man said.

"Well—yes, Doc, she's developed, all right."

"Hah," Dr. Shandy said in satisfaction. He spoke into the telephone: "Got them, operator? One moment, please." He hung up abruptly and swung around to his desk, smiling a conspirator's smile. He was a bandy-legged little man with mild blue eyes and a weather-beaten, expressionless face. "I think I've got a husband for her." He pawed among Steve's notebooks. "What about Old Bill Williams?"

"It's none of my business," Steve said, "but I can't figure out that telephone call. You call up New York, you say, 'One moment, please,' and you hang up. Bang."

The old man grunted. "Little quarrel with the telephone people. They owe me a nickel for a pay-phone call where I didn't get my party and they didn't return my nickel. I tried every peaceable means to collect it, but they sneered at me. So I told 'em I'd harass 'em until they returned my nickel. So every day I make a long-distance call and don't use it. Pretty sound idea, I think; seems to be getting results. Yesterday I tried to call Mahatma Gandhi."

"Good Lord," Steve said.

"They said they'd make me pay for the calls, regardless. Told 'em I wouldn't pay. Said they'd cut off my phone. Told 'em I'd use public phones. Said they'd get an injunction against me. Told 'em I'd publicize it from my prison cell. I think they're weakening."

"Doc, you're going to find yourself committed one of these days," Steve said seriously.

"Maybe I could get a little work done in a nice quiet asylum. Now, what about Old Bill Williams?"

They worked over Steve's notes for a while, until they were interrupted by Teresina calling, "Daddy!"

"Oh-oh," the old man said, "she never calls me daddy unless she's on the warpath." He yelled, "Don't bother me!"

A MOMENT later Teresina came in and said, "Daddy, what did you do to him?"

"Whom?"

"Yudy, as you very well know! He says he's going to shoot himself."

The old man cleared his throat.

"Please don't lie," she said. "I can tell when you're getting ready to lie."

"No need to lie. I told him his financial position was inadequate. His salary out at the Hill laboratory is twenty-eight hundred a year. He maintains a fifteen-hundred-dollar car and wears ten-dollar shirts—Hollywood shirts—and buys Scotch whisky, and he has the gall to tell me his salary is sufficient. He's supposed to be a mathematician but he doesn't realize that one and one make two and often multiples thereof. He's got a champagne appetite with a beer pocketbook. I'd be expected to foot your bills with him for the next ten years. You'd be extremely unhappy. So I told him to withdraw."

Teresina said, "Oh!" and rushed out, slamming the door violently.

Dr. Shandy said, "Fine. Now, where were we?"

"They'll probably elope tonight," Steve said.

"Sometime soon, I expect. Yudy's a good boy. Promising future. The others are graduate students. Pity she doesn't know more men. But Yudy will do. Now. Old Bill Williams and the fourth Frémont expedition. Item, in Pittsburgh Advocate credited to Missouri Intelligencer—what is it?"

A Mexican boy came in with some mail. "Ah," Dr. Shandy said. He shuffled through the letters and came up with a post card. "Have I told you I'm in a chess tournament by mail? Why, the damned fool!" Dr. Shandy got out a chessboard, shoving the litter on his desk aside to make room for it. "Look, Steve, mind running through this game with me? Tess won't do it any more."

You might say that Steve was a fool. But what man can keep his wits about him in a madhouse?

"Here's another letter from the research department of the New York Public Library," Steve said. "They've dug up a file of the St. Louis Authority."

The old man was strewing pieces over the chessboard. "Here we are. And here's what this character does. Pulls his queen over, frees my king five. Let that stuff wait, Steve. There's a three-day limit on these moves and this is an important game. This is the final round and when I win it I'm the tournament champion. So I push pawn! Now what do you do?" he asked. . . .

Late in the afternoon Steve went out to his car carrying a coffee can filled with cottage cheese. Teresina came by, walking with her head down, and scuffing rocks with her feet.

Steve said, "Hey."

She glanced up and said, "What do you want?"

"I'm going to feed the fish on my way home," Steve said. "Want to ride down there with me?"

"Oh, I guess so."

She got in beside him, and he gave her the can of cottage cheese to hold on her lap. He backed the ten-year-old roadster around in the drive and cut the engine and coasted down the pine-bordered road the half-mile or so to Dr. Shandy's trout pond. They stood in the tules at the edge of the pond and threw in cottage cheese by the handful. The trout came like chickens after corn, setting the water to a boil.

Teresina said, "Steve, what am I going to do about Dad?" Before he could answer she said, "You know what I told Yudy? I told him I'd run away with him."

"Well, what's that got to do with the old man?"

"Oh, don't be dense. It will break his heart. And I don't really want to, anyway. I mean, I don't want to marry against his wishes. And besides, I never had dreamed of marrying Yudy. But today I felt so sorry for him it simply broke my heart. So now I'm going to break Dad's heart. It's all so foolish."

STEVE said, "I wouldn't worry too much about your dad. He's a genius, and geniuses get along."

"That's always his excuse. He thinks he can do anything and get away with it, because people have told him for years he's a great man, he's a great historian. So what? Do historians have special privileges any more than plumbers or tree surgeons? I'm absolutely fed up with his childishness. But I can't bear to hurt him. I've spoiled him, that's all."

"Or he's spoiled you."

"Naturally, you'd stand up for him. Faithful old Uncle Tom Carr, the old family retainer." Her blue eyes were warm. "Faithful old family retainer," she repeated. She flung out the last of the cottage cheese and it missed the pond and fell in the weeds of the shore. Teresina said, "Damn it!" and went after the cheese and began picking it out of the weeds and throwing it into the water.

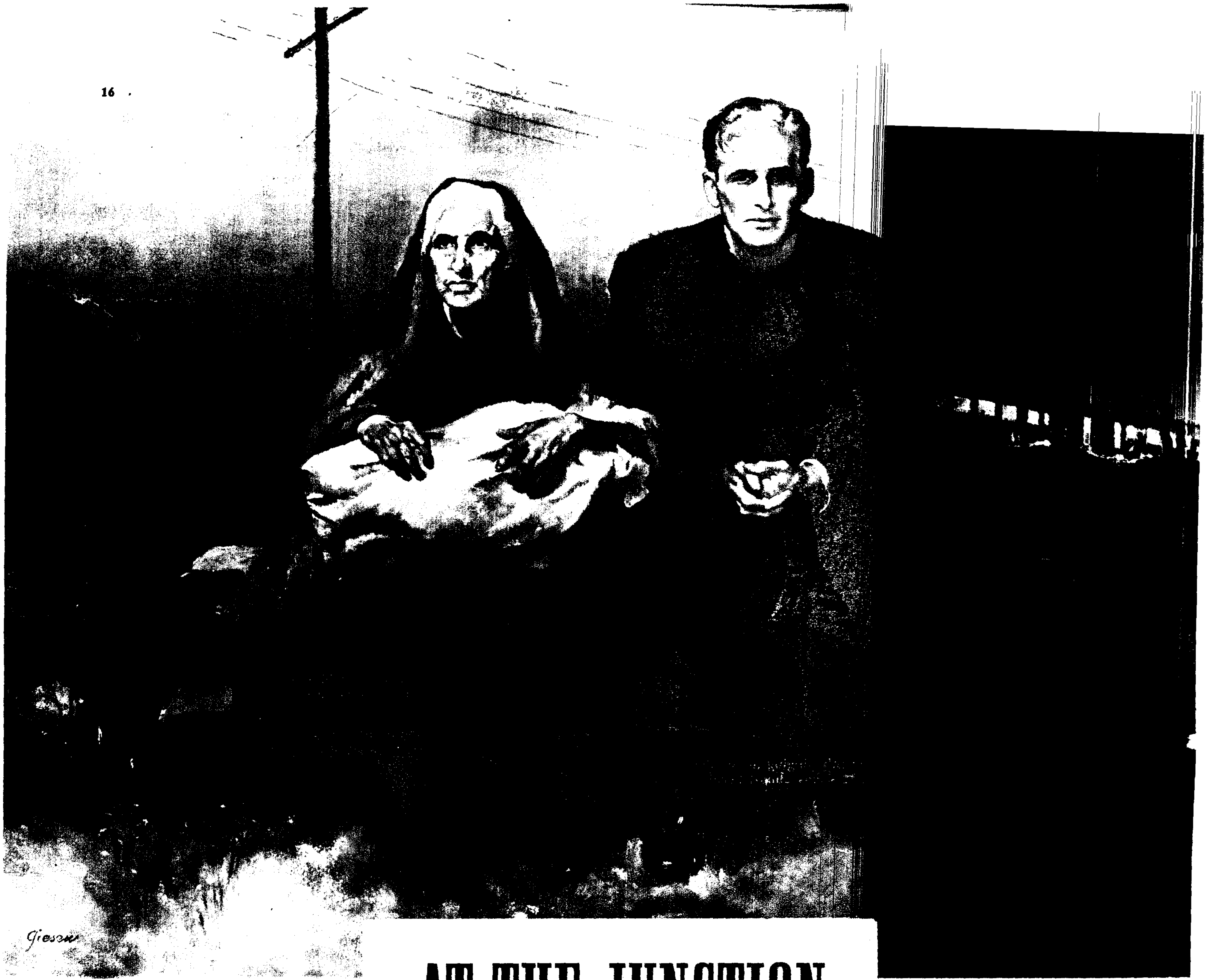
Steve sat on the grass and watched her. When she was done he said, "You're in the stinging nettle."

She gave him a furious look and hurled the empty coffee can deep into the surrounding balsams. She came over and sat down and began rubbing her bare legs. "Faithful old family retainer," she taunted.

"You don't realize how much I owe him," Steve said equably. "Ten years ago I was a ranch kid working over on the Rayado. I didn't have any folks and I didn't have any money. I came to the university with twenty dollars in my pants. I stuck it out one year and nearly killed myself. Then your dad gave me a job, and before I graduated I was on his research staff. Now I'm working for him full time and when The Western Explorers is completed he's going to give me billing as collaborator. You know as well as I do how much that

(Continued on page 60)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL ARTHUR



She sat unstirring beside Alexander. "Hit's midnight," she said sounding a note of despair

AT THE JUNCTION

BY LULA VOLLMER

Did the passion of his heart and body for another man's wife destroy Alexander Whitney's usefulness in the highest calling to which man can aspire?

THE day coach of the Junction train was crowded. The passengers were grimy with dust. Their moist faces were smeared, their clothes were wilted, for the summer afternoon had been warm and close. Now the sun was almost down but the air was heavy with a growing mugginess.

Midway in the car a young clergyman sat on the inside seat. His six feet of stalwart form looked cramped. A fat man, bundle-laden, spread mushily beside him. The Reverend Alexander Whitney had kept his window closed, preferring the heat to the slight breeze that flung in coal smoke, but the open windows ahead had not spared him.

His thick, fair hair and finely modeled face were flecked with soot. The linen handkerchief tucked around his clerical collar had creased into little gullies that were fast filling with black cinders. He should have remembered, he had told himself when he boarded the train two hours ago, that weekend travel would be heavy. The Junction train went up through the mountains and crossed the Ridge where resort hotels and summer camps abounded.

Matters graver than comfort occupied Alexander now as he looked out on the trees and ground and the hills and sky that seemed to be rushing back to the place that he had left. It was, he reflected, as if the landscape were scurrying toward Arsdale to lure his thoughts to follow and thereby dissuade him from his purpose. For a moment he let his mind have its way. Instantly it was filled with Arsdale. His church was there; Anne Farrell was there. For him, reality had begun and ended there. Now he was breaking away. By his own resolve he was going to a new pulpit and a strange parish.

He leaned his head against the gritty seat back and closed his eyes in an effort to shut out thought. A morning caught his memory, and a voice. He saw sunlight strained of its earthliness through memorial windows. He heard the Bishop, his father, ordaining him a minister: ". . . And if it shall happen that the same Church, or any Member thereof, do take any hurt or hindrance by reason of your negligence, ye shall know the greatness of the fault, and also the horrible punishment that will ensue . . ." Alexander's sense of sin overwhelmed him. Against the Church and Anne, a member thereof, he had brought hurt and hindrance.

Anne's face rose before him. Her dark eyes were sorrowful but her gentle mouth was smiling. He tried to shut out the picture. He turned his thoughts to the little ivy-covered church, the center and circumference of his world as long as he could remember.

He had been born in a parish house.

(Continued on page 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESON

MARY AND HER MAIL

By Maxine Davis

No mere dispenser of advice to the lovelorn, Mary Haworth conducts a heartthrob column that is practical, honest and often hard-hitting

EVERY morning readers of the high-brow Washington Post give a quick look at the headlines and then turn to a feature called Mary Haworth's Mail.

This is not surprising. In the midst of such dispiriting incomprehensibles as atomic energy, peace in Europe and Gene Talmadge, Mary Haworth's column grapples with problems which will always be the same—tangled marriages, rebellious children and brokenhearted lovers.

Everybody reads Mary Haworth. The late Lord Lothian said, on the record, that he looked for her column every day. For most of the twelve years the Post has published the column, surveys have shown consistently that it is the best-read feature in the paper, leading Walter Lippmann, Drew Pearson, and the famous editorials. When it was syndicated two years ago, the war was at its height and white paper at a premium, but although the text is long and hard to cut, Mary Haworth's Mail was promptly snapped up by eighty-six papers—the fastest-selling feature in syndicate history.

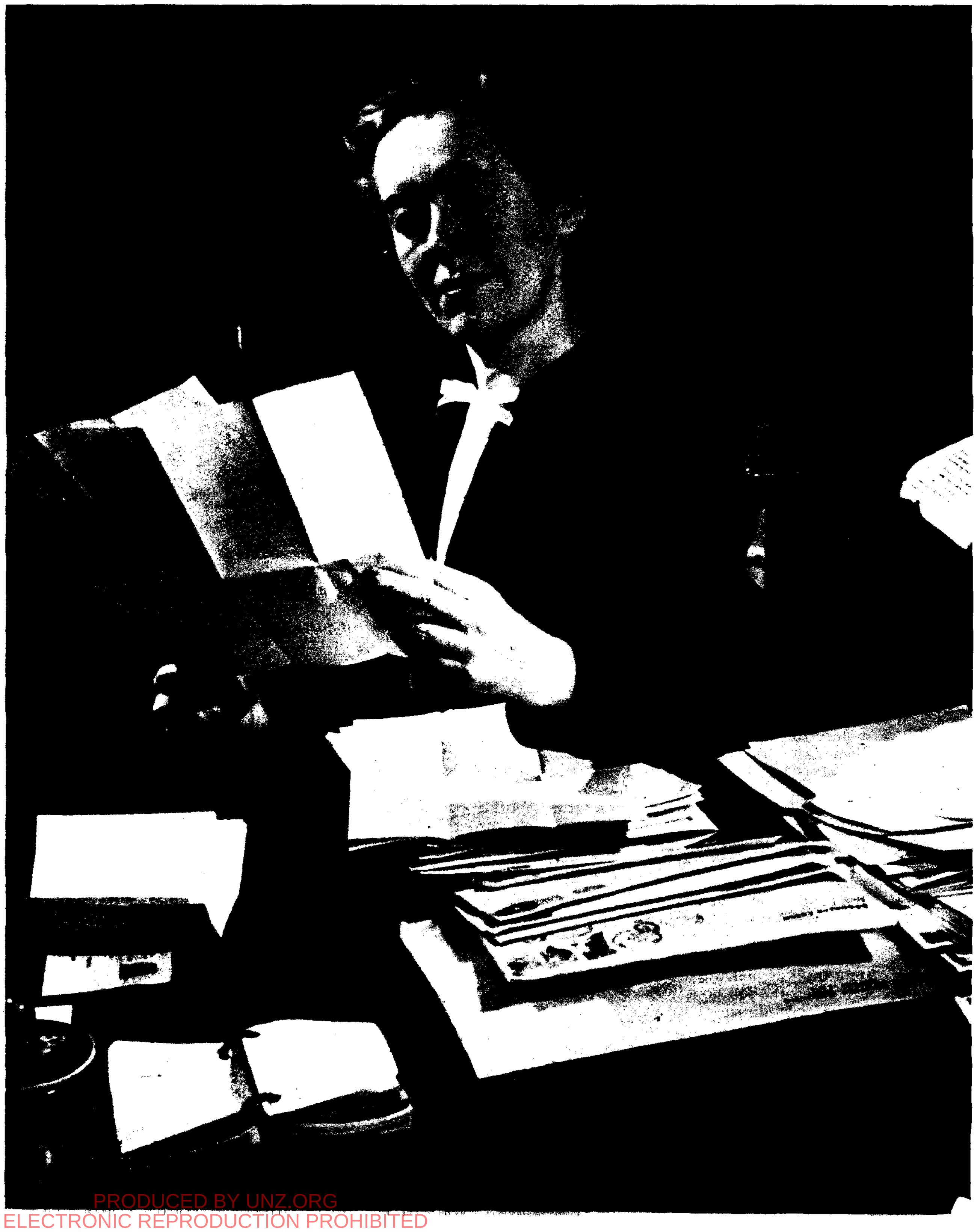
The column was started back in 1934 when Eugene Meyer, publisher of the Washington Post, asked the assistant editor of his woman's page to write on human-interest problems. Mary settled down to the job with the conscientiousness that is as much a part of her as her blue eyes and blond hair. For a springboard, she asked some of the staff to send questions. Then a bored housewife wrote in complaining of her fate. According to the Post's promotion on the column, Mary called her a whimpering fool, and letters began to pour in, first a meager fifty or so a day, now in such vast numbers from the readers of the hundred papers which print her column that she doesn't waste time counting them.

The problems posed in this mountain of mail are seldom simple. But Mary never gives a pat or easy answer even to a letter that sounds on the surface trivial.

When a young man wrote complaining that his fiancée objected to his reading the paper in public while they were on dates together and that she resented it when, bored by her chatter, he tried to change the subject or end the conversation, Mary failed to wisecrack. Instead, she turned on him with both barrels blazing.

"You are guilty of three degrees of bad manners. Moreover, this squabble means you are as incompatible as two persons could be." She advised them to seek a marriage-counseling service but was sure they would find that "the attraction is physical, since it would appear there is little rapport of mind or spirit, without which marriage would become a galling yoke."

She never ducks a brain-buster by tossing it into the wastebasket. When one (Continued on page 89)



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LOFMAN—PIX

YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE A PROFIT

BY CHARLES E. WILSON • PRESIDENT OF GENERAL MOTORS

As Told to G. Edward Pendray

ADMITTEDLY this is an article about an unpopular subject. But in my experience Americans will always give attention to a subject however unpopular if it affects them deeply. And this does.

A big question now confronting this nation is whether we are going to continue our own economic system or exchange it for some other which is either untried or has been used for more than a generation elsewhere without producing the results promised of it.

The system under which this country has developed, and which has enabled us to outstrip the world in production and per capita enjoyment of manufactured goods, is the capitalistic system. I believe in the capitalistic system. I think it is the best and perhaps only practical basis on which men can be organized to get necessary work done, and at the same time be free to do, say, think—and buy—what they like.

This system at present seems to be under attack from a variety of sources: from organized political groups with foreign alliances or special axes to grind; from some people in government who would like to take over for themselves, from certain sections of organized labor. In exchange for the real advantages of capitalism we are being offered a show window filled with tempting possibilities. But the price tags are carefully hidden.

As everybody knows, an integral part of the capitalistic economy is the profit system; or more strictly, the profit and loss system. Hope of profits and fear of loss are principally what make capitalism work.

Precisely because they are so much the key to its operation, a large part of the attack on capitalism in recent years has been directed at profits. Profit-taking has been made to seem synonymous with greed. Industrialists have been pictured as men who will seize every advantage—honest or dishonest—for the sake of profit. Profits have been described as an added charge saddled onto the cost of everything; a charge for which the public gets no return. I think it can be shown that this is not so.

Webster defines profit as the "excess of returns over expenditure." In the capitalistic system this is only part of the definition: it completely ignores the dynamic role that industrial profits play in the economy. The important thing is that the hope of profit is what gets the job done with the minimum expenditure of man-hours and materials.

In a normal competitive market the selling price of goods is finally determined by competition. The only way a producer can make a profit is to increase his efficiency, thus reducing his cost, or to improve the quality of his products, thus making them more salable. But if this process produces a more than adequate profit one or more competitors will reduce prices or make their products still better in order to obtain a larger share of the business. Thus there is a continual pressure to improve the quality of products and reduce their cost.

It is obvious that in a free market there cannot long exist that darling of the antibusiness propagandist, the "exorbitant" profit. Only under very unusual conditions can profits be large for any length of time.

If you have any doubt that this is so, you have only to turn to any of the standard statistics on industrial profits to learn the truth. For example, the National City Bank of New York recently published a Treasury Department analysis of the profits of all manufacturing corporations in the United States from 1926 through 1943. These figures showed that the profit of these companies averaged some 5.9 per cent on net work, and 2.9 per cent on sales volume. Thus manufacturing companies actually earned less than three cents on every dollar's worth of products sold. To make a dollar, they had to produce and sell $35 worth of goods!

Currently we are beginning to hear that industry made "enormous" profits out of the war. Now we must carefully distinguish between the profits that arise from normal peacetime competition and those earned in war, for in the latter case there is substantially only one customer, the government. The demand for production is very great, the kinds of goods to be produced are unusual, and the competitive market is lacking. So special safeguards must be imposed to keep the system in balance.

For this reason, many manufacturing companies in the war years adopted voluntary profit limitations. At General Motors we set a limit on profits, before taxes, from our manufacturing business at ten per cent of sales, which was considerably less than we had been able to earn under competitive conditions. Like many other companies, we also made price reductions promptly whenever actual costs showed our advance estimates to have been too high.

Reinforcing such voluntary limitations, the government itself very properly imposed two strong safeguards against exorbitant earnings. These were renegotiation of contracts and the excess profits tax.

Under renegotiation of contracts, profits of all companies making war goods were reviewed each year by Army and Navy boards, which were empowered to take back any and all earnings they considered excessive.

The excess profits tax was levied on top of that. It required companies to pay up to 85 per cent in extra taxes on all earnings above their average earnings from 1936 to 1939. This was over and above the very high "normal" taxes.

Assume the case of a company that had sales of $100,000,000 and made 10 per cent, or $10,000,000, before taxes as a yearly average for the four peacetime years of 1936 through 1939. If that same company had expanded its activities in doing its part to help win the war and in 1945 had sales of $150,000,000, and made the same 10 per cent, or $15,000,000 before taxes, it would have had to pay a normal income tax and surtax of $4,000,000 on its base income of $10,000,000 and an excess profits tax of about $4,250,000 out of the extra $5,000,000 of income. Thus the company's total tax bill for 1945 would be about $8,250,000 and it would have left $6,750,000. Of the extra $5,000,000 income it would be permitted to keep only about $750,000. Thus the net income of the company on sales in 1945 would have been only 4½ per cent. The average taxes paid by this same company for the base period 1936 through 1939 would have been only about $1,600,000, leaving them for the prewar period an approximate income after taxes of $8,400,000 average.

Profits Are Not Secret

The government safeguards against high war profits worked. The facts about industrial profits are no secret. Every company that has stockholders must make an annual report detailing the figures of the business. The reports can be found in any city library; most companies will gladly send a copy on request.

Recent public-opinion polls indicate however, that amazingly few people actually know the facts about the profits which have been so misrepresented by propaganda. A national poll, taken only a short time ago by the Psychological Corporation, showed that nearly half of those questioned were under the impression that industry had made profits in wartime as high as 20 to 60 per cent.

Well, here, chosen at random out of hundreds or thousands of similar cases, are the net profits after taxes of a handful of well-known industrial companies during the war years 1942-1945, as disclosed in their annual reports and other published information. The percentages refer to the ratio of net profits to total sales:

Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company	2.6
American Rolling Mill Company	4.0
Bethlehem Steel Corporation	2.0
Caterpillar Tractor Company	3.6
Firestone Tire & Rubber Company	3.2
General Electric Company	3.8
International Harvester Company	4.9
United States Rubber Company	3.1
United States Steel Corporation	3.3
Westinghouse Electric Corporation	3.3

Such profits seem hardly "enormous"! Nor were the profits of these large companies in wartime unusually small. A recent survey of the earnings of nearly 1,000 leading manufacturing companies in the four war years shows the average annual profit to have been 4.3 per cent: less than a nickel out of each dollar.

Part of the difficulty we have in getting a clear picture of the profit question comes from the fact that industry, to meet modern conditions, has in some instances grown very large. Its bigness means that the figures involved are staggering, in relation to anybody's individual affairs. It has been asserted, for example, that in the war years, 1942 through 1945, General Motors "made the enormous average annual profit of $168,173,914."

Now to almost anybody, $168,173,914 is a lot of money. It might seem, superficially, that it is too much for any one company to earn.

But production in these war years was enormous, too. In money value, annual production averaged the huge sum of $3,359,212,255. The profit after taxes on manufacturing operations averaged 4.1 per cent. The additional income from investments in other companies brought the profit up to just five cents of each dollar taken in from all sources. Out of the same dollar, employees got 34 cents. Government got seven cents in the form of taxes. The rest went for materials and the other costs of doing business.

Most charges against industry and capitalism evaporate in the same way when examined. One of the things said during the wave of strikes last spring, for instance, was that the strikes actually cost the companies nothing, because of the "carry-back" provision in wartime taxes. It was even suggested that some companies welcomed the strikes as a source of easy profit, since the "government will pay the bill."

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON—PIX

"Enormous" wartime profits are only propaganda, and no government - controlled system can give consumers such good value as capitalism, says the head of one of the largest U.S. corporations

Of course, it wasn't true.

The carry-back provisions of the war-time income tax law were established by Congress because it was realized that the costs of reconversion are a part of the costs of war work, and that nobody could fully determine until the war's end what reconversion costs would amount to. The government paid the war contractors nothing for reconversion directly. Instead, it was provided in the law that some portion of the excess profits credit could be carried back in the first full calendar year following the end of the war as a help in meeting these reconversion costs, provided the company in that first postwar year earned less than its average profit of the prewar years 1936-1939.

Stripped of complexities, this simply meant that Congress realized the government was skimming off profit to a dangerous extent during the war, and made some provision whereby a small portion of the tax money could be returned for reconversion if it were needed.

At General Motors we had not expected that there would be any carry-back. Had we been able to get going fast enough in late 1945, or even after the strike in 1946, we could have made enough profit—to say nothing of much-needed automobiles—to have avoided the necessity. But our own labor troubles, followed by persistent strikes in the plants of many of our suppliers, have prevented anything like full production.

In terms of business lost, opportunities wasted and reconversion delays, the cost of the General Motors strike is mighty difficult to estimate. But we do know what it cost in cash to keep the company going during the unproductive strike period. The bill came to about $100,000,000. What the carry-back will be will depend upon the volume and efficiency of production during the remainder of this year. The carry-back will be a payment on account of delayed reconversion, which was the intent of the law, and not a payment for the cost of the strike.

The penalties of the strikes are still being paid by industry and the American people—and probably will be for years to come. Reconversion is still a long way from finished, and the money accumulated toward it generally has proved to be too little. We estimated that the job of reconverting General Motors and catching up on the normal expansion of the business that was completely halted during the war period would cost about $500,000,000. It now looks more like

(Continued on page 94)

THE MEDALLION

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

This might have ended in tragedy. For it involved a great love, and a challenge beautiful to see—and dangerous

THE girl leaned over the parapet of the lower *quebrada* balcony with her parents and watched Royru leap from the ledge into the night; and Royru knew, as he descended the cliff and dove shallowly into the black water for the short swim to the east side of the cut, that the girl's eyes were on him. Many women had watched him dive in the five years past, women who applauded him with their eyes and invited him to swim during the lazy days and drink at night. But this girl was very young, his own age, and she had long blond hair, silky and honey-colored, unlike the girls of the town who dyed their coarse black hair a brassy, questionable yellow. He remembered her mouth forming an expression of awe as her father questioned him about the dive and gave him the twenty pesos in advance; and in the soft gloom of the *quebrada* balcony he had admired her slim body and thought how good it would be to have a woman like her, so clean and young and sweet-smelling.

The cut was sloshing loudly tonight as the waves drove in and sucked out, and he thought that the old man of the ocean must be in an angry mood. Climbing the cliff face, the sky above him was light blue and the Southern Cross was bright in his eyes. He smiled as he thought of the *turistas* lining the balcony parapet, frightened gasps in their throats and their eyes staring, watching him climb the sheer cliff on this black night. He gained the top, breath still easy and unstrained in his chest, and moved slowly along the cliff face to the diving ledge, one hundred and thirty-five feet above the water and some sixty feet higher than the *quebrada* balcony. He stepped out on the diving ledge and stood very straight, flexing his body and adjusting his eyes to the light and the distance below. He cupped his hands and called, "José," to his friend, the other night diver, who was waiting with the oiled paper on the small ledge beneath the *quebrada* balcony.

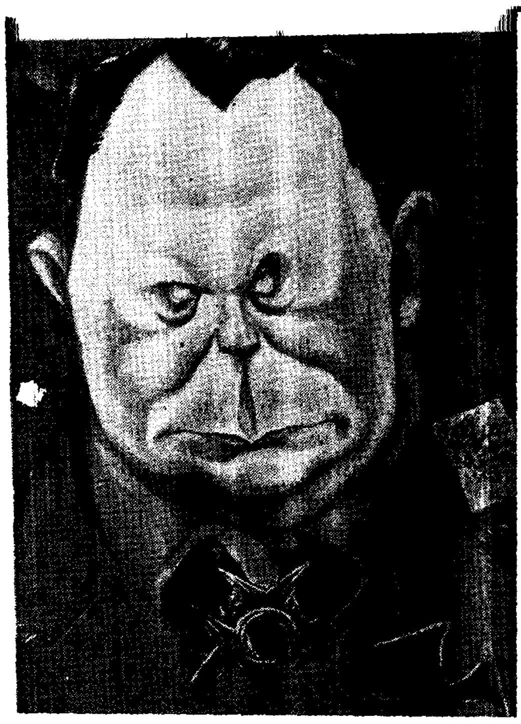
He had poised here many nights in the past, waiting for the next wave to gather itself outside the cut and rush inward, foaming and pounding through the break in the reef, compressing its liquid bulk unbelievably into the narrowing bottle-shaped opening until, at the precise moment, he would shout *"Hola!"* and dive far out, hanging it seemed for eternity in the air, his upper body dark in the night sky and his stomach red in the upreaching flare light; and then falling into the fading, flickering light, into the deep darkness, a lithe white streak painted in red shadow, to strike the wave crest with incredible timing, to disappear and rise again and swim to the getaway rock and then climb the east cliff to the balcony for the thanks of the *turistas*.

He stood tonight for a little space of time on the diving ledge, thinking of the girl below and gathering himself for a superior dive in her honor. He knew the routine progressing below him as the *turistas* waited, a knowledge gained after numberless nights of listening while José dove from the lower level. One man would be saying it was not that high, and another would

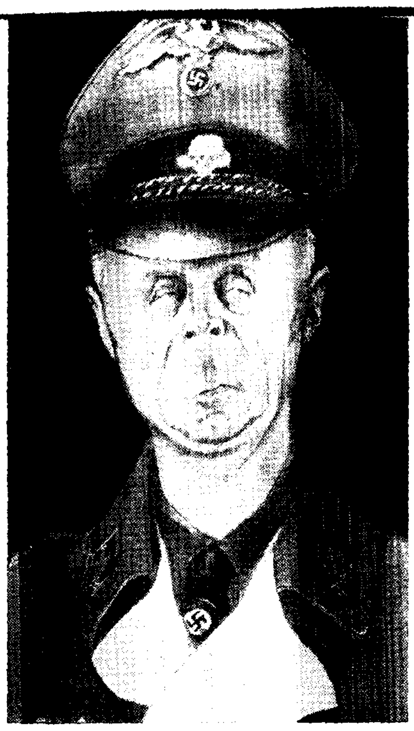
(Continued on page 84)

He stood beside Kathy for a moment, unable to find words that might fit his happiness. "You're late, Roy," she said. "I've been waiting for you"

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE



Hermann Wilhelm Goering



Joachim von Ribbentrop

THE PATHS OF GLORY

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

The judges of Nuremberg dealt in more than justice for mere men. They have given meaning and force, for the first time, to international morality

RADIOED FROM PARIS

FOR ten months and ten days they sat there under the hard blue-white lights, and each one found an expression for his face which would last as long as the trial lasted. They were strange faces and told nothing.

Goering's terrible mouth wore a smile that was not a smile, but only a habit his lips had taken. Next to him Hess, with dark dents for eyes, jerked his foreshortened head on his long neck, weird, inquisitive and birdlike. Ribbentrop held his mouth pursed and sat rigid as the blind. Keitel was nothing, a granite bust badly made of inferior stone. Kaltenbrunner, whose face was terrifying even now when it could bring fear to no one, stared ahead with a flat, polite attention.

Rosenberg seemed smeared, a meaningless, soft face which had only silence to hide behind. Frank, sheltered by dark glasses, had a small cheap face, pink-cheeked, with a little sharp nose and black sleek hair. He looked patient and composed, like a waiter when the restaurant is not busy. Frick's gray-blond cropped head and lean, horsy face bent forward to listen, almost as if he were a visitor here. Streicher chewed gum, the long loose mouth working steadily, and his face too showed nothing; the face of an idiot, this one.

Funk, slumped in his chair, had a dog's face with dewlap jowls; he looked sorry for himself, ready to cry, sleepy and grotesque. Schacht sat very straight, disagreeable and righteous, with the lights shining on his eyeglasses and an expression of disapproval as hard as iron on that mean, down-curving mouth.

Behind them in the second row were the lesser men. There were the two nondescript admirals, Doenitz and Raeder; then the dreadful, weak face of Schirach (there were times when from the side Schirach looked like a woman who has suffered from imagined ailments all her life and blackened her family's existence with complaints); Sauckel, a puzzled stupid butcher-boy face; Jodl, held together by his military tunic; Von Papen, looking handsome and somehow crafty and careful; Seyss-Inquart, whom you could imagine as once arrogant and who now seemed made of wood and dull as wood; Speer, a technician turned criminal with a face you could see anywhere, in any subway, in any drugstore; Neurath, with the breeding and culture of his face only a deceit, and something gone bad beneath the good looks; Fritsche, the youngest, with a sensitive fox's face, vain perhaps, wearing a romantic sadness like a minor poet who has killed his mistress. None of them moved or looked at one another or changed his separate expressions.

They were just faces, some crueler than others and all more insignificant than you would believe possible. They were just men after all, with the usual number of legs, arms and eyes, born like other men; they were not ten feet tall and with the revolting masks of lepers.

You sat there and watched them and felt inside yourself such outrage that it choked you. These twenty-one men, these nothings, these industrious and once-confident monsters were the last left alive of that small gang which had ruled Germany.

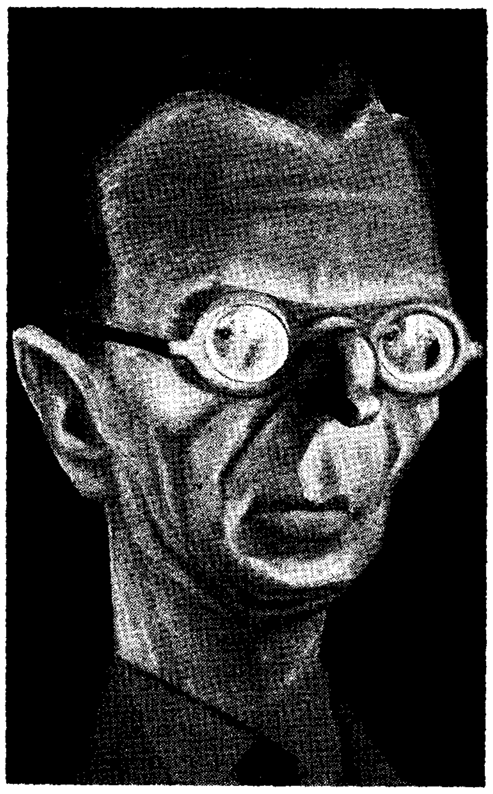
Dead Millions Bear Witness

The cowed and mindless people of Germany followed them, feared or cheered them, and because of their guiding brains—because of this unimposing gang—ten million soldiers, sailors, airmen and civilians are dead as victims of war, and twelve million men, women and children are dead in gas chambers and furnaces. In great common graves where they were shot, in the stockyards that were concentration camps, dead of hunger and disease and exhaustion, dead all over Europe. And all these deaths were horrible. What these men and their half-dozen deceased partners were able to do, no famines, no plagues, no acts of God ever did: They produced destruction as the world has never seen destruction. And there they sat, behind their fixed faces.

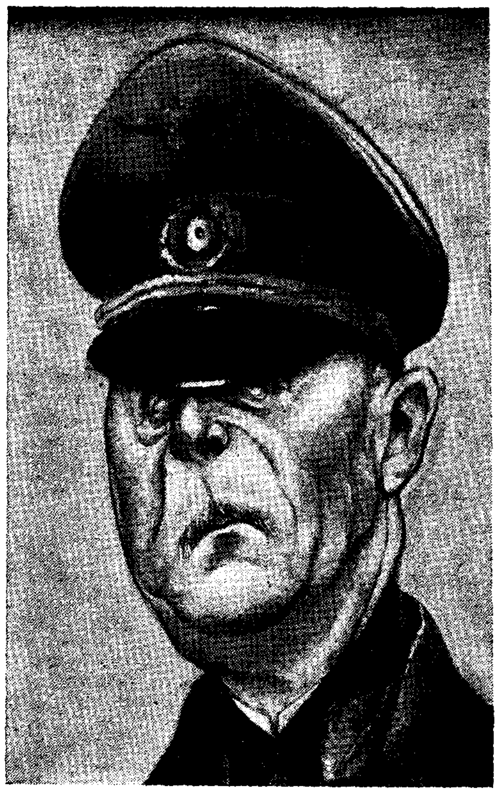
Perhaps you think one might feel pity. We are not trained to gloat when we win, we cannot help feeling that the strong must have mercy on the beaten. But the pitilessness of these twenty-one men was so enormous, so beyond all human understanding, that one could feel no pity for them now.

It was a quiet court and a cold one. There was no anger here and no hate and no question of vengeance. Thirteen years of misery and crime can never be wiped out, twenty-two

(Continued on page 74)

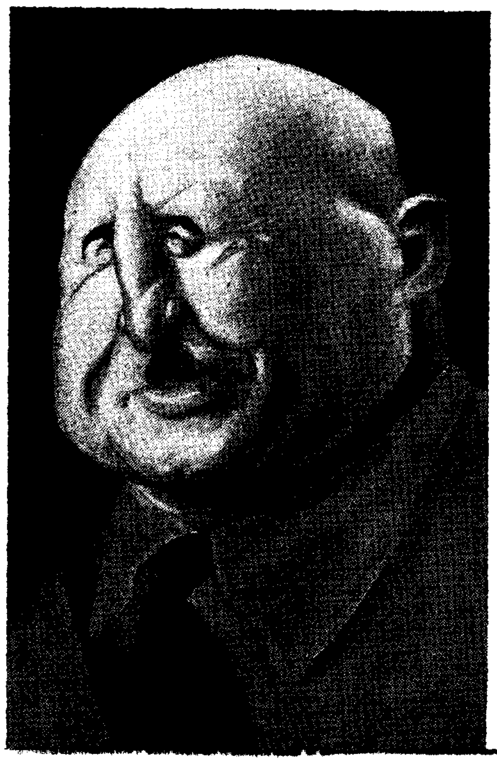


Arthur Seyss-Inquart

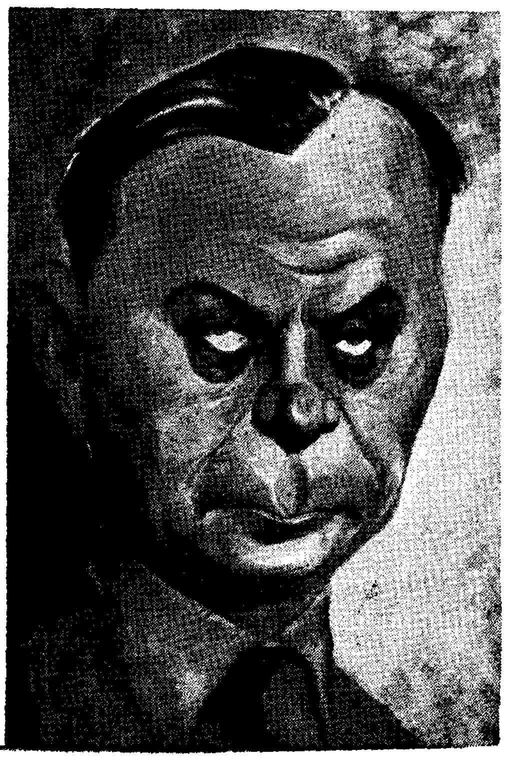


Wilhelm Keitel

Julius Streicher



Alfred Rosenberg



CARICATURES BY SAM BERMAN

REVOLUTION WITH A CAMERA

Here's how a sock on the jaw looks from the receiving end. Player Dick Simmons delivers to the camera

The hero can dish them out, too. Here Lloyd Nolan takes a blow from the hero—in this case the camera

OUTSIDE Stage 22 on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, a studio guard paced up and down, questioned all persons who tried to enter and turned most of them away. Nailed onto the heavy "icebox" door leading to the stage was a sign that read: CLOSED SET. POSITIVELY NO VISITORS!

Inside the stage itself, on an oddly hushed set, an expectant crew clustered about to watch. A cameraman, looking like a citizen of Mars, stood with a full-sized camera strapped onto his shoulder by means of a special harness. Facing him glowered a tough-looking character, who, at a signal from the director, suddenly hauled off and sent a brass-knuckled fist crashing squarely into the lens of the camera. The man with the camera staggered violently, stumbled and pitched forward onto the floor. The director leaped from his chair, yelled "Cut!"—and the assembled crew burst into cheering applause.

This unusual performance signaled the start of shooting on a revolutionary motion picture, Lady in the Lake. Its director and star is veteran-actor Robert Montgomery—just back from the wars. What sets it apart from all other movies is a style of filming never before used to tell a complete story on the screen.

So novel is this technique that during production all technicians working on the picture were pledged to secrecy; journalists and all studio personnel not specifically assigned to the film were barred from the set; details of the picture were not even discussed between mouthfuls of Shrimp Louis in the M-G-M commissary. It was all very hush-hush.

Now the film is completed and the secret of Lady in the Lake can be revealed. Here is a film in which everything that appears on the screen is shown *as it is seen by the hero*. The camera lens is his *eye* all the way through the picture.

In the conventional motion picture, the camera stands by in the role of disinterested observer and records the action without actually taking part in it. But in Lady in the Lake, the camera and the story's hero are one and the same. We hear his voice, we see his hands, we are constantly aware of his presence—but we do not actually see him except when, at scattered intervals in the plot, he appears before mirrors.

As Phillip Marlowe, private detective, Robert Montgomery starts to tell his story directly to the audience. As he talks, there is a dissolve, and everything seen on the screen from there on in is shown as it appears to him.

To be sure, the basic idea of this approach is not new. Subjective shots, in which the camera is for a moment placed in the position of one of the characters, have been used before—usually as a novelty, as for instance to show how the world would look through the eyes of a drunken man.

But Lady in the Lake is the first feature to use this technique to tell an entire story. It is sure to cause a good deal of comment pro and con; it may even stand Hollywood on its ear. It fairly dares the audience to sit there and calmly munch popcorn while all hell breaks loose literally before its very eyes.

The film is based on Raymond Chandler's two-fisted whodunit of the same name. It was pommeled into a fast-paced, sometimes racy, sometimes brutal screen play by Scenarist Steve Fisher.

The plot concerns the aforementioned detective, Marlowe, who, for "ten bucks a day and expenses," is retained by the sultry female editor of a chain of crime magazines to keep an eye on her boss' wife. From that point on, the premises become littered with a bonanza of corpses that pop up in the most bizarre places. In the midst of all this slaughter, Marlowe pokes his lenslike nose about, alternately finding corpses, getting beaten within an inch of his celluloid life, and making passes at the shapely crime-story editor—played by the torchy-throated Audrey Totter.

The story behind the story is, in this case, almost as exciting as the film itself. For Director-Star Robert Montgomery, the campaign to get this un-

ywood has at last come up with something different—a movie in which everything is seen exactly as it appears to the hero's eyes

BY HERB A. LIGHTMAN

conventional picture onto the screen has been a personal crusade.

Two years ago, while Montgomery was still bounding about the briny deep as a commander in the Navy, M-G-M purchased the film rights to the story and earmarked it for production as soon as he should swap Navy blue for civilian pin stripe. Producer George Haight waxed enthusiastic about the yarn and asked to have it placed on his production schedule.

Since 1938, Montgomery has cherished the ambition to direct. While he was working on They Were Expendable he took over the directorial reins for a couple of weeks while Director John Ford was laid up with a broken leg. So, when he was released from service, it was decided that he should be both star and director of Lady in the Lake.

Then followed a feverish preproduction hustle and bustle during which the script was written and rewritten several times—but to Montgomery it still seemed to lack that certain spark. Then he exploded his depth charge. "Why not," he suggested, "film this story completely from the detective's viewpoint, so that everything the audience sees will be what *he* sees?"

This was revolution. There were dire reverberations in high places. Montgomery had "stuck his neck out"—but that was nothing new for the man who had battered down opposition for the right to play such startling vehicles as Night Must Fall and Earl of Chicago. Producer Haight agreed to this approach—but the final decision rested with the M-G-M executive board, a crew of shrewdly commercial, acutely box-office-minded businessmen.

Montgomery went before the board, stated his case, and outlined his plans. The executives told him to make some tests. The resultant experimental shots were so sharply original that the executives told Montgomery to go ahead.

Everything from Mayhem to Lovemaking

In the course of portraying the hectic adventures of Detective Marlowe, the camera, as his "eye," does some incredible things. It smokes a cigarette, puffing smoke rings from under the lens. It breaks down a door by throwing itself against the panel. It is given a brutal third degree at police headquarters with bright lights glaring into the lens. It engages in hand-to-hand, knock-down-drag-out combat with a would-be killer. It is beaten, slapped, kicked and socked in the eye by assorted assailants. It makes violent love to Audrey Totter.

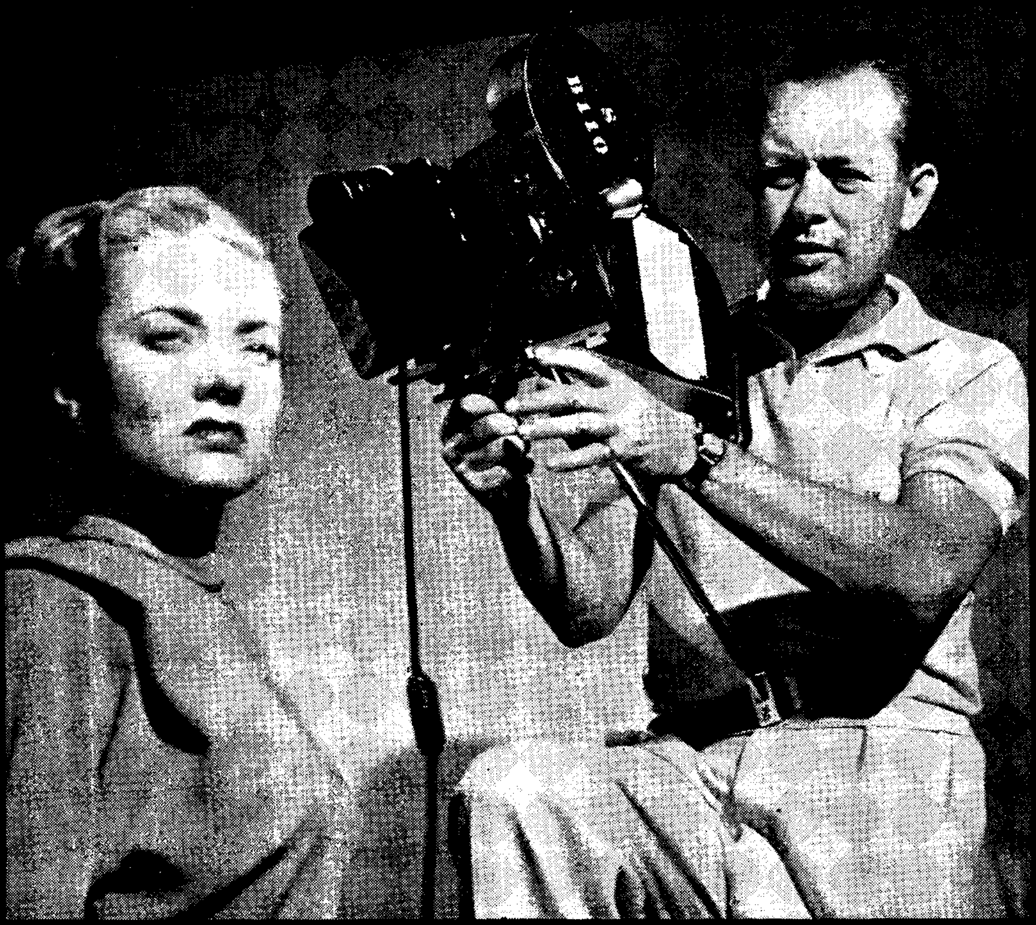
Miss Totter plays this scene with her cheek up against the camera lens, practically chewing on the matte-box while whispering sweet nothings into the contraption's microphonic ear. She is vaguely afraid this may lead to some sort of Freudian complex.

One of the most exciting sequences in the film—and one which gave the photographer mechanical nightmares—is a chase, with Marlowe, at the wheel of his car, as quarry. We see his reflection in the windshield and the road winding away before him. Then he sees in the rearview mirror that a car is pursuing him. He turns to look at it out the back window. The pace mounts faster and faster until the pursuing car finally draws abreast and crashes into him. Marlowe's car swerves dizzily off the road and crashes into a telephone pole. Stunned, he finds himself looking up at his assailant, who pours a bottle of liquor over his face, then hits him across the forehead with the flat of the bottle.

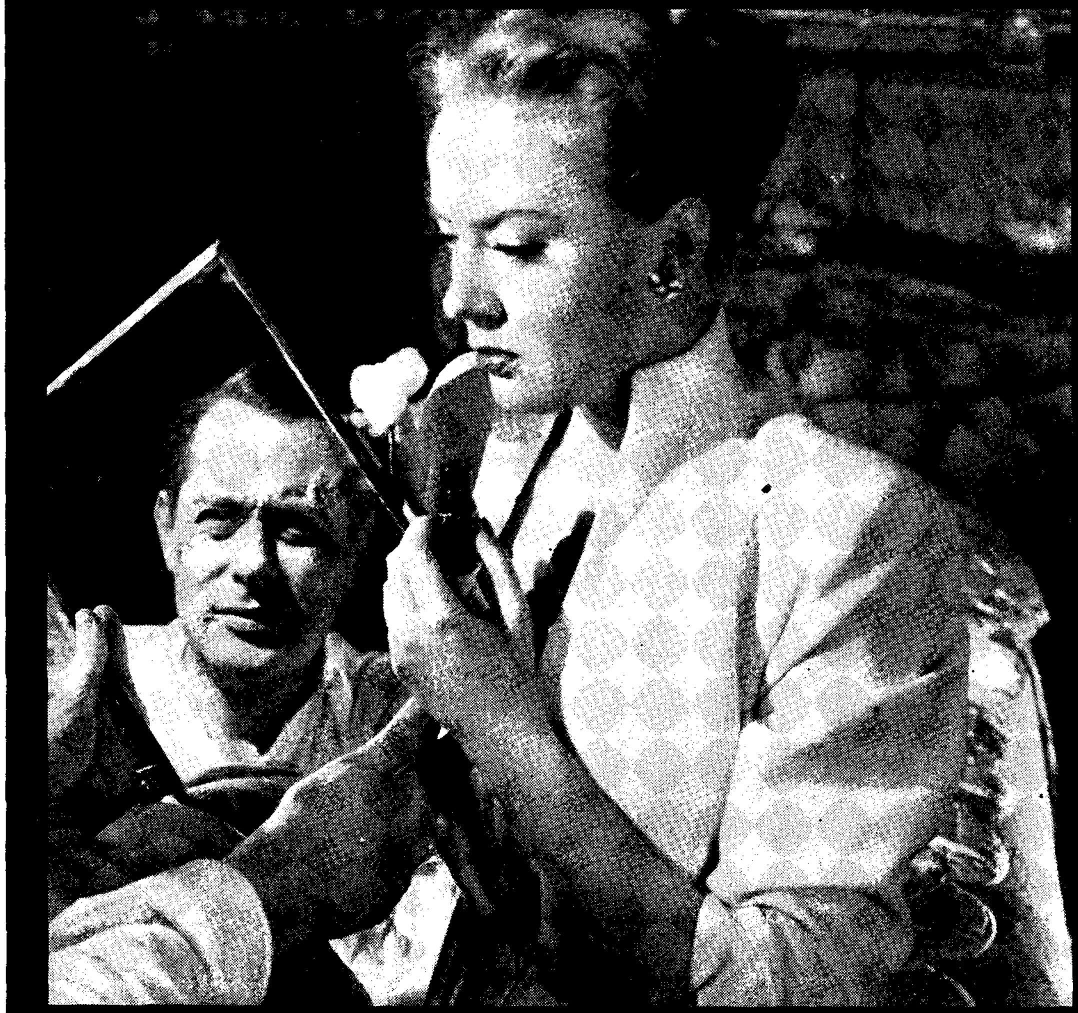
Later he comes to and, hearing a police siren, climbs under the car to watch from that vantage point while the police check the accident. He then drags himself out, staggers down the road clutching telephone poles for support, and finally comes to a gas station, where he flings himself into the telephone booth to dial a number for help. *All this with the camera as the eye of the detective.*

The film naturally posed a number of brand-new problems. For the technicians it was nip-and-tuck all the way.

First of all, a special *(Continued on page 105)*



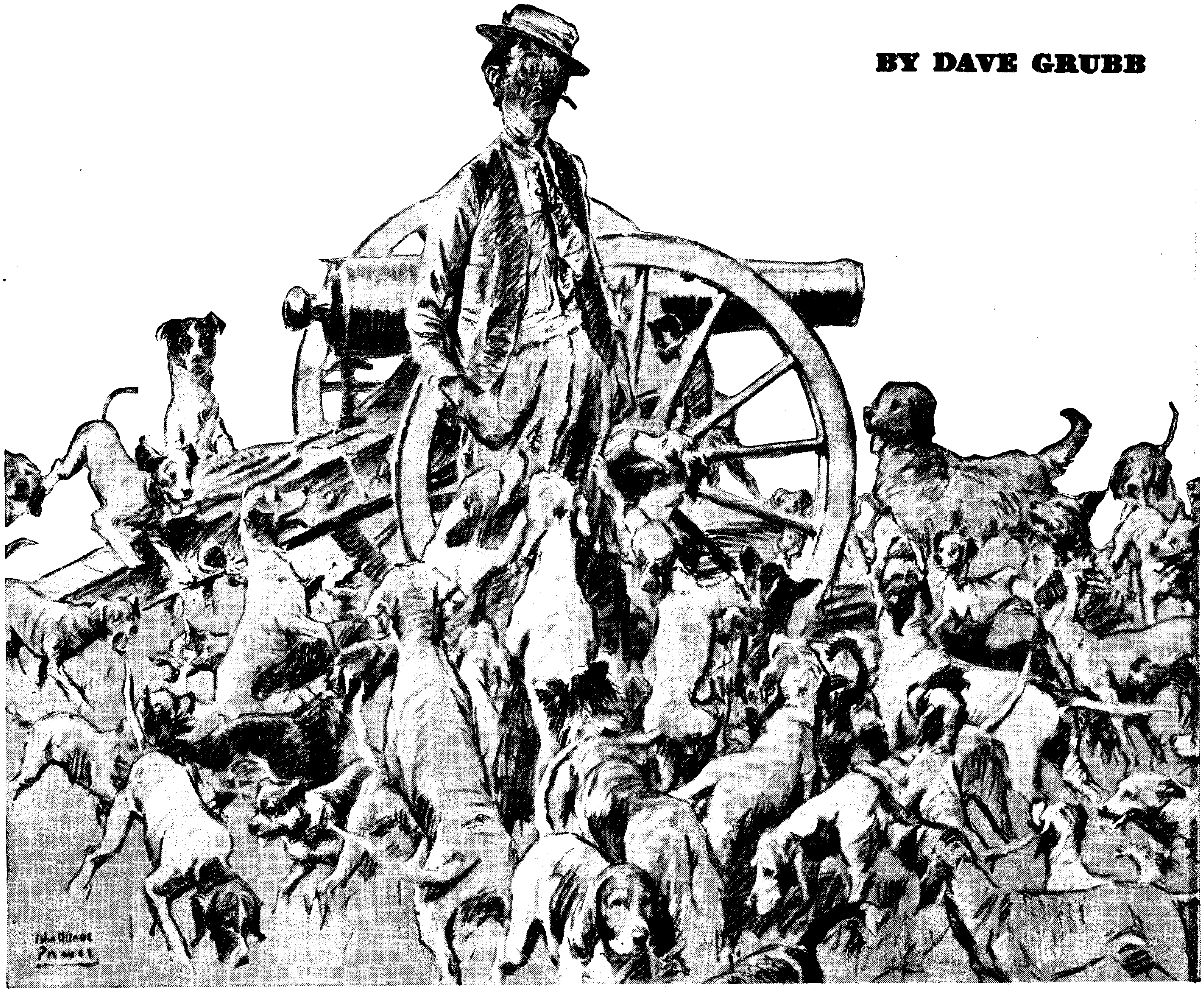
The camera, strapped to Bob Montgomery's shoulder, focuses intimately on Audrey Totter



Mirror shots were particularly difficult. They had to show Montgomery but not the camera

BANJO TWICHELL AND THE DEMOCRATIC DOGS

BY DAVE GRUBB



"Sher'f," hollered Banjo, "the way I add it up I got twenty greenback dollar bills comin' to me. Where do you want these here dogs put at?"

CHARLIE should have known better than to hire Banjo Twichell as dogcatcher in the first place. You can't trust a shanty-boat man noways.

Charlie was sheriff. It was a funny thing; as soon as the elections was over Charlie was the most mean and close-mouthed party you ever seen. But two weeks before the polls opened he'd been running up and down Cresap's Landing just naturally licking everybody on the hand, carrying a hatful of campaign cards and a big box of Kentuck stogies, howdying everybody just as sweet as a jug of blackstrap 'lasses.

Charlie was right about one thing. Banjo Twichell held the power of the shanty-boat vote. The Lord knows why, but he did. Half the time Banjo was flopped up in the weeds under the willow trees along the river with a bottle of Kentucky Punco and an old Police Gazette, singing and cussing like a rouster. The other half the time he was sitting in his rocking chair on the shanty-boat deck making goo-goo eyes at the pretty Irish girls in the boats up the row. Banjo could throw his voice over in the cattails or up the stovepipe or half a mile downstream till it would drive a body half crazy trying to figure out who was yelling at them. Banjo'd be setting there on the shanty-boat drinking or playing cards with you and not saying nothing and directly you'd hear your old woman hollering at you like she was coming to fetch you home with a piece of stovewood and you'd throw down your hand and go over the railing headlong into the mud and glad to be there. Directly when you'd climbed back on board, dripping muck and catfish, Banjo'd be bent over double beating his knees and laughing till his face was the color of a thunderhead.

Charlie went down to Banjo's three weeks before the election. It was noon. Banjo heard Charlie hollering at him from the shore and directly he comes shuffling out on the deck in his long underwear, scratching his stomach and blinking in the bright daylight.

"Banjo!" hollered Charlie, walking down the plank with a big box of seegars under his arm and a pint of Kentucky Punco in the pocket of his long alpaca coat. "Banjo, you ol' bootlegger you! Where you been akeepin' yourself at?"

Banjo bent double, beating his knees and hollering and laughing. "Lord a'mighty, Sher'f," he wheezed directly, "you sure give me a bad turn there for a spell. I figured you was comin' down here to take me in for that little ruckus up back of the Brass House last month. Me and—"

"Banjo!" hollered Charlie, slapping Banjo on the back till his eyes blinked. "Now what would I want to go arrestin' you for, ol' Buddy! Have a seegar! Have two seegars! Aw hell, Banjo, take the whole box!"

It was a Democratic town, politically speaking. As long as you weren't a Republican, it didn't make any difference if you were human or not

Banjo set down in his rocker trying to figure everything out.

"Banjo," said Charlie, "I may as well git to the point. The people of this fair city have decided that you're a man whose real destiny has never been realized—a talent goin' plumb to waste here on the banks of the great Ohio River. Banjo, I talked it over with the councilmen last night and we decided that we want you in the city gov'ment!"

Banjo rocked real fast in his rocking chair then and blew big clouds of seegar smoke up into the sweet spring air.

"Now wait a minute, Sher'f," Banjo said, his rocker stopping suddenly and his eyes staring far and serious down the river, "you fellers got me sized up right, I reckon. Yes, I won't deny it. But 'deed, Sher'f, I swear I never was much of a man for politics."

"Now hold on, Banjo," said Charlie. "We never meant for you to submit to nothin' so undignified as an

(Continued on page 56)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

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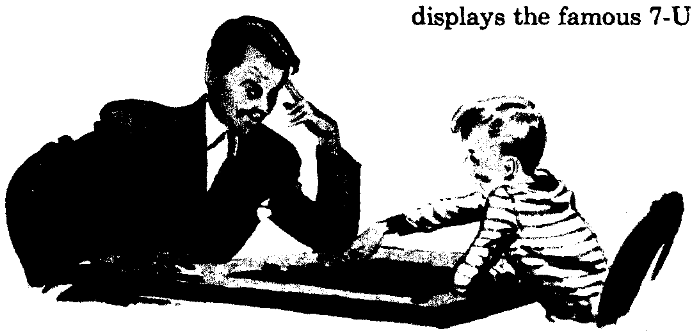

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STORM BEFORE DAYBREAK

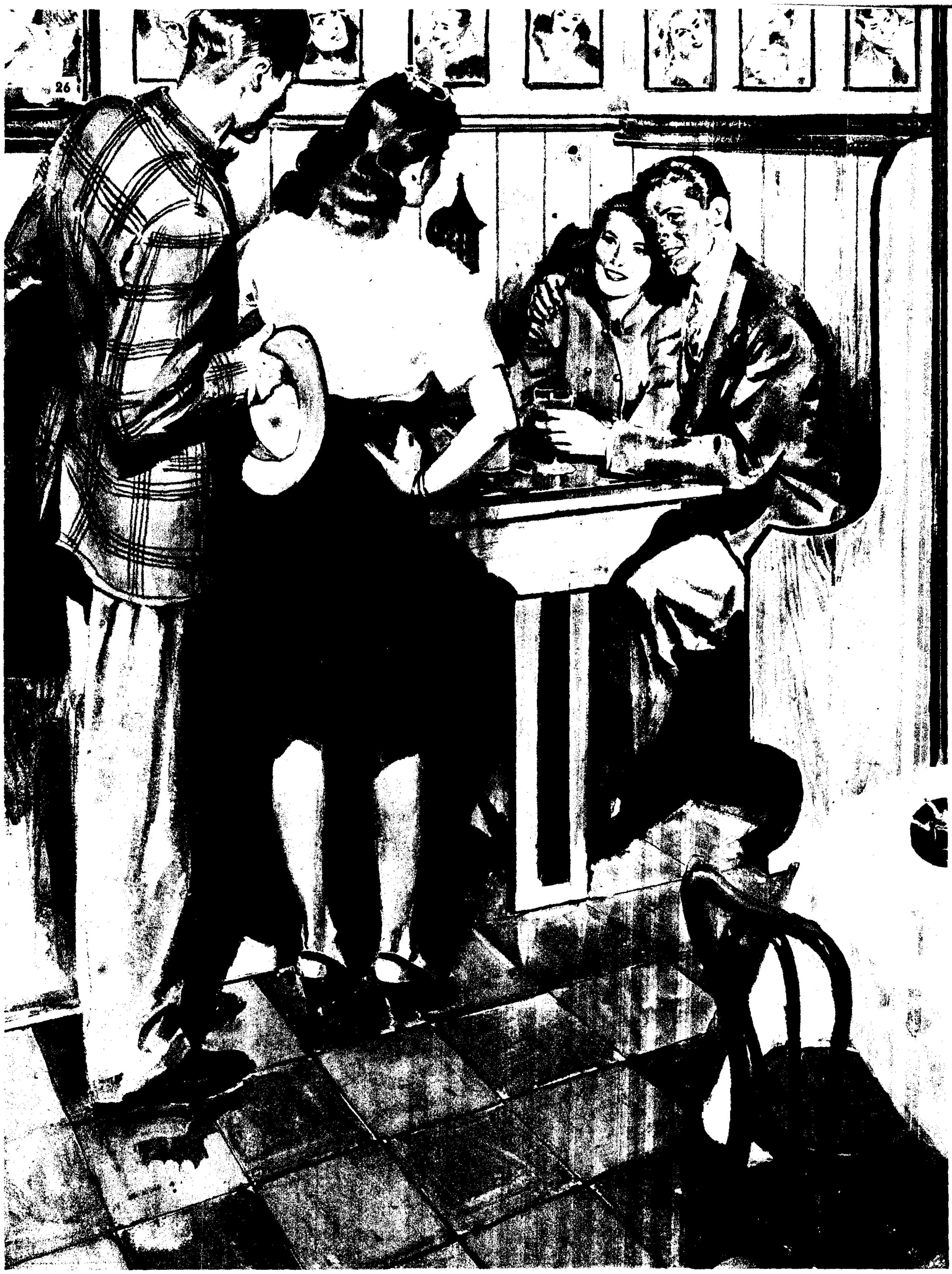
BY MARIAN SIMS

The Story:

Paul Shannon comes home from war to Merritt Street, on the wrong side of the tracks in Hartsboro, North Carolina. Mollie, his mother, has died and has willed her house to him and to Mary, the wife his brother Jim has deserted. Paul stays on in the house and the bond between him and Mary grows strong, but, afraid of creating suspicion, Paul takes Lura Butler on a double-date with Charlie Mitcham and his girl, Thelma. Paul brushes off Lura's easy lust, but it makes him aware of his real desire for Mary.

Paul has been left a filling station by Mollie, and he gets Charlie Mitcham to build a repair shop. He also buys a car from Mrs. Schultes, a widow. The excitement of buying the car is spoiled by the arrival of a letter from Jim. It is vulgar, cheap, insulting, like Jim himself. He tries to coax Mary into getting possession of Paul's share of the house, selling out, and joining him in California.

This breaks down the barrier, and Paul and Mary consummate their love. They begin to enjoy happiness. The one cloud is that Mary must wait eight more months before starting divorce proceedings. She insists that for their own sake, and for Merritt Street, Paul should go out with other girls. Paul says, "Okay, I'll paint the town bright red, with a different skirt every time. And you'll know it was all an act—or will you?"



They stood by the booth and laughed at Charlie and Thelma. "Break it up, lovebirds," said Maurine. "Let's go"

III

THE official opening of Shannon's Service Station & Garage took on all the color of a social function. The announcement cards promised souvenirs for the children, key chains with your own license number in miniature given away, and finally, one chance on a twenty-two-pound turkey given with every dollar purchase; the drawing to take place at 5:30 P.M. on the Monday before Thanksgiving. If you spent five dollars, say, you got five chances.

The promotion ideas had been Paul's but Ed accepted them with enthusiasm.

"Yeah." Paul frowned at the announcement he was drafting. "You know, I been thinking. It'd be a lotta trouble, but you reckon people'd be more liable to read this if it was written by hand like a personal message instead of printed. We got about five hundred names, but if you and your wife and Mary and I all worked, we could get 'em done in no time."

Ed considered the suggestion for a while and then shook his head. "If it was out in the country-club section or Westover Hills that'd be fine; I guess a lotta those people just throw advertisements away without half looking at 'em. But folks around here don't get enough mail to be indifferent about it; they read every word the postman brings 'em. And if we was to write 'em ourselves, they'd think we was too chinchy or too hard up to have 'em printed."

"Yeah; I guess you're right."

Paul was beginning to appreciate Ed's shrewdness and to see how valuable Ed could be. They made a pretty good pair, he decided; he himself was boiling with ideas, and while some of them were good, a lot of them stank. Apparently Ed was able to tell the duds from the live ones.

They opened for business on the second Thursday in November. The day was a good one, warm and sunny, and when they met at the station at quarter of eight they were resplendent in new coveralls with "Shannon's" embroidered above the breast pockets. They grinned at each other anxiously.

"Got a good day for it," Paul said.

"Yeah. Probably be pretty slow this morning, though; usually is." Ed was erecting a shield against disappointment. You could hardly hope that people would rush in to buy a new tire or a new battery just because this was your opening day; you could only hope that the publicity would bring them in when they did need a new tire or battery.

A few minutes later, Ed sold twelve gallons of gas and a quart of oil; routine business. During the transaction Paul came into the station and tried to look busy and preoccupied; the

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASALLE

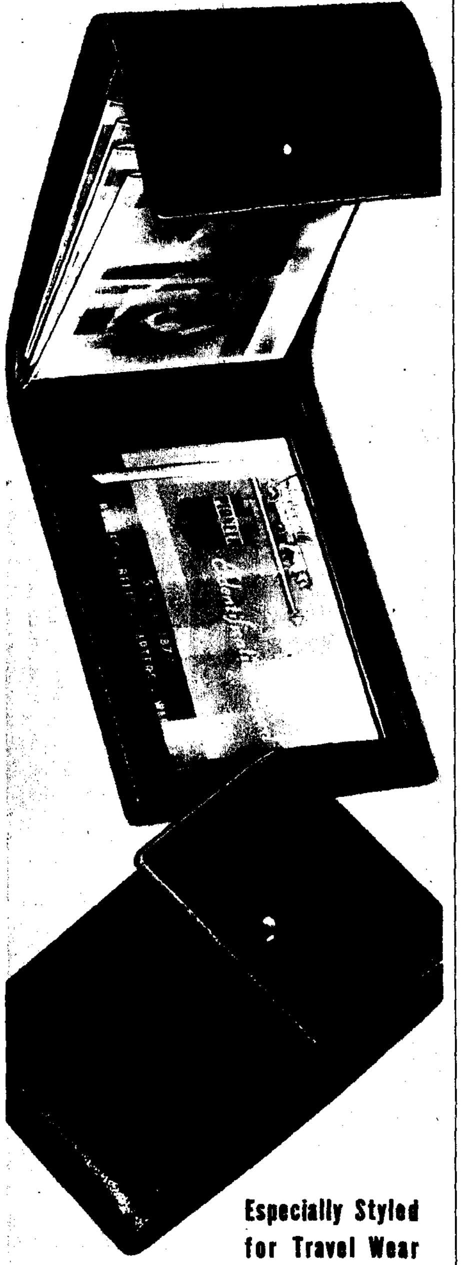
It's An Inspiration... So Refreshingly New!

KROEHLER
(Say KRAY-LER)
Cushionized Furniture
(Trade-Mark)

CHEERING ADDITION to any home will be this new Kroehler furniture. Its beauty is breath-taking . . . its comfort superb, because it's *Cushionized.* Yet its price will be well within the modest budget. Your Authorized Kroehler Dealer will have it available soon.

KROEHLER
WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

World's Largest
Furniture Manufacturer



Wallets

for every occasion...
Business • Travel
Sports • Formal Wear

Especially Styled
for Travel Wear

Wallet shown is of genuine Morocco with snap-closure for safety. $5 plus tax

Fine leathers and expert craftsmanship are features of Pioneer Wallets, styled for every occasion.

PIONEER
PHILADELPHIA 1, PA.

proprietor and owner, concerned only with major details. The square little building was pretty crowded but that was unavoidable; the long table piled with accessories had not been there before, and you had to wriggle around it in order to reach the desk or warm your hands at the heater. The contents of the room represented an impressive outlay of capital; a necessary gamble, he thought, since you had to spend money in order to make it. He drifted outside as Ed was wiping the car's windshield.

"That be all?" Ed was alert and friendly, even though the man was not one of his regular customers.

"I think so. How much is it?"

"Got your antifreeze yet?"

The driver, a big man with small blue eyes, moved his shoulders. "Not any hurry. We won't have any heavy freezes till next month."

"You never can tell." Ed was not argumentative, just polite and conversational. "After the first of November it's liable to turn off cold any time. Did year before last, about the tenth. We got a supply of good stuff we were able to pick up; drop around sometime and we'll put it in for you. Give your radiator a good cleaning too; you probably got a lotta rust."

The man eyed him warily. "How long'll it take?"

"Twenty minutes, maybe; but you'll be safe then. Don't pay to take a chance, with good cars like this one as scarce and hard to get as they are now."

The customer raised a white flag. "Okay, put it in. I'm a little early for my first call. Got any Cokes?"

"Yes, *sir*. Help yourself, on the house. This is our opening day and you're our first customer."

Paul watched and listened, knowing that this was smooth salesmanship. The man's little eyes looked almost friendly.

"Opening day, huh? Had an idea you'd been here some time."

"For gas and washes and grease jobs, yeah." Ed explained their expansion as he worked, and added his inevitable, "Like to have your business. My partner's just got out of the Marines; he owns the station and handles the repair work." He had opened a pet cock and was examining the muddy discharge with a clinical eye. "Yeah; you got a lotta rust. Just a minute. . . ."

While the radiator drained, Ed talked on. "We're giving away souvenirs today too. Like to have a key chain with your license number?"

"Sure."

"I'll take your name and license number, then, and you can drop back by and get it when it's made up. Or maybe you'd rather wait and give me your '47 number next month?"

THE man thought about it and decided he'd wait. "I've just taken over this territory for the Anderson Supply Company, so I'll be up here every week or so." He declined a chance on the turkey because he would be out of town, but when he wriggled his bulk under the steering wheel he was both interested and friendly. Ed had made him feel like a stockholder in the business.

Paul grinned at him when the man had driven away. "Now that I've seen how an expert does it, lemme practice on the next one."

"Sure," Ed agreed. "You'll do it better than I can because you got more on the ball."

"Nuts."

Joe Sellers was next. He looked out of place at the wheel of a car, but his face had its usual Oriental inscrutability. Paul smiled as he came forward.

" 'Morning. Looks funny to see you outa your place of business."

Joe grunted. "That's why I had to come so early." Getting himself from under the wheel was like working a cork from a bottle of wine. He stood on the concrete and shrugged his clothes into position. "I want the works: wash, grease, oil change, antifreeze, and you might as well fill it up while you're at it."

That was like Joe, but he would be insulted if you showed any gratitude. His car needed attention and he had brought it to a filling station; that was all. Paul nodded crisply, sustaining the fiction.

"Okay. And I'll check the car over while I'm at it. When you want it?"

"No hurry; you may have your hands full today. I'll pick it up around six-thirty this evening." He waddled away, Buddha in a wrinkled brown suit.

The morning was about average, or a little better. Nothing to shout about, though, and Paul began to wonder if he was as smart a promotion man as he had thought. Then, with twelve o'clock, Merritt Street began to stop in on its way to dinner, forcing them to work fast and hard and bump into each other, sometimes, as they made change or rang up sales. There was a lot of interest in the turkey and a lot of kidding about it.

The Merritt Street small fry, the ones too young to go to school, began to drift in and get under foot. Ed had been uncertain about this idea too; Paul had insisted that the kids would work on their parents. It was a cruel choice that he offered them in the matter of souvenirs: an all-day sucker or a rubber balloon that whined as it was blown up and squalled as it deflated. Most of the children wavered and wanted both, and he realized his mistake: If I ever give away any more souvenirs, he thought, I'll know to have 'em all alike. . . . Several of the kids tried going away and coming back an hour or two later, but Ed, who knew them all, was firm and friendly.

"It wouldn't be fair to the ones that can't come till after school. Now scram, or you'll get mashed under a car."

He and Paul had expected to take turns at going home to dinner, but their rush was still on. At one o'clock, Paul dashed to the telephone.

"Mary?" His voice was brisk for the benefit of anybody who might overhear him. "I can't get away and my sides are flapping together. Any chance of bringing me a coupla sandwiches, or picking 'em up at Lottie's?"

"Of course." Shan was in bed, but this was one time when he was going to be left alone in the house. "I'll be down in a few minutes. I'm sorry about your sides but I'm glad you're so busy. Tell Ed I'll bring some for him too."

HER voice was almost as impersonal as his. Mary knew that there were times when love was out of place, and that this was one of them. She arrived half an hour later, with sandwiches in a shoe box and hot coffee in a swaddled milk bottle.

Paul's eyes lighted as he saw her, then slid quickly away.

He ate and drank standing up, while Mary wandered around admiring the new stock and ignoring him carefully. Ed came in and beamed at her as he wolfed three sandwiches.

"Child, you saved our lives."

"I could've brought 'em sooner if I'd known. I was keeping dinner hot, but I'd rather have it spoil if business is so good." She looked at Paul. "What about supper?"

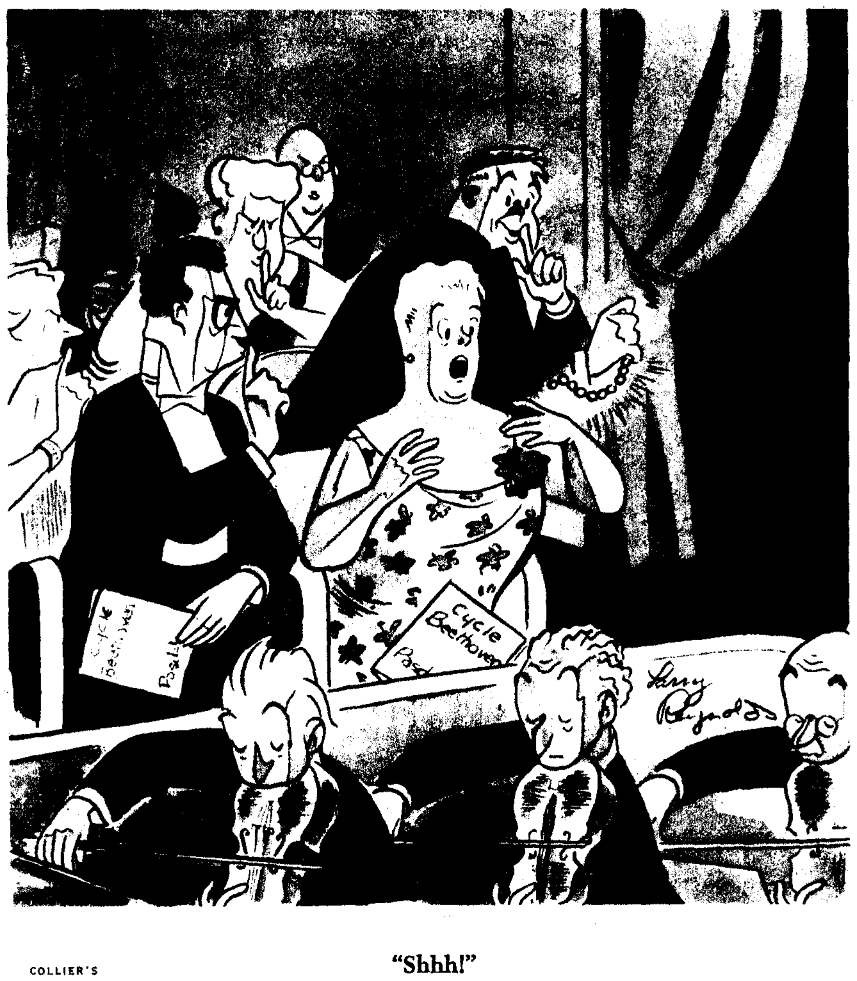
"Darned if I know. Maybe you'd better not count on me and I'll just run up to Joe's."

Even Mr. Hammill dropped in that afternoon to wish them luck and to have his gas tank filled. "Gonna need some work done soon," he said, "but Sara wants the car tomorra so I'll wait till the first of next week." He was in a hurry to get back to the store, of course; Paul understood how great a compliment Mr. Hammill had paid him by leaving it.

"By the way—" He paused with his finger on the starter button. "I been meaning to tell you that turkey was gonna be a present from me. To show my good wishes, and all."

Paul smiled at him with deep affection. "The turkey's a business transaction. I

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



COLLIER'S

"Shhh!"

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Roll out the red carpet and welcome PM, on its way to your Promising Meeting! You've a date with a whiskey Particularly Mellow . . . You've a bet that you'll make this a lifetime rendezvous— PM . . . to please you . . . by appointment!

PM
DE LUXE
Blended Whiskey

IF IT ISN'T **PM** IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 71% Grain Neutral Spirits.

WIFE'S VERDICT WINS YOUNG LAWYER'S CASE!

8 A. M. "My first big trial this morning," mutters dejected Don, "and the way I feel is a crime!"

He's headachy, logy—due to the need of a laxative. Smart wife Ellen lays down the law—but gently—"This is definitely the time for Sal Hepatica. Here you are, darling—drink up!"

11 A. M. He impresses the jury with convincing evidence—and wins. "A brilliant job!" exclaims Ellen after the trial. "Brilliant *you*," grins Don. "Thanks for that Sal Hepatica ruling!"

Taken first thing in the morning, this sparkling, gentle-acting saline laxative brings quick, ever-so-easy relief—usually within an hour. It helps counteract excess gastric acidity. Helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, too.

In a national survey, 3 out of 5 doctors recommended Sal Hepatica. Why not try it next time *you* need a laxative?

ASK YOUR DOCTOR about the efficacy of this famous prescription! Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today, remembering this caution:—use only as directed.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN: "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesday night, NBC Network
"BREAK THE BANK"—Friday night, ABC Network

know we got your good wishes; you've proved it a hundred times."

"Pooh. If I'd sent you a horseshoe made outa white carnations, with 'Good Luck' spelled across it, you wouldn't 'a' thought a thing about taking it. Turkey's a more practical present, seems to me, even if it don't smell as good."

Paul grinned. "We sure do thank you." He gave in quickly, knowing that Mr. Hammill would be insulted if his gift was refused.

"Nothing at all. I just like to see young fellas going to town."

Mrs. Schultes came later, on foot; her clear skin red with exertion, her bosom leading her like the prow of a battleship. "You robbed me of my car," she chuckled, "but I wanted to see how everything looked, and wish you luck."

Paul went quickly to meet her. "You still got an interest in that car, so you're entitled to free rides whenever you wanta go anywhere." He ushered her into the station with a courtly bow and waved at the shelf of souvenirs. "Which you want—a balloon or an all-day sucker?"

"Now, isn't that nice." She thought about it a minute. "I'll take a balloon, I guess, and keep it for when my grandson comes to visit me; they make a noise like a dying calf but he'll bust it in five minutes anyhow. First ones I've seen in a long time." She sighed. "I'd rather have a sucker, but it wouldn't help this figure of mine any."

She was what the Victorians would have called a fine figure of a woman: healthy, vital, full of good humor and good will. He grinned and thrust a sucker into her coat pocket.

"Lady, that figure of yours don't need help from anybody."

"Fresh young sprout, aren't you?" But she was pleased again.

"Sure."

She turned to leave and he had another quick glimpse of the loneliness under her banter. "When we get squared away here," he said impulsively, "I'm coming by and take you for a ride in your own automobile."

"That'd be mighty nice, but I'll expect you when I see you."

"You'll hafta expect me sooner than that; I'm gonna call you and make a date."

At three o'clock the school children began to come; the air was torn with the wails of deflating balloons and the scuffles to attack or defend against pins and matches.

"Here, you kids." Paul resurrected his Marine-sergeant voice and knew that Ed's misgivings about children had been sound. "Take those things home and fight over 'em. We got work to do here and you might get run over." He grinned as he herded them off, knowing that the desired good will would be nullified if they went away mad, and they left amiably, too engrossed in battle to give him a backward look.

Charlie drifted in at half past five, immaculate and lazy-looking; a gentleman of leisure, girded for the evening's battle of the sexes.

"Hi, hot-shot," Paul said. "All set to give the women a big evening?"

Charlie preened himself. "Just one. That's all I can handle in an evening."

"Slipping, huh?"

"Naw; just concentrating." He stopped the horseplay. "I'm going to work Monday. Regular, I mean."

"Same job—with Thomas?"

"Yeah. Got tired of loafing and liquor and women."

"So you put on those sharp clothes and that loud toilet water just to come down and look over my place. That's what I call a real pal."

To his amazement, Charlie was embarrassed. "Naw." It came out with difficulty. "I'm going steady with Thelma, now. Might even settle down and raise a family."

THE words were salt in an open wound. Charlie could marry, the lucky bum; he wasn't caught in a spot where he had to pretend and cover up. . . . Thelma was no prize, maybe, but at least he could see her openly and whenever he felt like it.

"Well, I'm a son of a sea cook." Paul put a lot of admiration into it. "You're a lucky stiff—and congratulations."

"I haven't asked her yet because I'm not absolutely sure I want to, but I guess I will." He looked narrowly at his friend. "When you gonna wake up and do the same thing?"

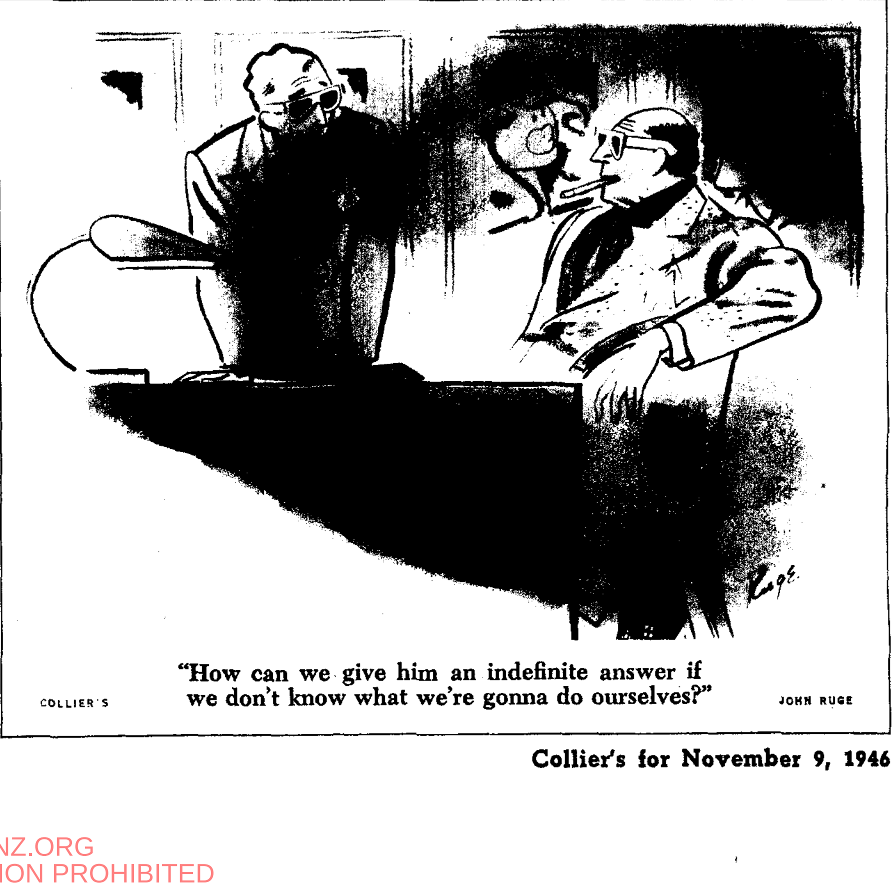
Take it easy; watch your voice. . . . "When I find a girl that'll have me. You get around more than I do; how about keeping a lookout for me?"

Charlie hooted. "Don't give me that malarkey. You just don't wanta, or maybe you . . ."

Paul's skin tightened because he was afraid of what Charlie was going to say. When a car drove up just then and rescued him he turned away fast. "Excuse me just a minute. Ed's busy and I'll have to take this one. Be right back. . . "

"I got to push on, anyhow. Be seeing you soon, though; got a lot to chew over with you."

He sauntered off and Paul pulled in a



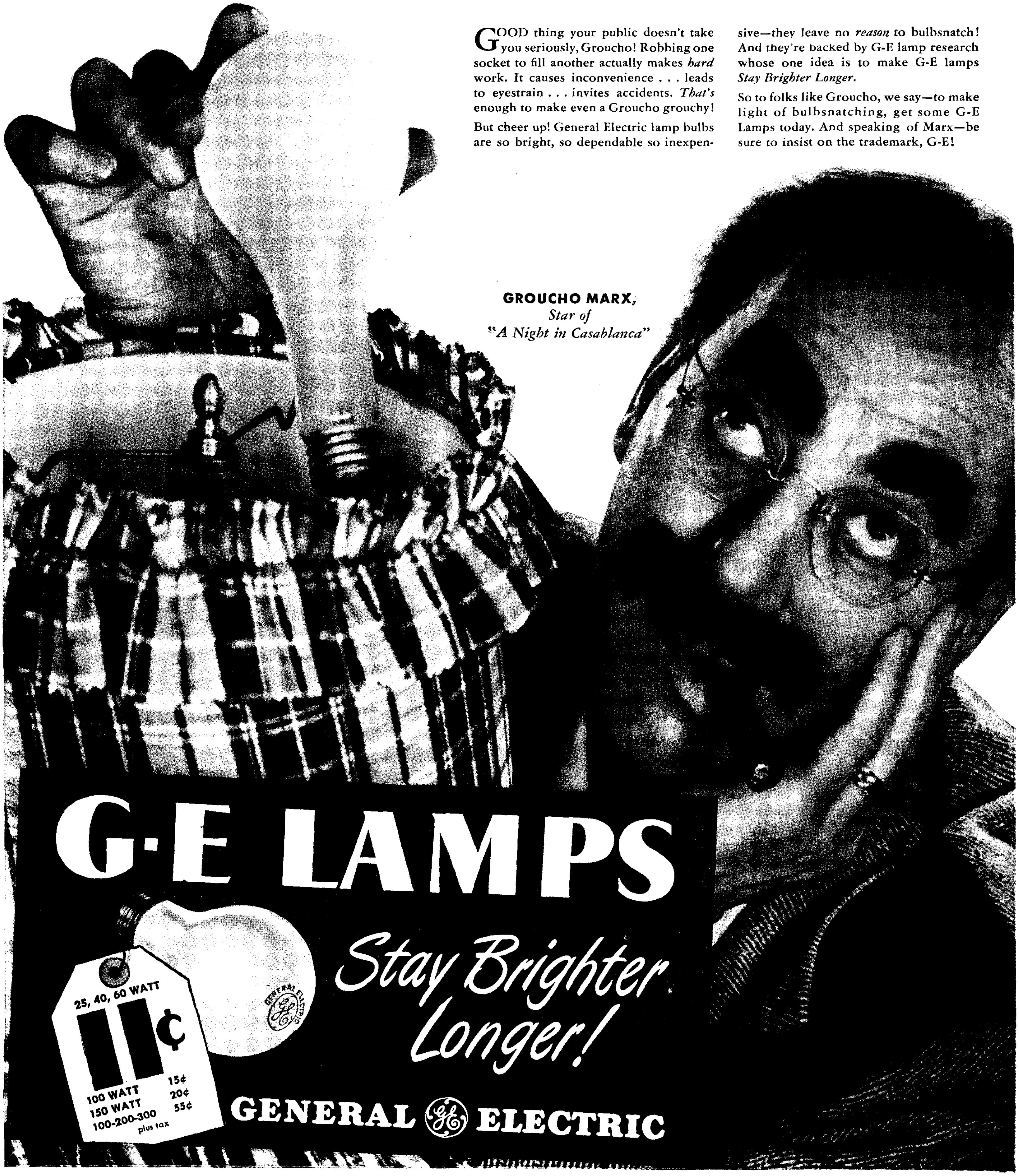
COLLIER'S "How can we give him an indefinite answer if we don't know what we're gonna do ourselves?" JOHN RUGE

"I took up Bulbsnatching," says Groucho Marx "because I heard it was light work!"

GOOD thing your public doesn't take you seriously, Groucho! Robbing one socket to fill another actually makes *hard* work. It causes inconvenience . . . leads to eyestrain . . . invites accidents. *That's* enough to make even a Groucho grouchy!

But cheer up! General Electric lamp bulbs are so bright, so dependable so inexpensive—they leave no *reason* to bulbsnatch! And they're backed by G-E lamp research whose one idea is to make G-E lamps *Stay Brighter Longer.*

So to folks like Groucho, we say—to make light of bulbsnatching, get some G-E Lamps today. And speaking of Marx—be sure to insist on the trademark, G-E!

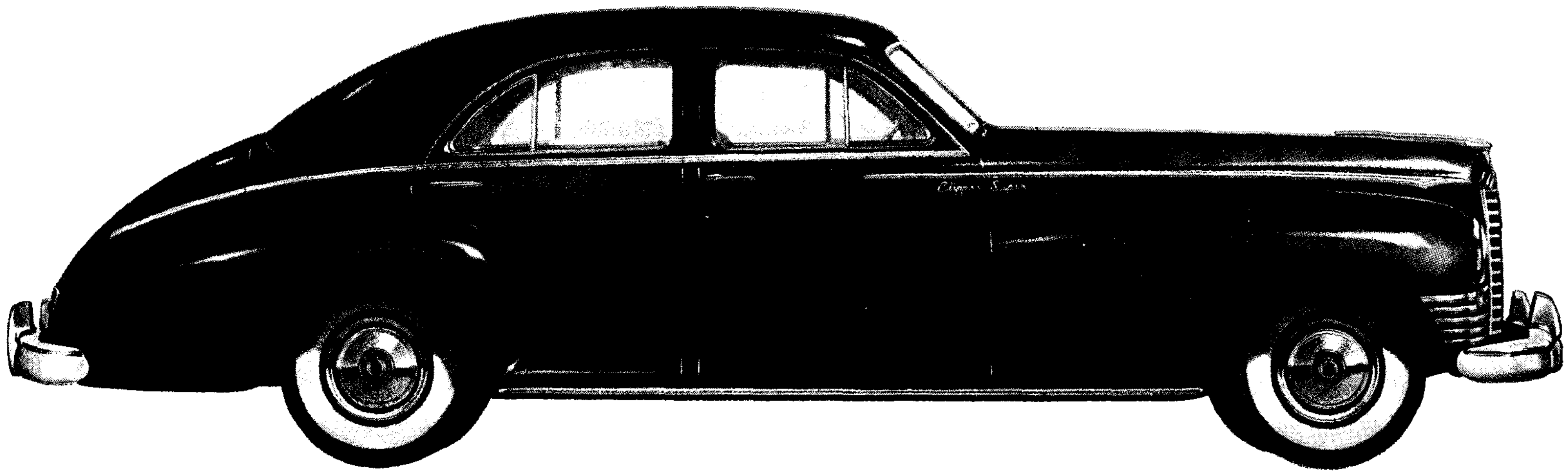


GROUCHO MARX,
Star of
"A Night in Casablanca"

G·E LAMPS

Stay Brighter Longer!

GENERAL ELECTRIC



PACKARD SUPER TOURING SEDAN

Note to car-hungry Americans:

The selection of a new motor car is a decision you haven't had an opportunity to make in almost five long years—so choose wisely!

And remember that today—more than ever before—it is sound judgment to

"Ask the man who owns one"!

long breath as he hurried toward the waiting car.

He thought about it while he filled the man's gas tank. Charlie and Thelma, of all people. It was just one of those things, he decided; it was the way a lot of men got married. After a few weeks of being lonesome and empty inside, in spite of all his horsing around, Charlie had hit on the idea of marrying somebody; and because Thelma was convenient and willing, he pinned the wish on her. Paul tried without success to imagine falling for Thelma. His friends, in their turn, would probably wonder what on earth he saw in a quiet, home-loving girl like Mary.

Suppose—the thought hit him like a piece of shrapnel—suppose he had fallen for Mary just the way Charlie was falling for Thelma: because he had been empty too, and because Mary was there?

It didn't hold, thank God. He hadn't *wanted* a house and a steady job; he had accepted them at first because you did what you had to do, and later because they were for Mary.

WORKING at the station was as hard as working for Mr. Hammill, and because he and Ed were so determined to make it pay, the hours were even longer. During the week, they stayed open until nine and took turns at coming back after supper; on Sundays they were open from one until six and took turns at that, too, since one man could handle gas sales. After a lot of discussion they decided to close at noon on Thursdays, the way most businesses in Hartsboro did.

Business was pretty good, too, because he and Ed were so eager to give the customer a little more for his money. They had to turn down several repair jobs for lack of equipment, but within a week Paul was spending all his time in the shop and leaving the gas sales and bookkeeping to Ed.

Most of the neighborhood was on hand for the ritual of drawing for the turkey. They began drifting in soon after five o'clock and by half past five the station was crowded. Paul and Ed had given careful thought to the question of who would do the drawing, and had decided that the safest plan would be to wait until the last minute and choose a little girl from the crowd.

"We don't want anybody to holler about it being crooked, in case one of our best customers gets it," Ed said. "If we just pick out a kid when the time comes, nobody can complain."

"Yeah; that's a good idea." It would have been fun to watch Mary do it, he thought, because she was really the inspiration for all this, but the very selection might arouse suspicion. It was better to keep Mary in the background.

There was a lot of kidding in the crowd as it assembled: I got eleven numbers; looks like with that many I oughta have the right one. . . . Yeah, and I betcha somebody gets it that hasn't got but one. . . . Come on, Paul; be a sport and remember that proposition I made you. You know you'd like to get a free Thanksgiving dinner. . .

Mrs. Schultes was there with her single chance, her black eyes shining as she talked to everybody around her. She overheard Paul's reply and called to him across half a dozen heads: "Don't you worry, Paul. I'll invite you to dinner whether I get the turkey or not." An impudent voice protested: "Aw, he's too young for you, Gussie. I'm not, and I sure do like turkey."

She laughed. "And you with a wife and four kids. I'm surprised at you."

Promptly at five-thirty Ed went into the station and came out bearing the turkey swathed in transparent paper. He bore it proudly, like a votive offering. "Take a look at what some lucky ticket holder's gonna get."

There were groans and murmurs.

Paul held the carton of duplicate stubs and shook it violently. "So there won't be any complaints about crookedness." He grinned as he shook the box. He looked over the crowd until he found a small, staring girl. "Come on, honey. How about you drawing the lucky number for somebody?"

She shrank back against her mother, who pushed her proudly forward. "Go on, Shirley; don't be so timid. All you hafta do is pull out a little piece of paper."

Shirley came fearfully, met Paul's grin and broke into a wavering smile. "Shut your eyes and pick up just one," he told her. "Here, lemme give it one more shake."

As he removed the top from the carton and held it down to her, Shirley extended a dubious hand, screwed her eyes tightly shut and drew out a stub.

"Lemme see. . . ." Paul studied the ticket for several tantalizing seconds, enjoying the limelight, then he intoned: "Numbah three-two-four."

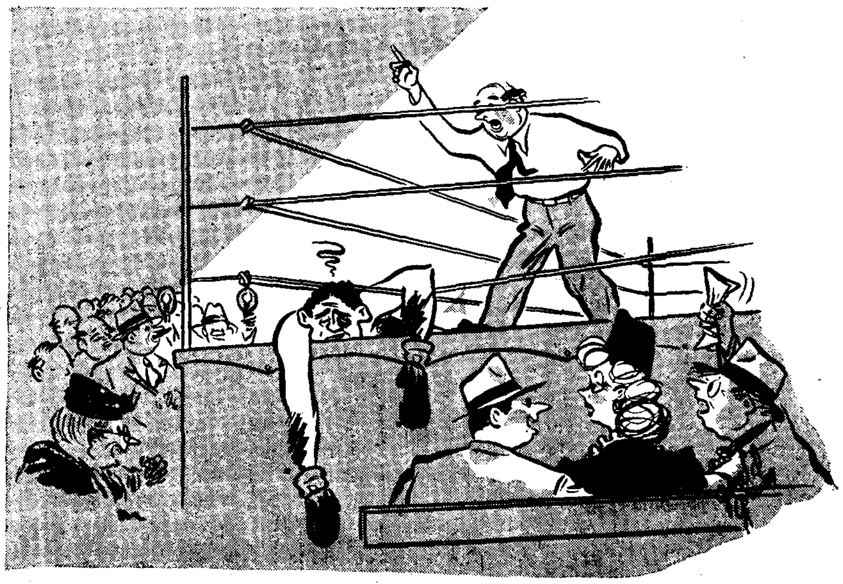
There was a great shuffling of tickets.

"Three-two-four." Paul's eyes searched the crowd. "Anybody got three-two-four?" Nobody had.

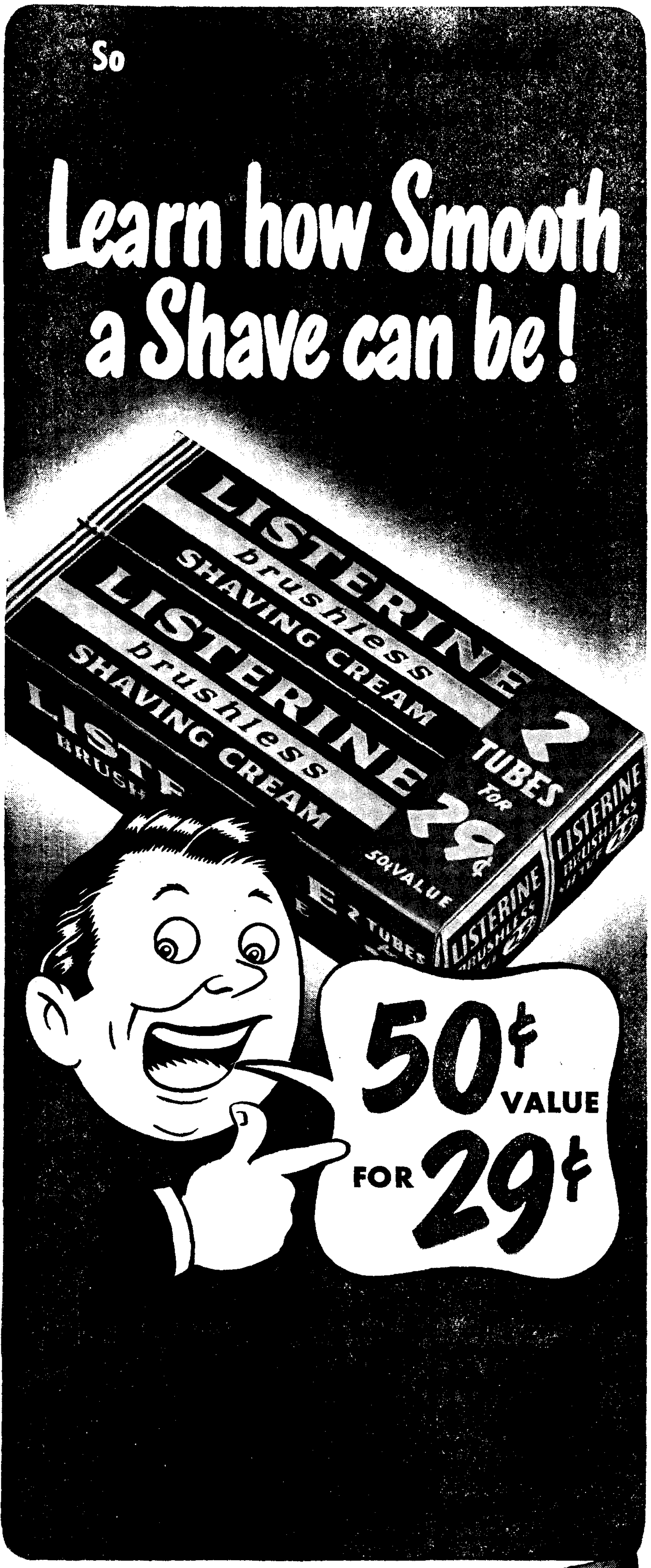
The drawing had to be repeated and the tension increased with the delay. This time, there was a triumphant shout from the fringe of the crowd: "I got it! Here it is!" Luke Simmons pushed forward through a sea of groans, insults and congratulations, grabbed the turkey and held it aloft.

"Don't it look good? You folks drop by about next Monday and I might let you gnaw on the carcass."

When they had all gone, Paul shook

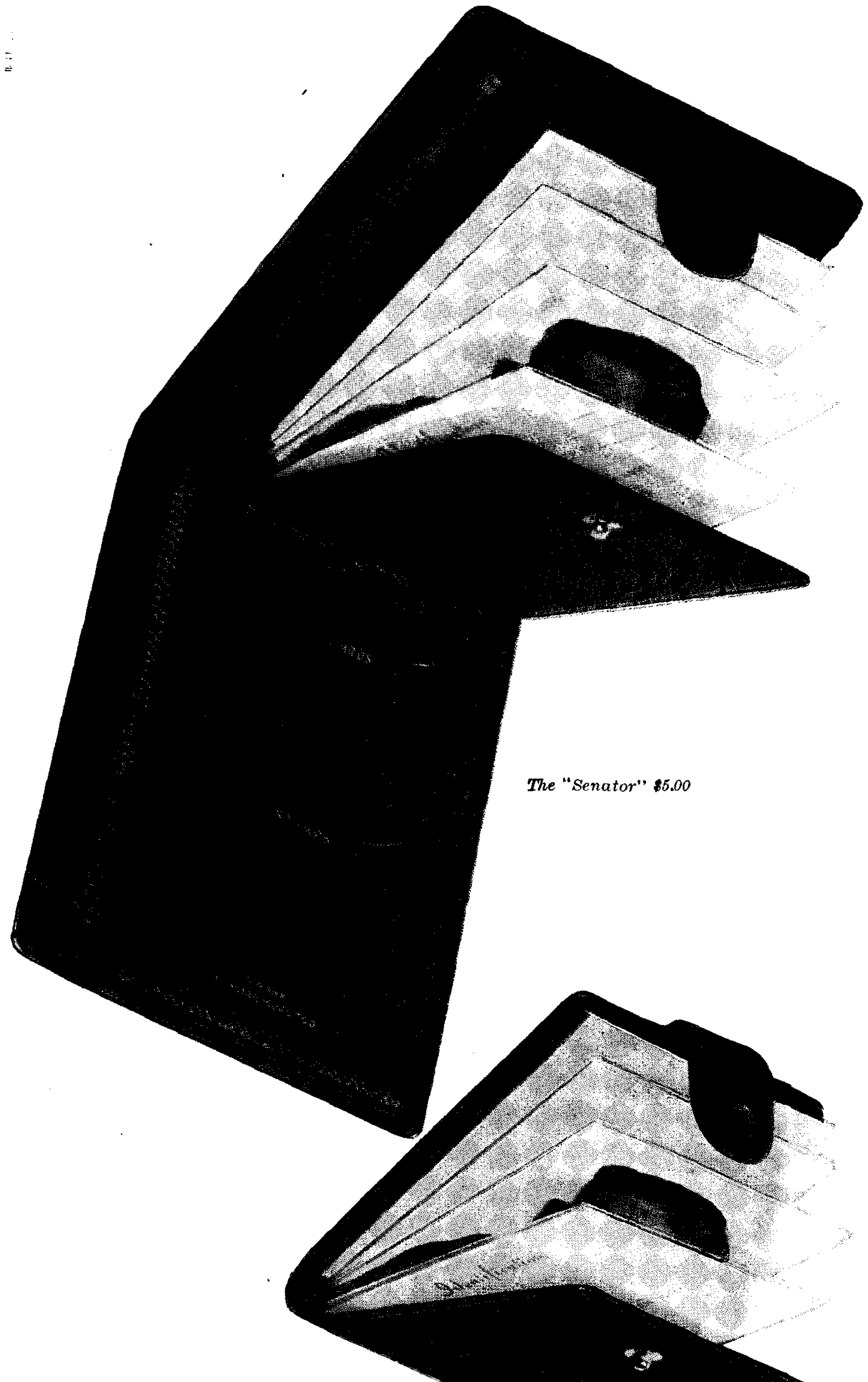


COLLIER'S "Doesn't hurt 'em a bit. They're trained for it!" GERALD GREEN


So
Learn how Smooth a Shave can be!
LISTERINE brushless SHAVING CREAM
2 TUBES FOR 29¢
50¢ VALUE
50¢ VALUE FOR 29¢

Good news for men who prefer to use a brush . . . your druggist again has an ample supply of Listerine lather Shaving Cream in the big green tube at 35¢.

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM



The People's Choice

Guardian of his interests, this distinguished Wallet secures his cash, collects his memoranda, accommodates his stamps, cards and sundries. And over all is the SWANK touch men instantly recognize and instinctively prefer.

With detachable pass case and zipper protection. In genuine morocco, black or brown.

Men prefer
SWANK

SWANK—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

his head and grinned. "I'm glad I don't hafta do that every day in the week."

This was Ed's night to come back, thank heaven; then he would be free for the rest of the evening. Free to take a drink, eat his supper and read the paper in peace, with Mary across the room from him and the feeling between them like the vibrating of a violin string when you plucked it. He straightened the office while Ed was gone, looking at the clock every few minutes, and when Ed came back to relieve him he dashed off like a man possessed. Mary was celebrating with fried chicken, he discovered; the smell came to meet him as he walked into the house, and her smile was like a lamp coming on.

"Who won it?"

He told her, and they went through the routine of retreating into the privacy of the hall before they came together. "You didn't come down for the drawing—"

"I wanted to, but there wasn't any real reason for me to be there, so I thought I better not."

"It would've been perfectly natural. If you're not careful you'll make people think something just from the way you lean over backwards." He was still browsing hungrily over her face, giving himself up to the rich feeling of possession. Charlie was welcome to Thelma and the easy way; Mary was worth whatever she might cost him. Another thought trod inevitably on the heels of that one: Jim, and the realization that there had been time enough for Jim to answer Mr. Abney's second letter.

"Any word from Jim yet?"

The life went out of her face. "No. Not yet."

"Maybe there won't be. Maybe he'll just drop out of the picture now he knows it's no dice and that he might even be arrested if he comes back."

"I wish I thought he would—drop out of the picture, I mean . . ."

But he knew she was thinking about the eight months—seven and a half, now—just the way he was.

HE FELT like grinning as he stopped the car in front of Mrs. Schultes' sedate white house. It was all pretty funny, including the look on Mary's face when he had told her what he was going to do.

"You been after me to step out at night, baby, so I'm starting now."

Her expression had delighted him. The idea was fine in theory; it was the safest thing to do and she was the one who had insisted on it and prodded him about it; and now that he was obeying her, Mary didn't like it at all. After her first consternation she arranged her face into a pleased expression that was just as convincing as the enthusiasm in a radio commercial.

"That's fine. Who you going with, or would you rather not tell me?"

"Are you kidding?" But he knew she wasn't. In the space of seconds she had surrendered her right to know anything about him. He saw again how unsure she was, how reluctant to cling to him or to ask the questions that a wife or sweetheart had every right to ask. She still wore the unhealed scars of having lived with Jim.

"Baby," he said in a different voice, "I can't even imagine doing anything, now, that I'd 'rather not tell you.' I'm going over and take Mrs. Schultes for a ride like I said I would."

Mary's face was a kaleidoscope. Relief came first, then surprise and amusement, and finally a shadowy distrust.

"And wipe that look off your face," he growled. "She's a swell old dame and she's lonesome. She sold me that car cheap, as a favor, because Mollie was a friend of hers, and the least I can do is to drop around and take her for a little ride. Buy her an ice-cream soda or something." He grinned. "With that build, I bet she'd go all out for a double banana split."

Mary relaxed and laughed—honest, solid laughter that had adoration behind it. "Paul, you're a sight. I don't believe there's anybody in the world like you."

"That's a break for the world, then." He sobered. "Damn it, baby, I don't *wanta* go out without you."

Mary swapped horses, the way he had known she would: "You've got to. Taking Mrs. Schultes isn't quite the same but it's a nice thing to do. You go on and get started; only"—her eyes twinkled but it wasn't all kidding—"don't you dare . . ." She lost her nerve.

"When I come home I'll get even with you for that crack." He kissed her until she was limp and then walked out.

He got out of the car and went up the walk between carefully barbered hedges. Mrs. Schultes was not the type who would rush out if a horn blew; more than that, Mollie had always threatened him with sudden and violent death if he ever slumped in a car and blew the horn for his date.

MRS. SCHULTES' welcome made him feel fine and comfortable about the whole thing. She was too sensible to be coy or to play up her widowhood; she just smiled widely and without self-consciousness as she opened the door.

"So you're a young man of your word, after all. Come in while I put on my hat."

She had on a black dress, but not for mourning, because it had light blue set into the front, over her noble bosom. The dress fitted perfectly and he knew it had cost more that he would be able to spend on Mary for a long time, but that was all right; Mrs. Schultes needed solace and co-operation from her clothes a lot more than Mary did. She put on her hat without any fuss or primping, slid into her coat when he held it, and convoyed him out the door.

"When we come back," she said, "I'll give you a drink for being so nice and thoughtful."

He grinned, and helped her into the car. "I can always use one. Where d'you want to go?"

"Downtown. I'd hate to say how long it's been since I've seen the bright lights, and besides, they've got the Christmas decorations up now."

He had forgotten about that; he would have to take Mary and Shan down to see them right away. "Okay, we'll take it all in."

Now that she was here, he wondered what on earth he would talk about, but Mrs. Schultes took the reins herself.

"Oh, my goodness!" she exclaimed as they turned into Market Street. "Go slow, Paul. Slow as you can."

Market Street was fairyland. Lights were strung overhead across the street in brilliant, intricate garlands; the store windows blazed; the tinkle of Salvation Army bells made silver threads in the tapestry of sound; crowds strolled along the sidewalks or stopped to admire. Mary had probably known about this too, and had not said a word.

"I tell you," he said. "How about parking, if we can find a place, and doing a little window-shopping ourselves?"

"I'd love to. I haven't had so much fun since I was a bride."

He nudged the car into a parking lot and they went back to Market Street to be engulfed by the tide. Mrs. Schultes did the navigating but he was glad enough to stop when she did; he had not thought about Christmas until now, and he might see something in a window that was good enough for Mary.

All at once he was filled with a sharp longing to tell Mrs. Schultes about Mary and him. She would understand and she wouldn't be shocked. If the secret had not been Mary's as well as his, if Mary just knew and liked Mrs. Schultes the way he did, he would have spilled the story in a minute.

She had stopped before one of Slater's

windows and was examining the display with shrewd, undazzled eyes. "No matter how much you dress it up, most of the stuff's junk; sleazy materials and skimpy lines. Only real good thing in there is that sable scarf."

He looked carefully at the scarf and realized that Mary would probably love it. All women had a yen for furs, and while a coat was out of the question he might settle for that stringy little neckpiece if Mrs. Schultes said it was good. "What you reckon it costs?" he asked.

"Somewhere between five hundred and seven-fifty, I'd say."

"Ouch!"

She chuckled. "That kinda wives come high. That kinda women, too." The last sentence was spoken as casually as the first one.

He rocked his head in awe. "I guess I'll stay single, then."

"For a while, honey, but not a day longer than you have to."

He darted a look at her from the ends of his eyes. She was blandly studying the window but he knew, as sure as fate, that she had guessed about him and Mary and was taking it just the way he had known she would. He decided to face it boldly.

"What d'you mean by that crack?"

She turned to smile at him; a knowing, curiously tender smile. "It'd serve you right if I answered that question. Come on," she took his arm, "and we'll see if we can't find something nice that don't cost so much money."

He followed meekly, wondering whether she had heard talk about them or whether she had just figured it out for herself. Before he went home tonight he would have to find out; in the meantime there was no use in protesting his head off and getting nowhere. She was not the sort of woman who would swallow a man's lies.

"Okay. You'll know better than I will." His acquiescence tore away the illusion of secrecy, and all he could feel was a deep relief.

SHE halted at another window, filled with underwear and negligees, and his face began to get hot. Of course Mary had to stay at home all the time, but that wasn't why Mrs. Schultes had come like a homing pigeon to this window. She knew when a woman wanted to look best.

"That's a cute quilted house coat, Paul; warm and pretty too. And it looks to be about the right size."

His heart slipped Mary into the coat and knew that it was the very thing.

"Does that cost five hundred frogskins too?"

"Mercy, no; about twenty, I guess. Maybe twenty-five." She looked at him again. "You gonna have any time for Christmas shopping?"

She was offering to get it for him, but he wanted to buy it himself. "Yeah, thanks. I'll take a coupla hours off some afternoon." He changed the subject quickly. "You haven't picked out what *you* want."

The feeling of her loneliness went through him again as he watched the change in her; the fading of her bright interest and the emptiness in her eyes. "I can't even think of anything I want. Not that you can buy in a store, anyhow." She moved to the next window and he followed in impotent pity, but in a minute she was cheerful and interested again.

It was still early when they went back to her house. While she was bringing the whisky from a cupboard he got out ice cubes. The drinks she poured were a man's drinks; and when she had passed a glass to him she lifted her own and smiled a little.

"Here's luck, honey."

"And the same back at you."

He kept on standing when she had sat down. "Look, Mrs.—"

"Call me Gussie," she said. "Or Gus. Everybody does."

"Okay; thanks. Where'd you get that name, anyhow?"

"It's short for Augusta. What did you start to say?"

He took a long swallow to fortify himself. "How did you know about me? Are people talking?"

"Lord, no! I haven't heard a whisper. If I had, I'd tell you so."

He believed her but he persisted. "Then how'd you guess?"

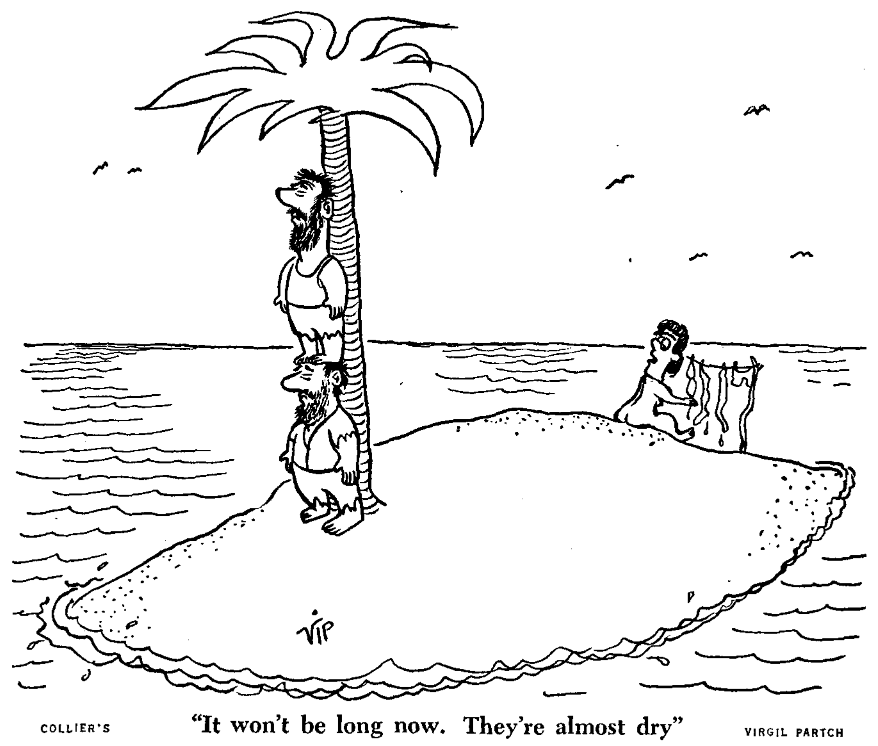
"Because," there was a wistful reminiscent glow in her black eyes, "I saw Mary in the grocery store the other day and there was something about her. About her eyes and her mouth. Mary looked to be wrapped up in somebody's love like a blanket. It had to be yours," she finished calmly.

He nodded. "It is, Gus. We're in a hell of a spot. At least, she thinks so."

Mrs. Schultes snorted. "I'd swap places any day. Can't she divorce that no-count husband?"

"Not for a long time yet. I don't care, except that she won't let me take her around, or do the things for her that I wanta do."

Her answer was preceded by a rich and ribald chuckle. "From the looks of her, what you're doing now is all right."



COLLIER'S "It won't be long now. They're almost dry" VIRGIL PARTCH

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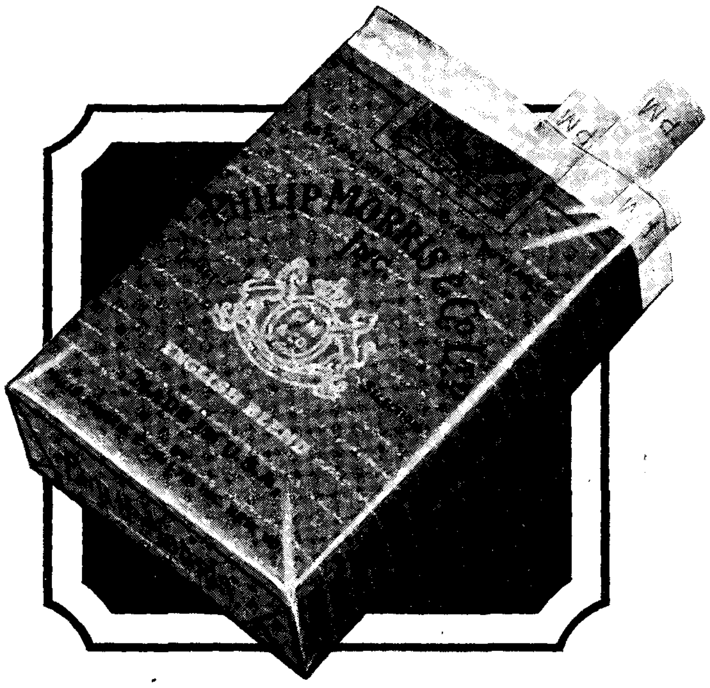

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He started to get embarrassed, and looked at his glass instead of her wise, twinkling eyes. "I wouldn't know about that," he mumbled.

"Oh, yes, you would." She stood up briskly. "Come fix yourself another quick one and then get on home. There's no danger of her being jealous of an old woman like me, but she's probably missing you."

She brought the conversation quickly back to normal: "I had a grand time this evening, honey, and sometime when you and Mary want to go to a movie, I'll come over and sit with the baby. You make her go out with you now and then, and the heck with what people say." The ribald chuckle shook her again. "If I hear anything I'll say it's all a lie, and that you're really my boy friend, going around with her just to fool people and protect my good name."

He had never been in Slater's before, and the approach was a little like going in on the first wave. When he stepped back to hold the door open for the woman just behind him, a solid line poured through without even a glance of appreciation for his courtesy. He got mad finally and elbowed his way into the line himself, letting the door swing back on the woman just behind him. *I hope it smacks her in the puss,* he thought.

Inside the store there were soft lights and a buzzing sound like the swarming of bees. The costume-jewelry section was directly in front of him, with women clustered around it like flies on a syrup jug, but he was mad enough now to form his own flying wedge. He had not thought of jewelry, but besides the house coat, a little something for Mary to wear on her coat when she went out would be fine.

The stuff glittered and winked at him as he raked the cases with his eyes. The lapel pins were in one of the showcases, with the price tags hidden, and there was one with a big green stone surrounded by rhinestones. . . . When the impassive salesgirl finally reached him he had decided that the green pin would be fine because it sort of matched Mary's eyes.

"That one with the green stone in the middle." He pointed. "How much is it?"

The girl brought it out, holding it delicately in her blood-tipped fingers as she examined the price tag. "Forty-seven-fifty, without the tax."

"Thanks," he said dryly, "I guess I'll skip it. Where's the house coats?"

"Fourth floor." She said it over her shoulder, already busy with another likelier customer.

Before leaving the counter he decided to examine the women who were buying this stuff, so he stepped back and watched them with narrowed, probing eyes. Most of the women weren't anything to get excited about; a lot of them looked as if they might have come from Merritt Street. These were the ones, he supposed, who were buying the "cheaper" stuff. They chittered and pawed and grabbed, and the two slick salesgirls were like air-conditioned robots in their midst.

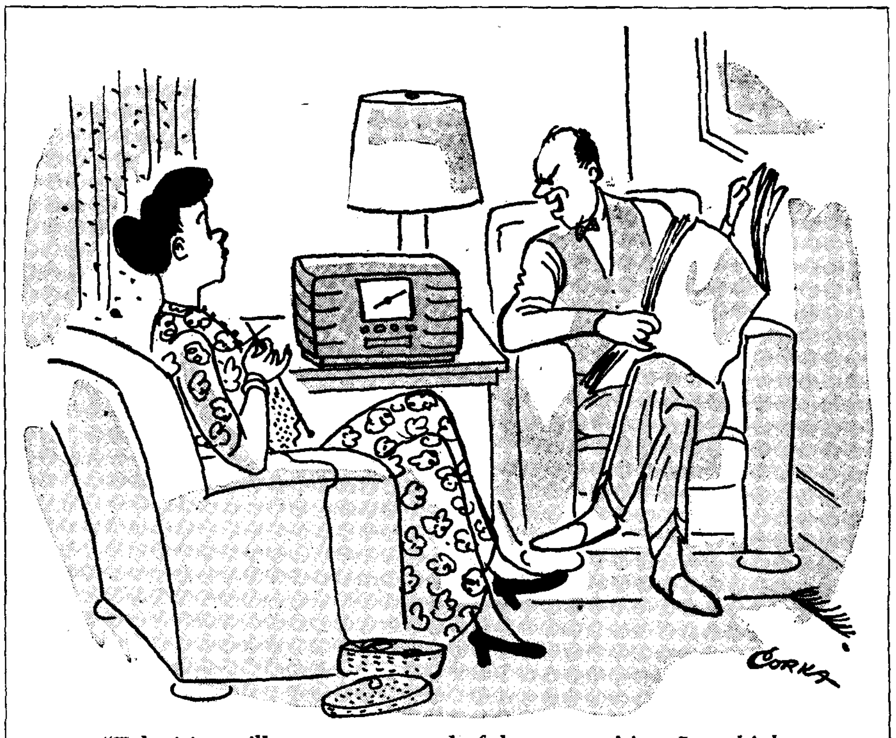
He was bewildered and a little angry. When you had lived in a descending curve of comfort for four years, when you had even sunk to the level of prehistoric man and sought sanctuary in the earth itself, you were unprepared for spectacles like this. You couldn't believe that life had been going on this way and that people had become so rich they had to claw one another aside to waste their money. In his unconditioned state, a starter of twenty-five a week had seemed fair enough when Mr. Hammill tendered it so apologetically; in his simplicity, twice that amount had seemed a shining goal for the filling station. If this keeps up, he thought, I'll be ready to tell Jim to move over and make room for me. . . .

BUT he wondered if he ever would. His whole experience, unaffected by a war's prosperity, made him wary. Millions of men like him were coming back hoping for a chance, rating it more than most of the ones that had stayed at home and cleaned up. Under the growing pressure of those men, he decided, something was sure to crack.

And it won't be me, he thought angrily; not as long as I can keep my shop, and live on turnip greens and fat back—and love. In a few more years, I bet most of these dopes'll be trying to swap this stuff for a loaf of bread. . . .

He shouldered his way to the elevators and stood submerged in women. As the elevator ascended, a small boy screamed from his level among the forest of legs, and his mother scolded him fretfully: "Hush! I thought you wanted to see Sandy Claus. You been pestering me long enough. Now *hush.* Don't you wanta see Sandy?" The duet was still going on when Paul fought his way out at the fourth floor.

It was better up here; rose-lighted and almost quiet. He went forward without timidity, examining the salesgirls as he went. They came in all shapes and sizes, but there was one who looked about



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AMERICA'S FOREMOST YEAR 'ROUND SPORTS CENTER right, so he stood near her until she was free to wait on him.

"Can I help you?" she said.

He examined her as impersonally as a draftsman. "I think so. What size clothes do you wear?" When she gave him a frigid look he explained with his best grin: "I want a house coat for my—sister-in-law, and I don't know her size. She's just about as tall as you and maybe a little narrower. Just a little," he added tactfully.

"That would be a size twelve, I imagine." The grin had done its work, outweighing the slur against her hips. "Any special color?"

He told her about the one in the window—blue, with pink roses. Its twin was on a rack and when she had brought it out he examined it carefully, feeling the soft, sensuous coolness of the material.

"Shall I model it?" The girl was watching him with a faint smile.

She looked cute in it, preening and turning around so he could see it from every angle. He was suddenly aware of her as a woman, and surprised by his own awareness; deliberately he appraised her and then, by sleight of mind, he swapped her for Mary inside the coat. When Mary, even in fancy, won over a cute girl in the flesh, he decided with a faint regret that his prowling days were over.

"That's swell," he said. He had already sneaked a look at the price and he knew that it cost twenty-two-fifty. "Now what about a nightgown?"

The girl's face froze and he read her thought: A man did not ordinarily give his sister-in-law nightgowns. "That's her husband's present," he lied, "not mine. He's still away and I have to get it for him."

She accepted the lie and was ready to co-operate again. She saw Mary's husband as an absent hero; saw Mary cherishing a seductive nightgown against the day of his return, the way all the women had done. Without embarrassing specifications on Paul's part, she even knew what sort to show him; pale pink, as fragile and impermanent as mist. He had thought about black chiffon, but she didn't bring out any of those and he was ashamed to ask for them, so he bought the one she seemed to like.

"Could you put these in a pretty box with ribbons and stuff, and keep 'em till I call for 'em?" he said. "I got nowhere to hide 'em at home."

"We'll be glad to. But don't you want them in separate boxes?"

He had slipped again. "Oh, yeah. Sure."

He paid for them and gave his name, smiled at the girl and went away. Shan's Christmas would have to wait until Mary could come with him and tell him what to buy; without her advice he was just as likely to get the kid an air rifle or a pair of boxing gloves.

It'll be fun when he gets old enough for things like that, he thought. Be fun to teach him to shoot, and mix it with his fists. . . . When that time came, he and Mary would be old married folks, maybe with a kid or two of their own; but Shan would never be allowed to know the difference or feel neglected.

WHEN he went home to supper that night he knew that something had happened. The crisis was in Mary's face and in the effort behind her smile, so that all the elation of his purchases went out of him.

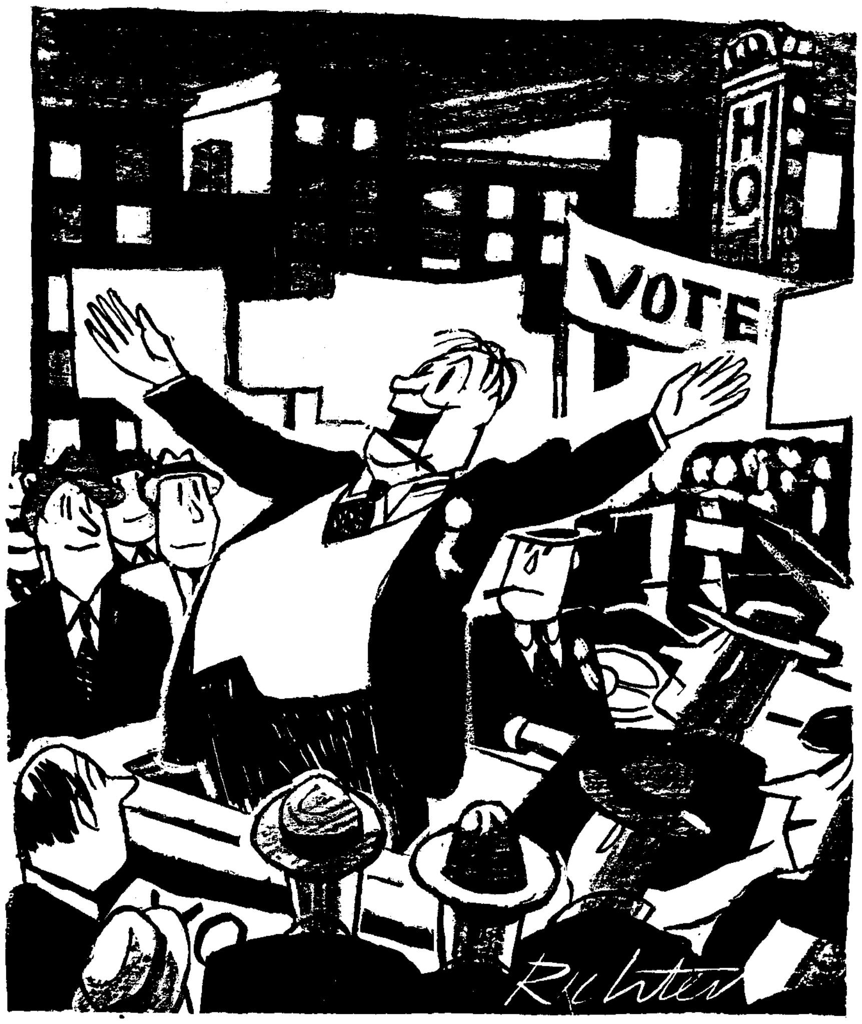
"Jim?" he said.

She nodded. "I got a letter; still being so sweet it scares me. He says he's getting a job so he can save money and come after me if I won't come any other way. He's lying, of course; if he comes back, it'll just be to make trouble. He used to do that sometimes; go all around Robin Hood's barn to slip up on you with something when you weren't expecting it. I think he wants to try and make you sell the house."

"Can I see the letter?" He was trying to hold in; keep it quiet and careless on Mary's account.

"Of course. It's on my bureau."

He brought the letter back to the



COLLIER'S "... and two families in every garage" MISCHA RICHTER

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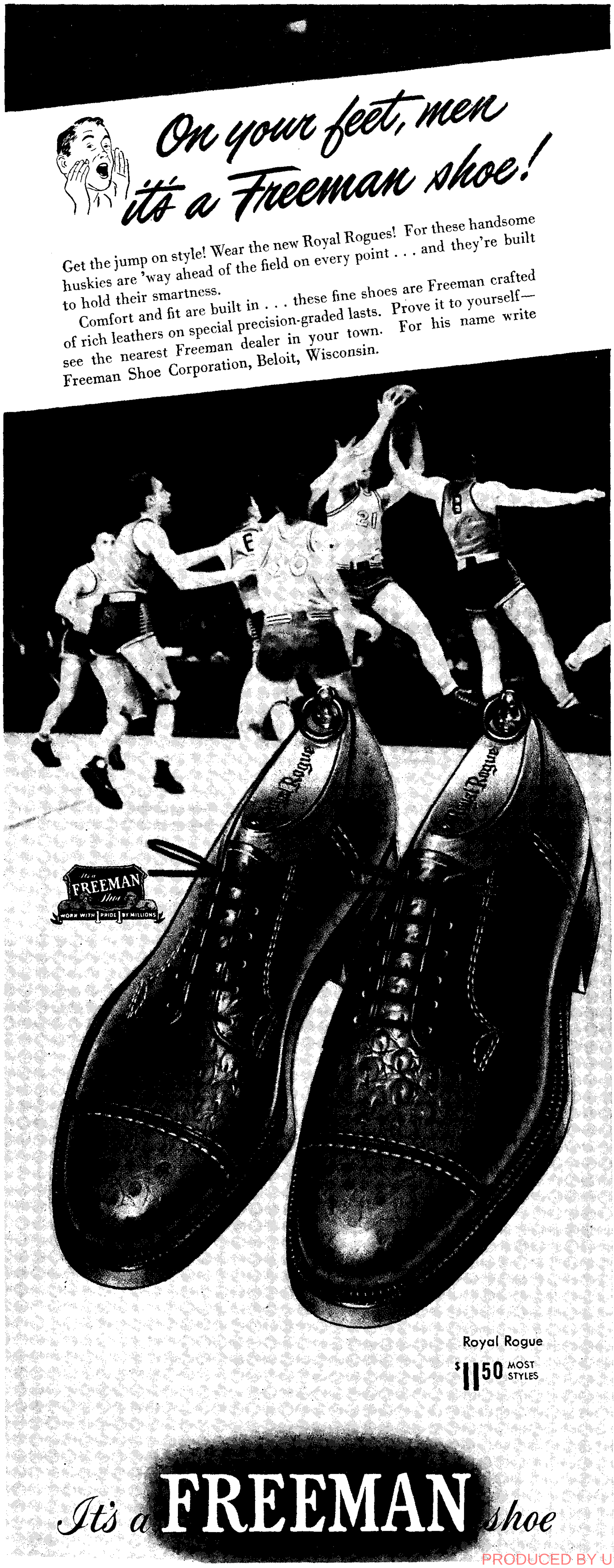

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kitchen and read it, and a cold white line formed around his mouth as he read. Jim's clumsy innuendoes were balder this time, so that Paul felt the stirring of an ancient, savage anger. He had killed more than once in the last years; but this was his first knowledge of what it meant to want the life of one man for a specific and personal reason. The first time—and the man was his own brother.

The anger faded as he dropped the letter and looked at Mary's ravaged face. Nobody's brain had room for so much fury and so much love at the same time, and the love was more urgent right now. Jim could wait; Mary was mindless with dread and in desperate need of reassurance.

"Probably all bluff. If I know Jim, he'll never save enough money to get home on. Even if he was dumb enough to come he'd be leading with his chin." He said it all carelessly and pulled her away from in front of the window, so that he could comfort her in the way he knew best.

But the anger had only been waiting for its chance at him. Even while he held her, he remembered how Jim had had her first, and known the taste of her mouth and the thrust of her body against his. He had thrown her away once, though, and he was never going to get another chance, no matter what it cost. It was rotten for Mary to be mixed up in this, because she was made for peace and a decent life; it was what she wanted and tried to create for the people she loved.

He said harshly, "You're not scared now, are you? You won't get soft and be sorry for him if he does come?"

When he felt her body stiffening he remembered how much courage she had. "If he does come, I'll probably be worse than you. I've got more to lose."

Mary was okay. She liked peace and dignity but she could fight if she had to. Where she was concerned, you could push in your whole stack of chips and feel safe about it.

Above her head, he caught sight of Shan in his high chair, leaning forward a little and waiting his turn to be noticed with the wistful alertness of a well-mannered puppy. Paul winked at him and made an awesome face; Shan wriggled happily and produced a wide, moist grin with four teeth in it. Everything was all right again. . . .

BACK in his high-school days, there had been a flat-chested, mud-ugly English teacher who used to read stories to the class as a reward for having done something commendable or for having refrained from doing something deplorable. Although she had a thin, nasal voice and a depressing belief in the cultural value of mythology, the class cheerfully suffered both, on the sound and unanimous theory that anything was better than a regular lesson. Paul was convinced at the time that the stories were a lot of malarkey, but there was one that he kept remembering now: about a guy named Damocles, who sat at a table and ate himself out of shape while a sword, attached by a hair, hung over his head. You could begin to feel for Damocles in a spot like this—the bird who thought up the story hadn't been so crazy, after all, especially in the part about going ahead and eating anyhow, since you might be abruptly and permanently interrupted.

They didn't discuss Jim's letter again; they tried instead to exorcise him. Life was complicated enough without anticipating Jim's return.

The weather had turned cold with December and all comfort went out of living; the stove had a mulish way of dying in the night, so that morning came frigid and gray into the house. Mary wore two sweaters and looked like a Teddy bear; Paul wore his invasion shoes to work, and so many layers of clothes under his coveralls that Mary said he reminded her of the man made out of rubber tires in the advertisement.

"Some people say they can bank these damn' stoves so they'll last all night," he growled. "I'm going over next door tonight and watch Tom Ellis fix his; maybe he'll come back and try his luck with this old wreck of ours."

Tom came, flattered and full of knowledge, and after that the stove grew more docile; but life was still a process of bringing in coal and taking out ashes, until Paul felt like machinery on an assembly belt. He and Ed took turns at getting to work early, and while the gas heater in the station was quick and simple, the ancient iron stove in the sho had to be cursed and threatened by turns. The stove's value was largely psychological; its warmth huddled close to it as if for comfort and companionship, but you could at least thaw out your hands now and then.

"I'm not conditioned to this," Paul admitted in disgust. "Three years of living in hell's front yard thins out your blood, I guess."

Ed looked sober. "I been worrying about that. I think it'd be a good idea if I was to be the one to come early every morning while the weather's so cold."

Paul shrugged off the generous offer, unwilling to let Ed see how deeply it touched him. "Hell, no. I got to get used to it sometime."

SHAN caught a cold and was threatened with croup; for three nights Mary hovered, still-faced and remote with hot flannels and nose drops, while Paul wandered restlessly around th draft-ridden little house. And when Shan had recovered, Mary surrendered to influenza and crept shivering into bed, where Paul found her when he came home to dinner.

"I tried so hard to keep going," she apologized, "but my knees just wouldn't hold me up any longer. Paul darling, who on earth is going to look after you and Shan?"

Not a word about who would look after her. He laid his hand on her hot face. "I am, baby. Stop worrying."

"But you can't do that and work too. Somebody has to watch Shan every minute, and on top of everything else he's cutting a tooth and it makes him as mad as a wasp."

She was right, of course; the shop work had to be taken care of. If you turned people away when they were just starting out, they weren't likely to come back. He sat on her bed and frowned, trying to find some answer. With a little remote control from Mary he could cook for her and Shan—soup and cereal and milk toast were almost foolproof—and he could eat his own meals at Joe's. But that didn't take care of Shan during the day. It wouldn't kill the kid to wear dirty clothes, but even a man knew that a baby's britches had to be changed when they had to be changed.

"I'm gonna phone Mrs. Schultes," he decided. "I bet she'd help us out for a few days."

Mary opened her mouth to protest and closed it because she was helpless. Somebody had to carry on, but she had no better suggestion: Mrs. Schultes was swell, and of course she had been a good friend of Mollie's. . . .

"I hate to impose on her," Mary murmured. "Why not just ask her if she knows anybody we might hire for a day or two?" Her face clouded as she said the words; the old unsureness came back into it. "But that'd be awful expensive, with help so scarce and wages so high. . . ."

"Forget the expense." He grinned assurance at her. "I'm rich, baby; got money in the bank."

But it's not my money, Mary's face said; I haven't got any right to spend it on myself. He scowled at the look and she smiled weakly in surrender. "All right, Mr. Rockefeller; do whatever you think is the best thing. I'll be up tomorrow or next day, I know."

"We'll wait and see about that."

He telephoned Mrs. Schultes and felt better as soon as he heard her big hearty voice. "Gus? . . . Paul. We're in a Grade-A mess over here." He told her about it, and during the recital she clucked her sympathy like punctuation marks. "You being so well up on everything," he finished, "I thought you might know somebody I could get to come in and look after Mary and the kid for a few days."

"I do," she said promptly. "Me."

He went through the motions of protesting and being overruled. "Listen here, Paul," she snapped. "All I do is sit on my fanny or clean my house when it's not even dirty. When you want me to come—right now?"

The load slid off his shoulders. "Could you?"

"In about forty-five minutes. I'll have to dress, and finish up some stuff I've got on the stove. Don't worry about the dinner; I'll bring it when I come."

"You're the tops, Gus," he said inadequately. "I'll be over for you in forty-five minutes, then."

He relayed the good news to Mary and went into the kitchen to fix dinner for Shan, who was complaining angrily from his play pen in the living room. It was funny, he thought as he opened a can of carrots, how a man was supposed to be the wage earner and head of his house, and how a house went to pieces if anything happened to the woman in it. A man got sick and things went on pretty smoothly; he was fed and nursed and petted while the domestic machinery purred silently around him; but with Mary in bed, their house was nothing but four walls around a gloomy emptiness. It was the sort of place you wanted to avoid until it was warm and tenanted again.

While the food was cooling he went back to the living room. Shan's feelings were still hurt; he stood in the pen gnashing his sore gums and shaking the railing in impotent indignation, until Paul went over and picked him up. Then he decided to let bygones be bygones and they grinned at each other in affection and complete understanding: two forlorn males in a tottering world.

"I know, pal," Paul soothed him. "It was a lousy trick. And your damn' pants are wet but you can just sit in 'em till you go to bed. It serves you right."

Over Mary's half-hearted protest he moved the little bed into his own room. She was on the horns of a dilemma: Shan must not be exposed to contagion, and on the other hand, he might keep Paul awake. . . .

"He might wake me up," Paul corrected her dryly as he wrecked a drawer in his hunt for Shan's nightgown, "but I'd like to see anything his size *keep* me awake. Sleeping fast is one thing I learned how to do in the war."

When Shan had been stowed away it was time to pick up Gussie—thank God. As he drove up she came out to meet him with a market basket over her arm.

"May have to heat it up again," she was puffing a little from her haste, "but that won't hurt it."

He took the basket and opened the car door for her. "You'll get to heaven for this, Gus. If there's one sure way to cure the swelled head for a guy, it's to have his wife get sick on him."

SHE did not comment on his word for Mary. He had used it deliberately, because it was so fine to be able to drop his pretense with somebody and because Mary really was his wife. If anybody but a married man had ever been confronted with an emergency like this one, Paul had yet to hear of it.

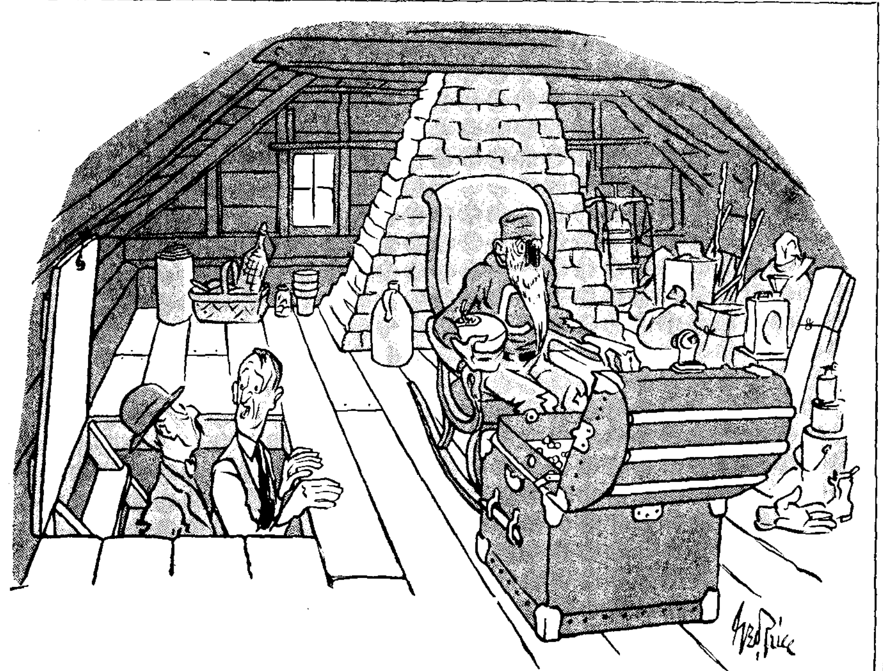
"I know," she chuckled. "Any time I use to feel like Al was threatening to take me for granted, I'd pile up in the bed for a day or two and make out like I was going to die. The cure'd last as much as a year at a time."

She assumed control of the house before she had taken off her coat, and instantly it became a house again; a little unfamiliar and a lot less dear, but still a house, and inhabited.

"You're late to work now," she said, "so I'm gonna dish up a plate for you and then see about Mary. I got some chicken broth that'll need hotting up for her, anyhow. When I bought that hen yesterday I wondered how I'd ever eat it all, but I must've had a hunch."

She bustled around the kitchen and the very dishes on their shelves shivered at her tread; until he saw Mrs. Schultes in his house, he had not realized the true lightness of Mary's moving. Love for Mary filled him so that he could hardly swallow; even Mary lying in bed with her hair tangled and her face naked and the unlovely presence of sickness in the room with her. She was his wife, all right, and the hell with anybody that tried to argue it; nobody but a wife could make you love her more than ever in such an extremity.

He hurried through his meal and went to her room while Gussie was fussing over the tray. Her eyes opened slowly, as if they had weights on them, but the



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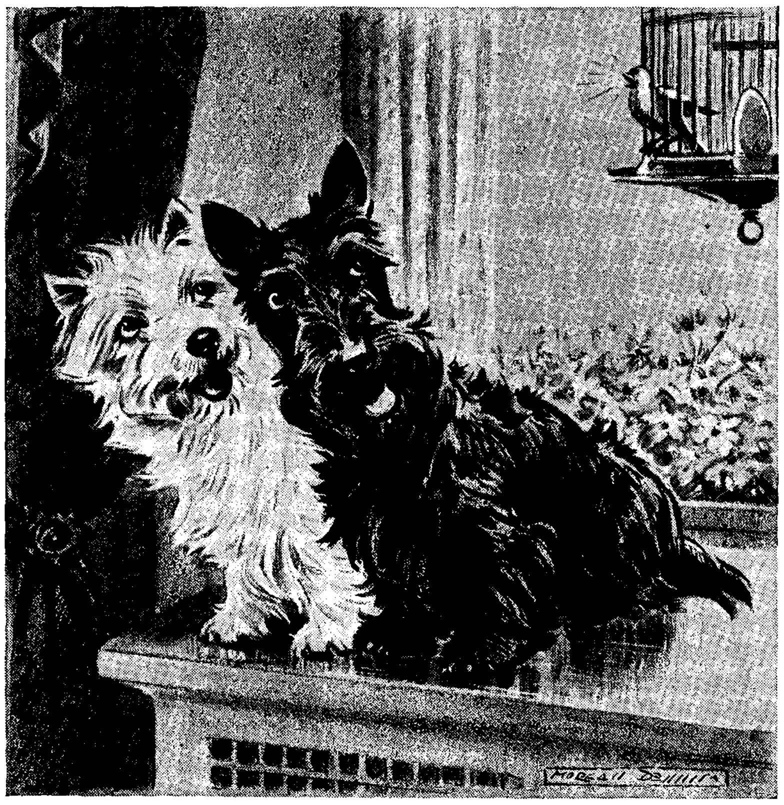

Blackie: "I could listen to that canary all day long, Whitey."

Whitey: "Yes, Blackie, you never get tired of something that pleases you."

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look in them was for him and not for herself.

"Did you get enough to eat?" Her voice sounded faint and far away.

"More'n I could say grace over." He sat down and took her hot face between his hands. "Will you relax, please, and stop worrying over me? If you want to know the best way to cheer me up, it's for you to think about yourself for a change. Take care of yourself and get well."

He bent over to kiss her but she turned away in a hurry. "No, Paul; much as I want to. It's bad enough with one of us sick in bed."

MARY was in bed for four days, but with Mrs. Schultes at the helm, life in the house went almost as smoothly as ever. When the news of Mary's illness spread through the neighborhood, the women flocked in with soup and chicken and gelatin, and insisted on staying to do this or that. Paul ought to of let them know; they'd of been glad to keep the baby and bring meals to Mary. . . . Gussie refused the offers firmly and jealously; it was her show, she had gotten there first. She was not so frank as that in her refusals; instead she contrasted their numerous duties with her own leisure.

"I'm so glad to have some reason to get up in the morning, I don't know what to do," she told them. "First time I've felt like I was needed anywhere since Al died. You run along and I'll call you if we need anything."

Mary succumbed weakly to Gussie's enveloping friendliness; by the second day she was calling Mrs. Schultes by her first name as easily as Paul did. She sensed that Mrs. Schultes knew the truth about Paul and herself, but after her first panic she, too, had a feeling of lightness and relief. The only bad thing about loving Paul was the fact that she didn't dare let it show, or dare taste the sweetness of his name on her tongue, the way women love to do with other women. Of course Gussie's standards were different from most people's, but her approval was so complete that maybe other people wouldn't be too shocked if they happened to find out.

"He's a prize, honey," Mrs. Schultes said without warning. "Don't you let Jim or anybody else stop you from holding onto him."

Mary flushed and decided that she was too spent for useless denials and protestations. "*Nobody* could stop me; it's just that I want to be sure it's the right thing for him, and that he really wants me. He took care of Shan and me in the first place because he felt like he ought to, and he's so good he might keep on doing that."

"Not if I know men—and I guess I do." Mrs. Schultes' eyes sparkled brazenly. "He'd feed you and clothe you, maybe; but he sure-Lord wouldn't feel like he had to marry you." She smoothed the bedcover with her soft, comfortable hands. "I'll bet you that night he took me to ride, out of the kindness of his heart, was the first time he'd been out with a female of any description since he fell in love with you."

"Yes; I guess it was."

"Then what on earth are you stewing about?"

"About Jim making trouble for him. They both got such awful tempers, only Paul saves his for big things."

"Rats. If he can't manage Jim with one hand tied behind him, I miss my guess. If he don't, I might take on the job myself; I never saw one yet I couldn't handle.

"I'm gonna take your temperature now," she said cheerfully, "and if you do as good tomorrow as you've done today, I'll let you sit up a little while."

CHARLIE dropped into the filling station on the third day of Mary's illness. "Heard your sister-in-law's sick. Hope it's nothing serious."

Paul stopped work on Mr. Hammill's carburetor. "No; just flu, I guess. Mrs. Schultes is looking after her."

"Sorry to hear about it. Old lady Schultes stay there at nights, so you can get out, or are you tied up for the duration?"

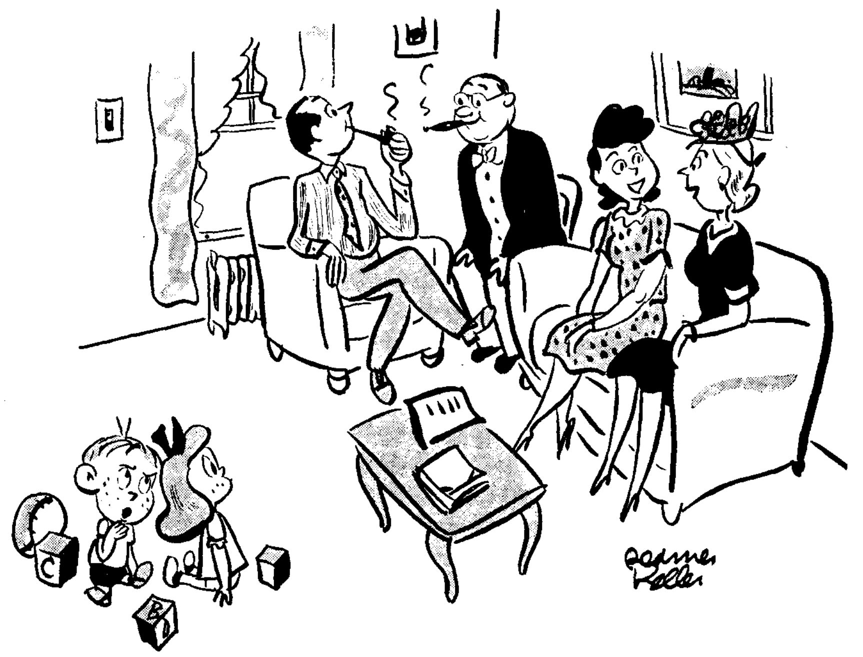
Paul grinned. "With me and the kid in one bedroom and Mary sick in the other, somebody'd have to sleep on the floor."

"Yeah; I guess so." Charlie was dismissing both Mary and Gus as ineligibles, and Paul felt an irrational resentment. "I been trying to get with you for a week," he went on. "Gotta cute little number, friend of Thelma's, named Maurine Timmons, that's crazy to meet you."

For a minute, the old careless life stirred in its sleep. "Like to meet her too, sometime, but I guess it'll have to wait till the smoke on the home front clears a little." He glanced at his wrist. "This is my night to work late anyhow, but I'm due to leave for supper right now. Why don't we stop at Lottie's for a beer before I go home?"

Charlie nodded. "Sure. Suits me fine."

The Elite was noisy and pleasantly warm, with a succulent odor of onions and frying meat hovering in the room



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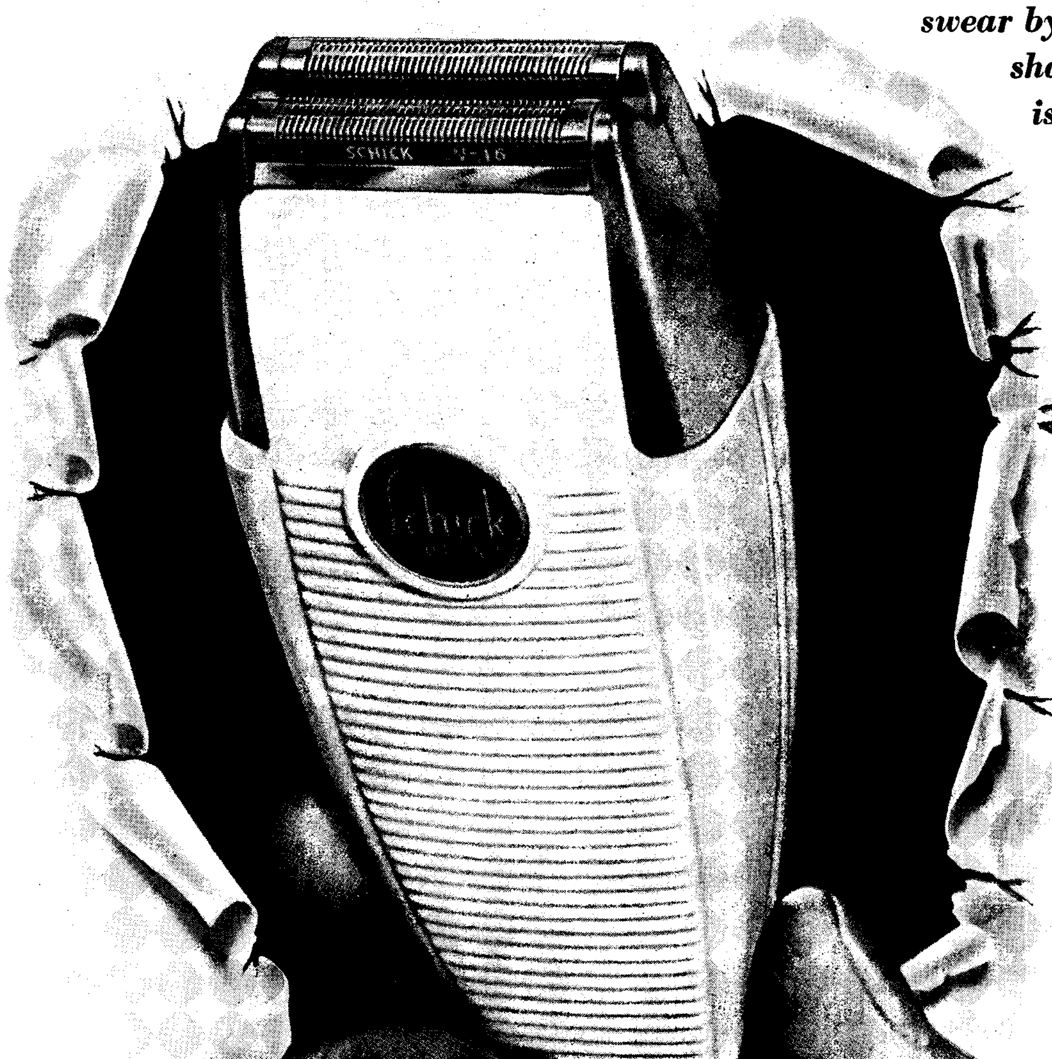

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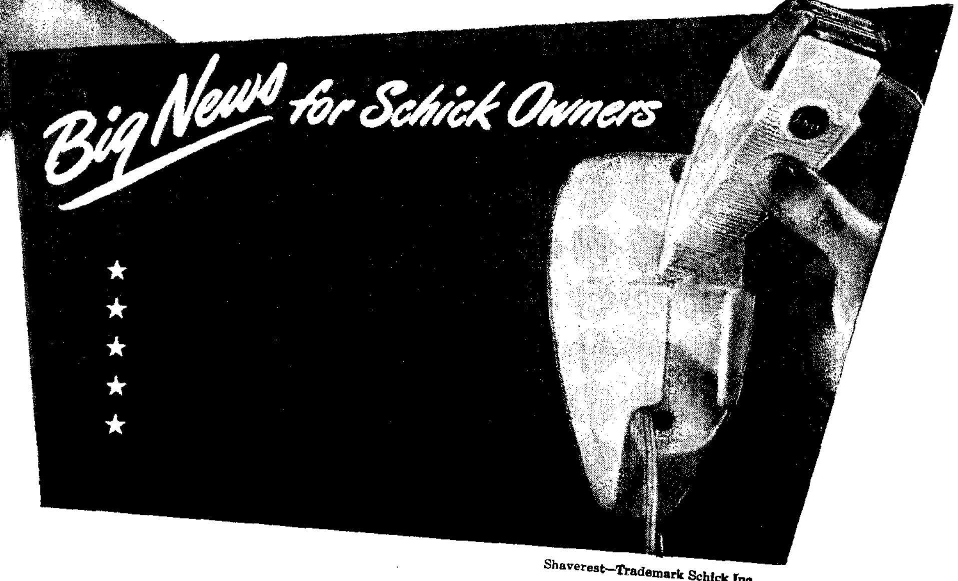

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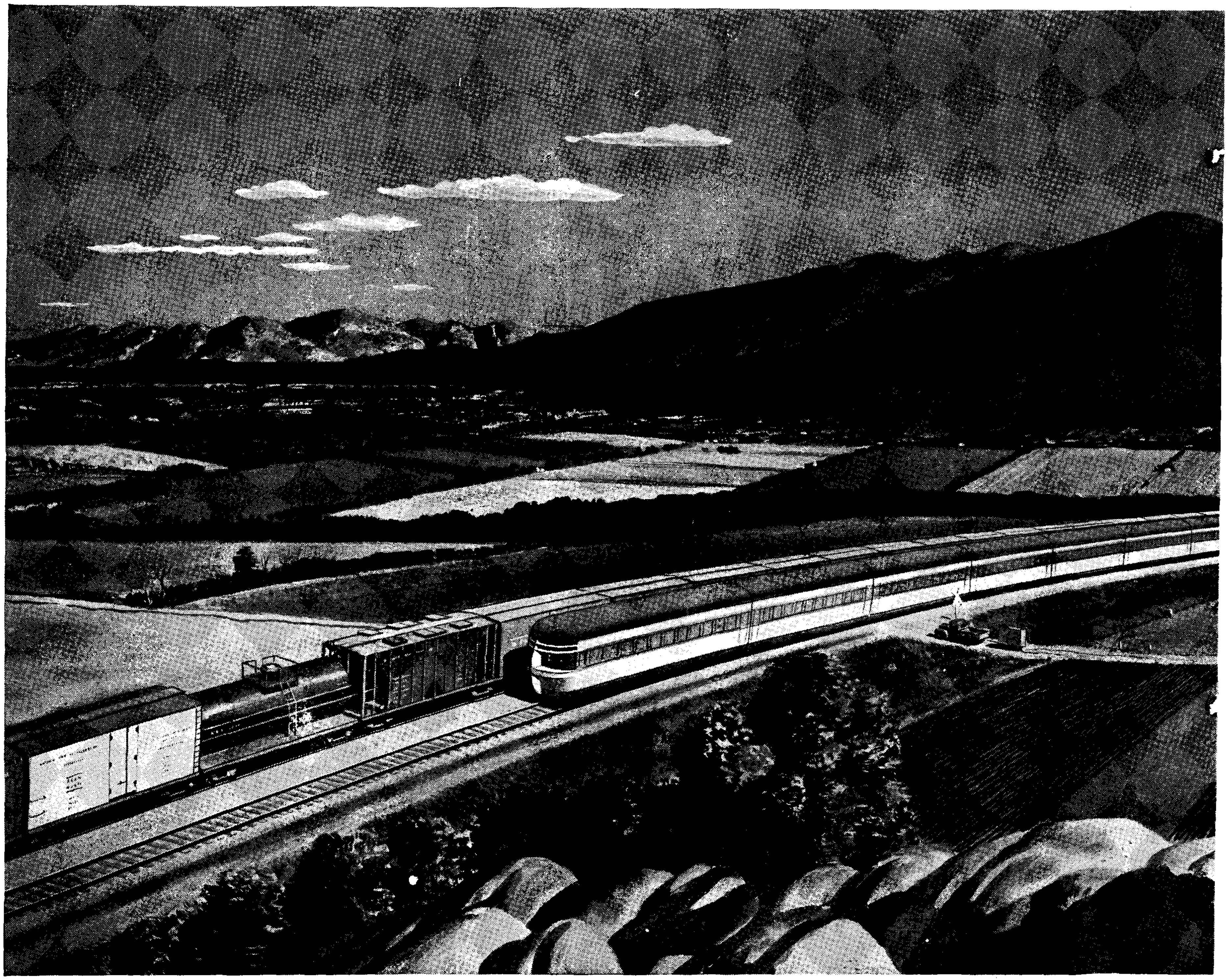

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like a ground mist. They took their beer to a booth in the back room, but for a time the barrier was between them again; Charlie was at work now on an apartment in Westover Hills and their interests had diverged once more.

"How's business?" Charlie asked it just to get something started.

"Better'n I dared to hope for." Paul picked it up in the same spirit. "With everybody wet-nursing their cars like they been doing since the war, the guys with big garages must of made a killing. I wish I had the capital to expand, but I guess I'll have to take it slow. How's it with you?"

"Pretty fair." Charlie's mouth dipped at the corners. "Plenty to keep us busy when things open up, but, brother—the gold-bricking!"

Paul scowled. "Yeah; you see it everywhere, in everything. Long as they can get by without putting out, they don't put out. I don't see how we ever produced as much stuff as we did during the war."

"I guess they really worked then. There's bound to be a letdown now that it's won—if it is—but when the competition gets tougher they'll have to go to work, or else."

"Maybe. Or maybe they'll just quit and go on relief."

"The funny part," Charlie rotated his glass and stared at it, "Thomas is taking on a lotta veterans and some of those are the worst of all: drift in for a few days, hang around in a fog and then drift out. One or two of 'em haven't even come back to collect their pay. Thomas blew up the other day and said he'd been trying to give 'em preference but that he was just about through. I don't know, though—" He shifted in his seat and frowned at the glass in his hand. "I can kinda understand about *them*. They been bossed around so long; fed and clothed, told what to do and what not to do; I guess they've forgot how to rustle for themselves. I'm kinda that way myself. Lord knows I'm not working because I wanta; I'm just doing it because you can't live offa your fat forever, and because you get so bored with yourself when you loaf."

Paul nodded emphatically. "You can say that again. I tried it a few days and that was plenty. I'm sort of glad I had to go to work before I got used to loafing."

"Had to go to work?" Charlie looked up. "You had plenty of cash."

This was the worst slip he had made about Mary, but he realized that Charlie's ignorance of the setup was the result of complete indifference. When a girl left her baby and went to work for Joe Sellers, all of Merritt Street read it right; they understood that she was doing it because she was on her own. But Mary had stopped work before Charlie came home; and since he hadn't known her, and had been absorbed in his own interests, he hadn't happened to hear these things.

"Yeah." Now that the slip was made it was better to sound frank about it. "That lousy brother of mine hasn't sent his wife a thin dime since last spring. When I got home she was working till midnight and leaving her kid with anybody she could pick up. If it's your own brother that's ratted, you feel sort of responsible."

Charlie digested the information in silence and then whistled. "Well, I'll be damned. No wonder you got your nose to the grindstone."

"I don't mind," Paul muttered. "Like I said, it's been a good thing for me, having to go to work right away. I'm probably better fixed, even looking after them, than if I'd spent my money on a big time."

He was proud of Charlie for having taken the obligation as a matter of course; for not having cracked about it or called him the world's prize fall guy. Charlie had been raised on Merritt Street and he understood, too, that you did what you had to do.

"What in hell's the matter with Jim? Found a twist he likes better?"

PAUL thought fast. If Jim came back, it might be just as well for people to know what he was really like. Everybody would turn against him pretty solidly then, and he would find no comfort in his return.

"I don't know about that, but my guess is that he has. Mary's through with him and I don't blame her; I told her I'd a lot rather take care of her and the kid than to see any girl have to live with a rat like Jim."

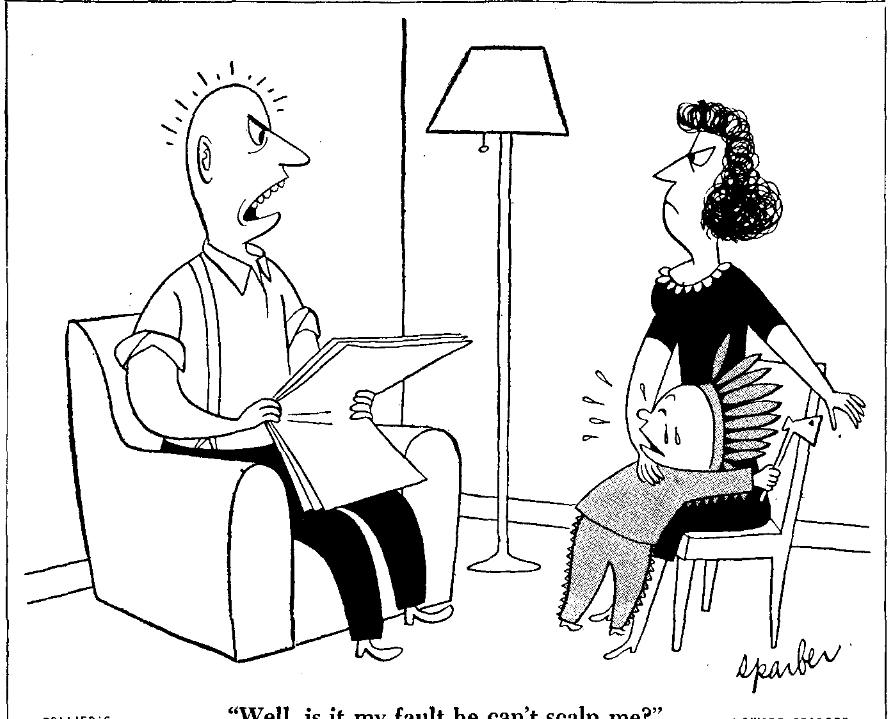
Charlie nodded his agreement. "Just the same, it's tough on you, being saddled with another man's wife and kid."

"I don't mind," he said again. His voice was pretty rough but Charlie didn't seem to notice anything. "The kid's a cute little devil; named after me."

"After you!"

He grinned dryly. "Don't get ideas, bub; I never even saw Mary till I came home. But she was already off of Jim when the kid was born—he left her pregnant and went to the Coast—and it seems Mollie bragged about me a lot and the poor girl didn't know any better than to name her kid after me."

"Well, what d'you know?" Charlie



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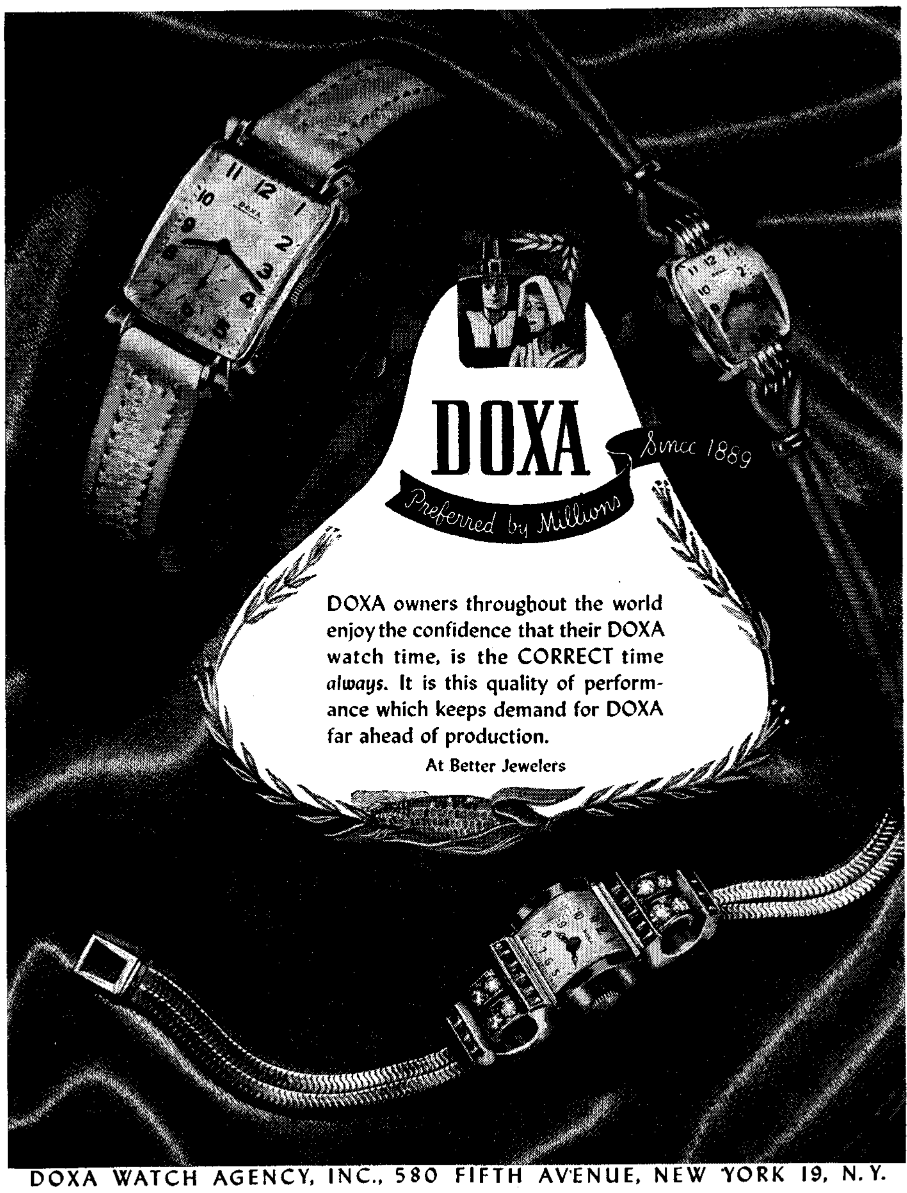

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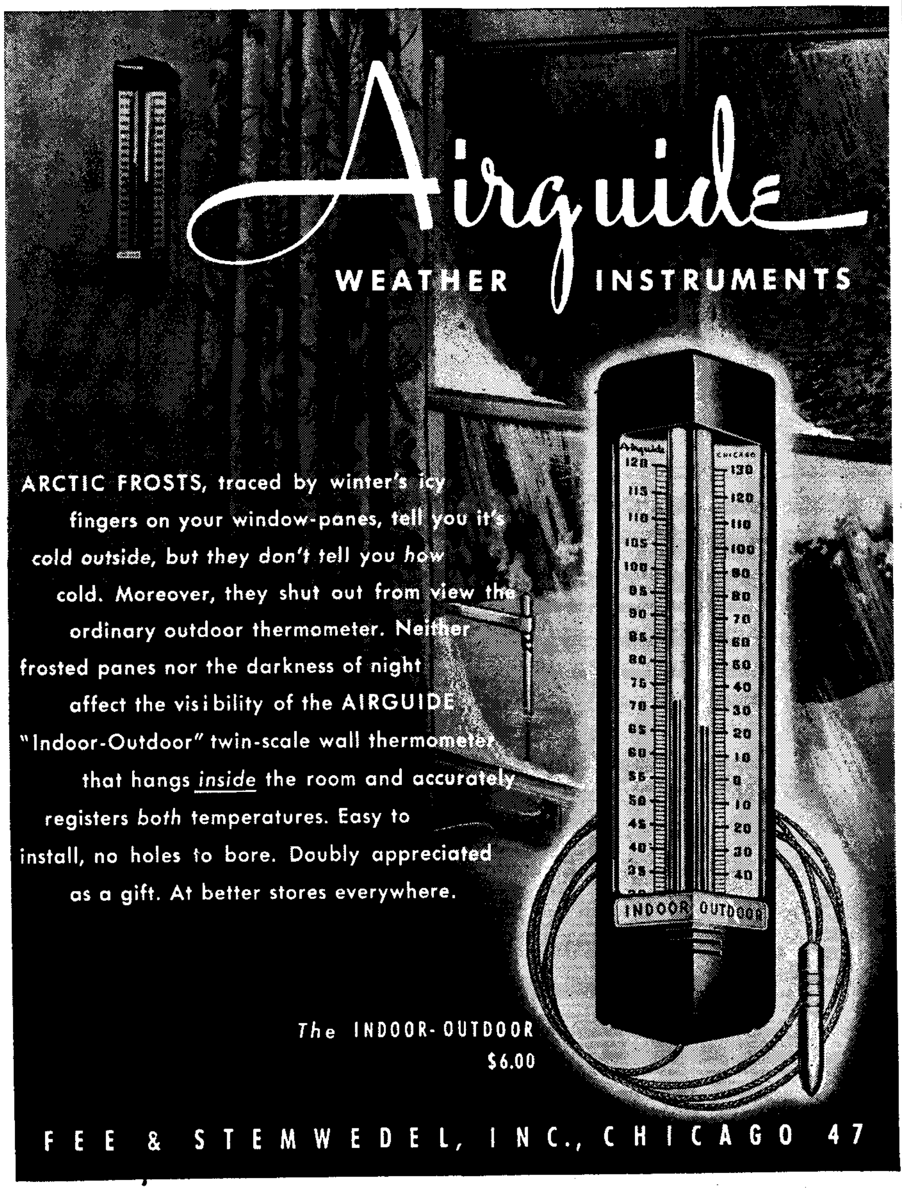

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was so interested that he forgot to drink his beer. "What's she like?"

"Swell. Best cook you ever saw." If he started describing Mary, he would spill his guts all over the floor. "Drink up; I got to eat and get back to the station."

Charlie gulped the rest of his beer and shrugged out of the booth. "All I got to say is, I hope the gal appreciates it." There was a veiled question in his voice that Paul decided to ignore.

"I guess she does; she seems to. How you and Thelma getting along?"

"Fine. She don't know it yet, but I'm gonna marry her."

Paul laughed. "You think she don't know it. Lemme know when, though, and I'll dance at your wedding. Maybe even send you a set of dishes."

"You'll stand up with me, pal, if I can't get outa having that kinda wedding." As they reached the sidewalk he remembered about Thelma's friend who was so eager to meet Paul. "Sorry about tonight, but I'll drop by the station in a few days and see if you're through nursing, then we'll take Thelma and Maurine to the Tavern. You'll need it by that time."

Paul looked blank. "Thelma and who?"

"The little job I stopped in to tell you about, you dope." There was a friendly scorn in Charlie's voice but there was also the dawning of suspicion.

Paul said hurriedly: "Oh, sure. That'll be swell. See you, Charlie." He lifted a hand in farewell, and fled.

AND after all, he did go to the Tavern with them. He told Mary about it, the way he told her about everything, and as soon as she was up and around, she made him go.

"Don't you see," she insisted, "that if Jim was to come back and start snooping around, it'd be a good idea if he heard you'd been out dancing with somebody?"

He hesitated, disliking the idea and yet tempted by it. "I thought we were gonna forget Jim. What's the matter; you tired of having me around the house?"

It was an invitation to flattery, and Mary's reproachful look was eloquent enough even for him. He smiled. "Okay, baby; okay. I'll give it a fling—once."

And so he was here again, on the back seat of Charlie's brother's car, with his arm around a girl named Maurine. Not the way he had held Lura Butler; just with his arm draped placidly across her shoulders. She was a small lively blonde with corrugated hair, and a neat shape that was underscored by a white sweater and a dark skirt. But she didn't use Lura's steam-roller tactics, which made him like her at once, and she chattered like a starling, so that he could listen or close his ears as he chose.

He was glad, in a way, that Mary had talked him into this. Maurine was the first girl he had dated since he fell in love, and he wanted to find out how she would affect him; whether, in the heat of drinking and dancing with her, he would have any desire to make her. It was one of those experiments you ought to try, in order to find out where you stood and what you could expect from yourself.

Maurine's voice broke through his thoughts: "You haven't been listening to a word I said."

He jumped. "I have, too."

"What did I say, then?"

"You were talking about this girl in your department. . . ."

There was no malice in her giggle. "Two hours ago, yeah. Just now—just to prove it—I said, 'I'm so glad it's raining,' and you said, 'Um-hum,' just like it wasn't a clear night without a sign of rain."

He laughed sheepishly and patted her shoulder. "Tell you the truth, honey, I haven't stepped out in so long I don't know how to act. When you work as long hours as I do, all you want at night is a lot of tight-eye. But don't worry; I'll get organized before long."

He did, after a fashion. She was a good scout and a pretty good dancer, and he had the feeling that, unlike Lura, she didn't consider this just a curtain-raiser to the main event. Charlie and Thelma were lost in each other, the way they had been the other time; but Paul could feel a difference in them; a new importance and complacency. He marveled again at the laws of romantic selection; not in Thelma's case, because Charlie was plenty attractive and had plenty on the ball; but in Charlie's that he should have settled on her. Still, anybody could see that she was nuts about him, and she might make him a darned good wife.

Maurine watched them a minute, then shook her head at Paul. "It must be wonderful."

It is, babe. . . . "Yeah; it must be. I wouldn't know, myself."

"Neither would I." She bounced in her seat a little, the way Shan did. "It's getting late and I got to get home. Let's dance one more time."

They danced, while Charlie and Thelma stayed at the table and murmured broken, sticky phrases at each other, with Charlie's hand roving restlessly up and down her arm. Paul felt envy flare in him as he watched: they could sit in public and moo at each other and nobody gave them a second look or a second thought, but he and Mary . . .

The music stopped. "You're a marvelous dancer," Maurine said as they went back to the table. "I just wish your heart was in it."

He was startled. "What d'you mean? Of course my heart's in it; I been having a swell time."

"Okay, if you say so." They stood by the booth and laughed at Charlie and Thelma. "Break it up, lovebirds; break it up. I hafta work tomorrow. Let's go."

"Huh?" Charlie untangled his gaze from Thelma's. "Oh, sure. I do too."

MAURINE was quieter during the drive home and Paul was aware of his failure. She knew he was already sealed and delivered, even if she might not know who had gotten to him first, and he felt a belated need to carry on his act. He tightened his arm and bent his head close to hers.

"Now who's the quiet one?"

"It's my turn to be sleepy, I guess." Her voice was small and remote.

"Okay, sleep on my shoulder. I'll wake you up when we get home."

Funny; she was the nicest girl he had seen since he came home, always excepting Mary, and he hadn't even thought about making her. Maybe he hadn't wanted to because he did like her, and because she seemed to be the kind of girl that Mary would choose for a friend. He turned her face up and kissed her; not a hot kiss, just experimenting to see how it would feel to kiss another nice girl besides Mary. (The twists like Lura didn't count; a man kept those in a different compartment of his libido, separate from his feeling about real love.) Maurine kissed him the same way, and while it was pleasant enough, there was no fire and no music in it.

She pulled away from him and laughed wryly. "If I ever saw a guy with his mind not on his work, you're it."

"I like that, when I was just trying to be a Southern gentleman. You dare me to step up the speed?" He waited uneasily, not sure of what he wanted her to say. After a silence, her voice came from farther away:

"I don't guess I do. I guess we better let it lie right there."

After all, he was relieved. She was smart and she was cute, and there weren't many girls you could just like, and leave it at that. When he and Mary got married he was going to see that she and Maurine knew each other.

Snow came, froze and clung to the streets and sidewalks; it made a half-hearted attempt to go on its way and then was reinforced. Hartsboro was not geared to snow; the only garages that prospered were the ones that had chains to sell and trucks that could tow in the unfortunate. The rest of the dealers sat close to their stoves, dashed out now and then to sell a few gallons of gasoline, and darted back. For a little while the snow was as soft and white as down, and people marveled at its novel beauty; then it froze and turned a tired, dirty gray.

This was a bad time to go shopping but Mary's illness had left her no choice. She arranged for a girl to stay with Shan and tried to laugh off Paul's misgivings.

"You think you oughta go out in all this, especially so soon?" he asked anxiously.

"I've been up and around for a week," she pointed out. "And I've got to get a little something for Shan." She had one other errand, but she couldn't let him know about that.

"I'll drive you down, then."

"Oh, no!" Having him along would make the other errand impossible. "I'll take the bus; it's easier than trying to find a place to park."

He looked hurt. "But I want to get Shan's Christmas present when you do," he explained. "You have to tell me what not to buy."

MARY hadn't thought of that, and she knew instantly that the other purchase would have to be postponed. She wanted to point out that he had already done enough for Shan, but after so many futile attempts, she had learned not to hurt his feelings by protesting his generosity. "You sure you can get away from the station?"

"Lord, yes. Till the weather breaks, Ed could handle it by himself and knit a sweater at the same time."

So they drove downtown together for the first time. It was a fine feeling to be going out together, Mary thought; huddled close together in the car with Paul's arm across her knees whenever the traffic permitted it. He drove deftly and beautifully; the car responded as quickly to him as Mary herself.

"What're we gonna get him?" he said.

"Just some little something. Babies his age don't need expensive toys; actually, they're just as happy with an empty spool on a string. But you want to buy *something* for 'em, just because it's Christmas."

He agreed vigorously. "Sure you do. We'll get more fun out of it than he will."

The crowds were a lot worse than they had been two weeks ago when he made his first sortie; shoppers moved ponderously along the sidewalks in a solid mass, undaunted by wind in their faces or ice under their feet. He tried four parking lots without success and then began to curse.

"We could have gotten closer to town if we'd come on the bus."

Mary giggled. "Maybe we better go home and put up the car and make another start."

"No. I'll find a place, if it harelips the governor."

He succeeded on the sixth try, but they were a long way from where they wanted to be. "It doesn't matter," Mary consoled him. "I'm glad to get a little exercise."

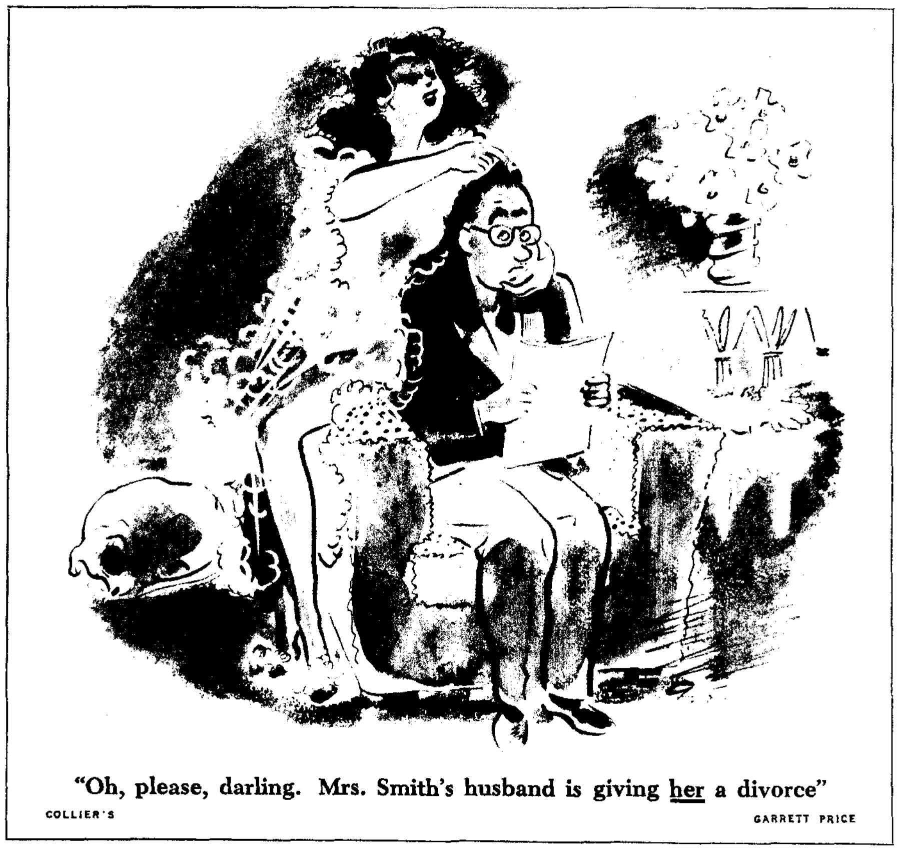
He pulled her arm through his, mentally thumbing his nose at the danger of seeing anybody they knew. "Good thing you feel that way, because you're gonna get it whether you want it or not."

The stores were bedlam, and for an instant he felt Mary's recoil from the impact of so much noise and humanity. "Good gosh," she murmured. "I'm glad you came along to push us through."

"Yeah." The sight made him mad all over again. "Lotta damn' fools charging around with centuries in their hot little hands, looking for something to waste 'em on."

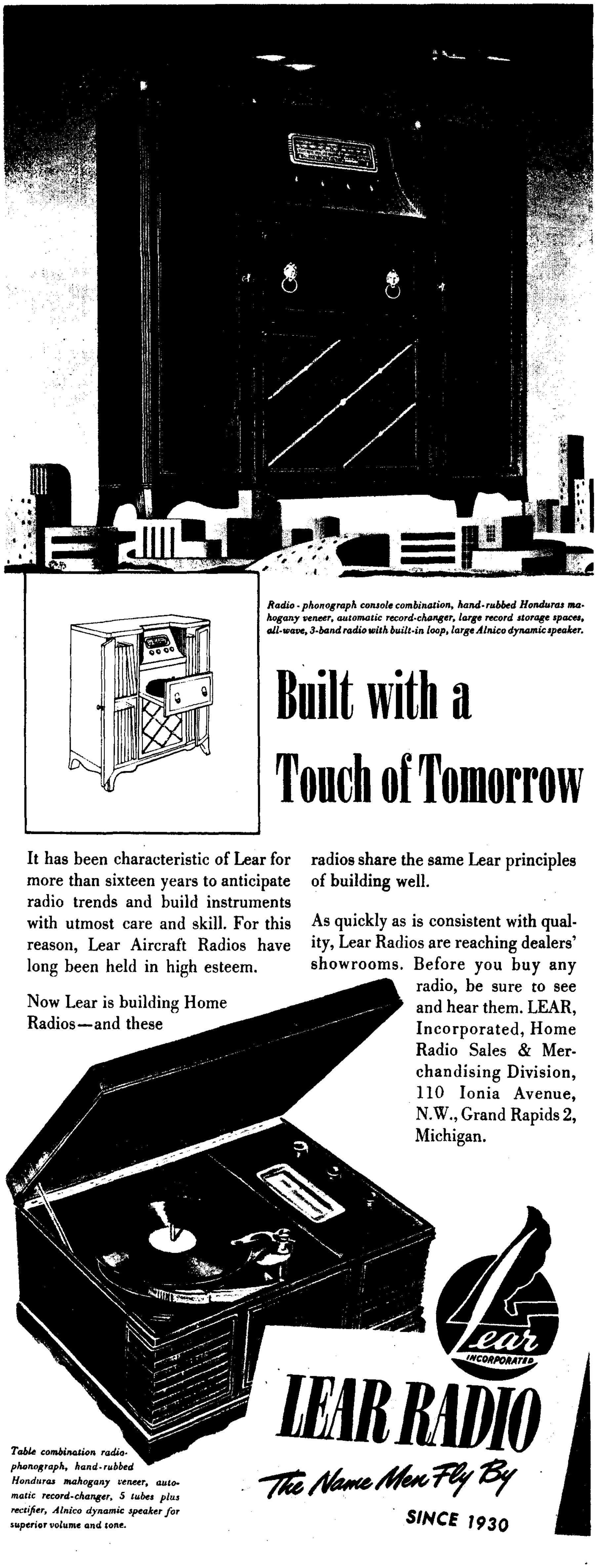
He had read a story in the Ledger, too, about the spending this year, and it had made his gorge rise. Ermine coats and silver services and jewelry had melted like snowflakes on a river, the paper said; the stores were like grain fields when the locusts had passed on. Coats from a thousand dollars up, candlesticks at four hundred dollars a pair, silver services from six hundred up; the sky was the limit and never mind the rumble of thunder in the distance. The customers were new ones too, the story said; not the ones who had always been able to buy ermine and silver and diamonds. Customers the merchants had never known before, and, when the rains came, would never know again.

When you thought about the havoc and hunger that still walked the places you had known, when you thought about all the swell guys you had known and



"Oh, please, darling. Mrs. Smith's husband is giving *her* a divorce"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE



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It has been characteristic of Lear for more than sixteen years to anticipate radio trends and build instruments with utmost care and skill. For this reason, Lear Aircraft Radios have long been held in high esteem.

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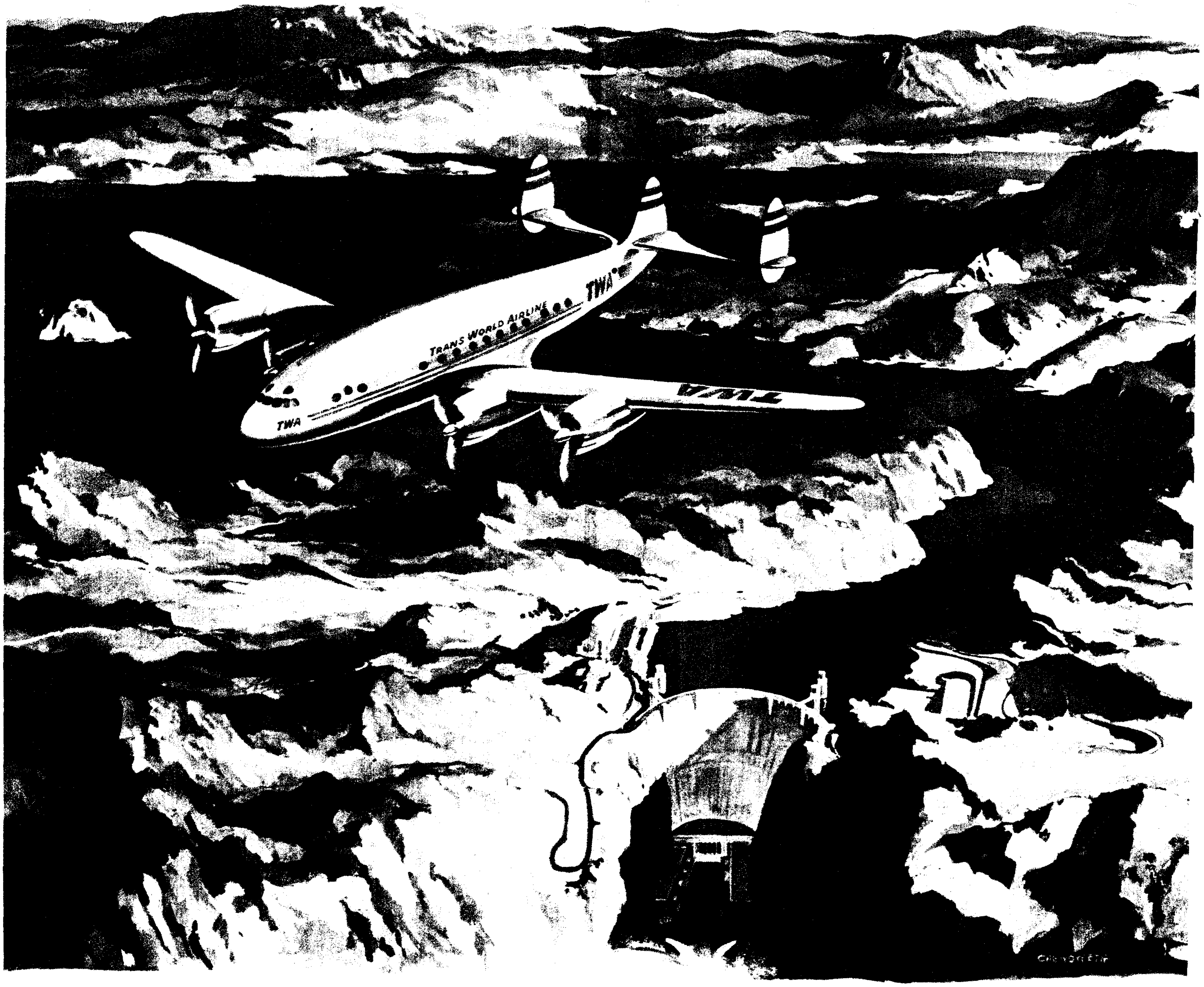

Boulder Dam as seen from a Constellation—conceived and exclusively flown in America by TWA

THE JOY'S IN THE JOURNEY

Here's where you enjoy the going as much as the getting there. Where the eye ranges far and the mind is freed of earth-bound cares. Where men wise in the way of eagles seek out the smoothest going, and TWA-trained crews are ever thoughtful of your pleasure and your comfort. To travel once in a great, swift Starliner is to know for all time why flying is the way to travel, and TWA the way to fly.

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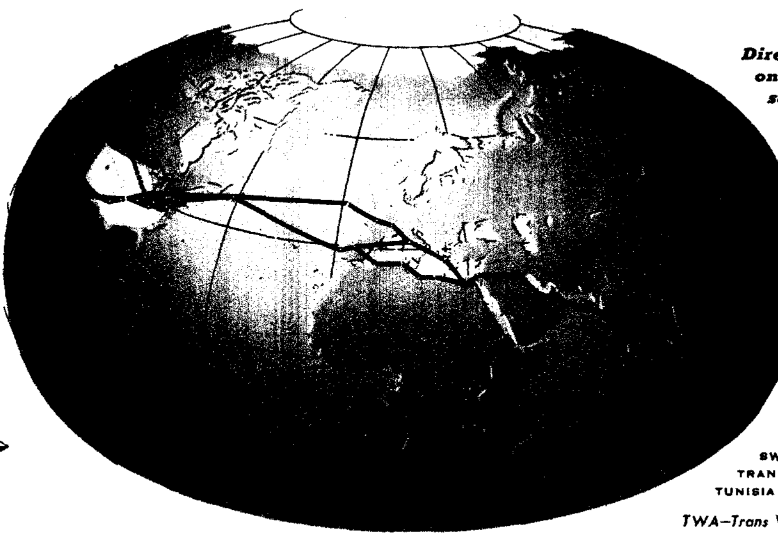

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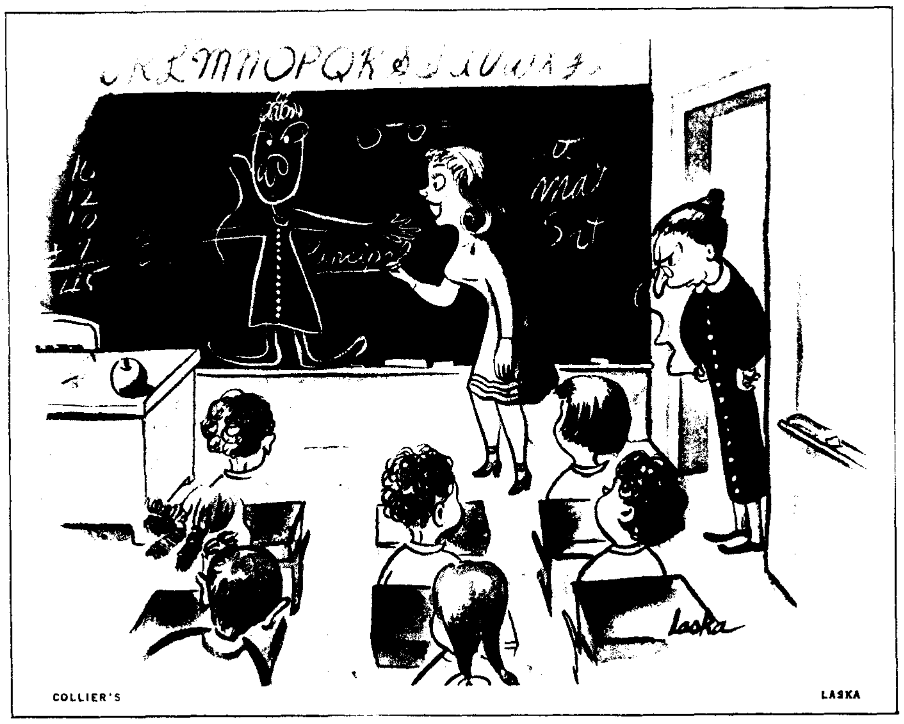

lost, you were glad they couldn't see the fruits of their dying. . . .

Mary had not steered him into Slater's; she had gone straight to Mertin's, which was just as big but made no pretensions to class. Mary was as simple as he had been; she still thought that nobody but rich people went to Slater's to buy ermine coats and fabulous toys. Even if she had had a few thousands of this fragile wealth in the bank, she would never even have thought of an ermine coat; instead he could almost hear her indulging in a lot of long-range planning. It'll be wonderful, Paul, for when you want to add to the shop, and we could maybe use some of it to send Shan to college, and I think I'll get a real comfortable chair for you, and some new curtains for the front room. . . .

He caught her arm and pulled her closer to him.

Mary turned in surprise, because the gesture and the look on his face were both so violent.

"What is it?"

"You." His fingers bruised her arm. "I just got to thinking how swell you are and how crazy I am about you. I couldn't wait till I got home to tell you."

Mary's eyes began to glow with the clear green fire he could always light. They stood there staring at each other, while the crowds surged around them and broke against them like waves.

"If you'll multiply that by a million, you'll know how much I love you."

He forgot where they were and bent his head, but Mary gave a breathless laugh and pulled him out of it. "Paul, for goodness' sake! We came down here to buy Shan's Christmas present; remember?"

"Oh—yeah. Well, hang on, baby, while I run interference."

They settled for three toys: a soft rubber ball, a cotton doll that cried when you squeezed it, and a silky panda almost as big as Shan. Mary jibbed at the cost of the panda but Paul overruled her.

"He'll play with it for years. I used to have a mangy Teddy bear I took to bed every night till I was nearly five years old. Wouldn't go to sleep without it. This is my present for him, anyhow; you got nothing to say about the price."

A crowded elevator was fine when it was Mary's body that was jammed against yours, and not some fat woman of fifty. He caught her waist between his hands and squeezed it, grinning as he watched her ears turn pink with embarrassment. She couldn't protest, she could only stand there smashed up against him and blush. When they were downstairs she whirled on him and scowled.

"You darned—wolf. Next time, I'm coming by myself." But she couldn't put any real anger into it even then.

"Okay; I'll behave. Look—what about something for Gus? She's been awful good to us."

"I know. I'd love to get her something."

"Then we will. What'll it be?"

Mary thought hard. "She's well off, so if it's something she really needs, I guess she's already got it. Let's get something that's just—pretty."

"Roger. You name it."

When she finally steered him to the costume jewelry he grew uneasy. Evidently all women liked the stuff, and Mary might have preferred that lapel pin to a nightgown. . . .

Christmas was so close at hand that a lot of the jewelry was already marked down to half price, and they found a pair of rhinestone clips that were only six dollars, plus the tax. Mary jibbed again and was overruled again.

"That's nothing, compared to what she did for us."

"I know it." She frowned. "That's a cute pin—that bug thing—but I believe the clips are more suitable; don't you?"

"Yeah." He looked at the salesgirl and pointed. "How much is that bug?"

The girl brought it out; a lucite beetle dressed up with rhinestones and imitation rubies. "Seven-fifty, marked down from fifteen."

He said, "I'll take it too," and heard Mary gasp beside him.

"Paul—"

"Shut up. How d'you know who this is for?" He dug into his pocket again and paid for the pin. It was cute, like Mary, and it sort of suited her. He let the girl put it in a box because Mary would have been embarrassed if he had pinned it on her coat right there, the way he wanted to, and as they walked away he grinned at her.

"Conceited, huh? I was buying that for my girl."

THE old uncertainty was in her face again and he felt a sharp regret. She still couldn't take kidding; it would have to wait till she was surer. He squeezed her arm. "My girl's name is Mary and you know it. Let's get out of this fire trap and go home."

Mrs. Schultes invited them to eat Christmas dinner with her. Her son and his wife and little boy were coming up from Charlotte, and she insisted that Mary and Paul would have to substitute for the daughter and son-in-law who lived in Chicago and could not make the trip.

"Anna's just about ready to have a baby," Gus explained, "and since she hasn't been very well and I'm going up there for the party, we decided it wouldn't be sensible for them to come down here. You all got to help me eat this turkey Paul wouldn't give me at Thanksgiving."

She had everything arranged with her usual efficiency: Shan could be fed at home and put to sleep at her house; her grandson, who was three, could eat early and take his nap in the other room.

"I'm not one of those grandmothers that likes to spend the whole day sitting around with a smirk on my face, watching kids do and say the same things every other kid in the world does. I love 'em fine, but I like a little grown-up talk in between. Besides," the chuckle agitated her bosom, "I might wanta get a little edge on, and Sonny's getting big enough to notice things."

Mary accepted the invitation gratefully because a party would make the day more notable, but she decided to have her private Christmas dinner the night before. Late, after Shan had gone to bed.

"That suits me better," Paul said. "I'm tickled about going over to Gus' but we got to have Christmas too, without any outsiders." The boxes from Slater's fixed up a lot fancier than he could have done it himself were burning the bottom out of his bureau drawer.

Mary's supper was no slouch itself: a plump chicken, rice and gravy and cranberry sauce, coconut cake. For once she let him pull down the kitchen shades, and she didn't protest against drinking the

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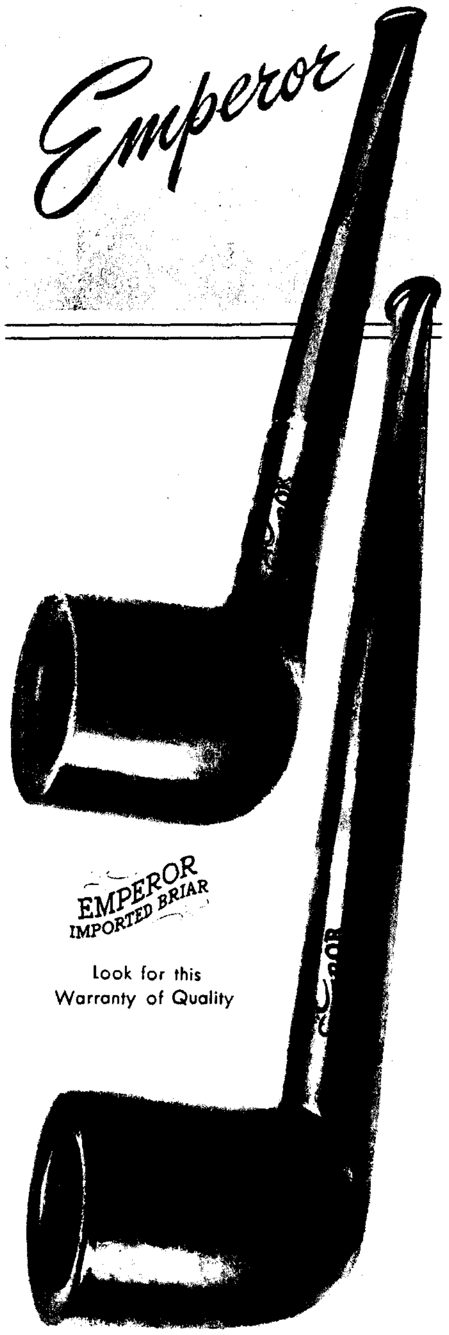

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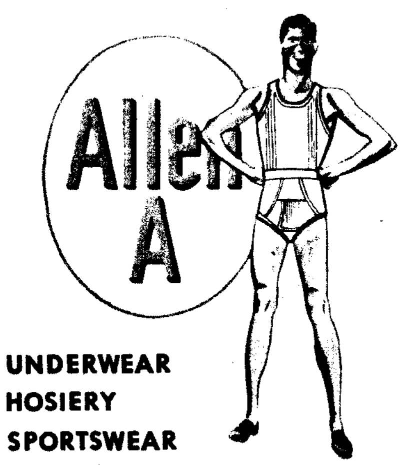


UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

highballs he mixed for her. When the biscuits burned, she only looked at them and giggled.

"It's your fault," she said in a blurred voice. "Now I'll have to make some more."

"The hell with it; we got more'n we can eat now."

He was on top of the world. Just Mary and him, he thought dizzily, together on top of the world—with Jim down out of sight somewhere. Out of sight and out of mind too. Hell, he wasn't really thinking about Jim; it was just one of those things that went through your mind when you were feeling no pain. You thought about a million things then, only you weren't really thinking about 'em; they just flashed across the screen and were gone.

But Mary was still brooding over the charred biscuits. "You know you have to have something to hold in your other hand. It won't take a minute," she giggled again, "if I can remember how to make 'em. It's your fault for getting me tight."

"Okay, but make it snappy."

It was a good meal and he had been ravenous without knowing it. The food sobered them both, but that was unimportant; they were drunk enough without whisky. When the dishes were rinsed and stacked he went to his room and came back with his presents.

"You got to have these now. This is really Christmas for us."

She stared at the boxes with her mouth open, like a kid. "But you already gave me . . ."

He pushed the boxes at her. "That didn't count. I wish to God I could give you the moon."

"I don't want it. I'd rather have you." She carried her packages into the sitting room and dashed away without opening them. "I have to get yours first."

He hadn't thought about Mary giving him a present; he only remembered, belatedly, that he ought to have insisted on giving her a little extra money to spend as she chose. This business of being married called for a lot of practice. He cursed himself for a dope and wondered how she had managed it.

"Here." She came back and thrust the box at him shyly. "Merry Christmas—dearest."

That called for time out. He let her go when they were both breathless, then he unwrapped the package while she was carefuly unveiling her own. Her present was a tan pull-over sweater, made out of real cashmere as soft as a baby chicken, and lying across it was a neat brown-and yellow striped tie as sharp as any he had ever seen. Not a regular woman's Christmas tie, but the kind a man would buy for himself. It began to look as if Mary was infallible: he could not only trust her with his money and his life, he could even trust her to buy his ties. He looked up proudly just as she opened the house coat and whispered, "Oh! . . ." with a sharp, indrawn breath.

THEY both started talking at once, then broke off and laughed. "I never saw anything so beautiful in my life," Mary said. "Much less owned it."

"And I never expected to have a real cashmere sweater. I didn't know you could even buy 'em any more."

She looked proud. "I was lucky. They'd just come in a few minutes before I went in the store."

Just after I left the pawnshop. . . . It had been bad, all right; going into a pawnshop and handing over your wedding ring. The ring was white gold with four little diamonds, and except for Shan, it was the only good thing she had ever had from Jim. But she would never wear it again; she didn't even want Paul to know it had existed; and there was no cleaner way to get rid of it, she thought, than to exchange it for Paul's Christmas present.

She opened the other box and gasped again. "They're both so beautiful!" She was stroking the gown in awe, but she couldn't look at him because she knew what was in his eyes. "Did you pick 'em out yourself?"

"Yeah." No sense in bringing another woman into it, even Gus or a salesgirl. 'I hope they fit." He stood up and Mary shivered again. "This is a good time to try 'em on and find out, and I'll fix us a drink while you're doing it. That last one got blotted up with food."

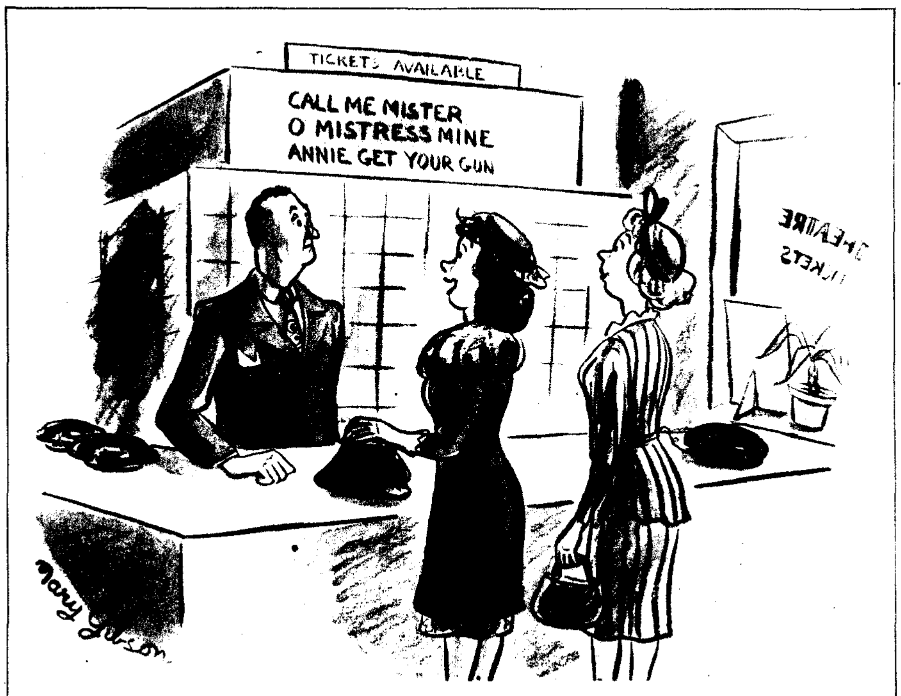
When he came back with the drinks, Mary's face was crimson above the blue house coat. He put the drink in her hand and grinned, knowing why she blushed like that.

She was full of intriguing contradictions; she could love passionately, but at all other times he had a sense of her unassailable virtue and innocence.

"The coat fits fine," he said. "What about the gown?"

"It does too. But, Paul—I feel nakeder in it than if I didn't have anything on at all."

He grinned again as he rested his glass against hers. . . .



"Our taste is somewhere between Tobacco Road and Life with Father—if that's any help"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

Jim leaned forward a little and looked out the window at Hartsboro sliding by, slower and slower, until finally the train and Hartsboro met head on. The man who had shared his seat for the last six hours said politely, "Nice-looking town you got," and Jim laughed once; a sound as short and raw as a dog's bark.

"Don't kid yourself; it's a hole. I'm getting back out as soon as I can."

He dragged his suitcase from the rack, nodded an indifferent farewell and slouched down the aisle.

It was bitterly cold on the station platform. People with purple ears and dripping noses stood pulled into themselves like turtles and eyed him apathetically, and he met the apathy with searing contempt. Anybody who lived in this dump while California existed was worse than a fool.

He moved away fast and struck off toward town, ignoring the taxi driver who accosted him. He had ridden a day coach from Chicago and he was not storming Merritt Street until he had slicked himself up and had a drink or two. There were several oases in this prohibition town, if the oases hadn't been dried up or forced into new locations since his departure.

He found that the Lorraine was still open for business at its old spot near the station; either the reformers weren't on the job, or Walt was paying through the nose for protection. He went into the dank, odorous lobby and dumped his suitcase before the desk.

"Walt Lang still run this place?"

The weasel-faced clerk looked him over, taking his time about it. "Sure. So what?"

Jim's teeth gleamed viciously. "Damn it, can't you answer a civil question? Dig him out and tell him Jim Shannon wants to see him."

The clerk changed faces, muttered, "I'll see if he's busy," and scuttled away like a sand crab. Jim lighted a cigarette and propped himself against the counter, despising Walt along with all the rest of Hartsboro. Anybody that would live in a hole like this and run a dump like the Lorraine deserved—well, he deserved to live in a hole like this and run a dump like the Lorraine. The witticism pleased him and he smiled to himself.

WALT came in a few minutes, with the clerk tagging behind and using him as a shield in case Jim should decide to start something. He had no resemblance to the movie conception of a purveyor of vice; he was just an insignificant little man in a gray suit. The sort who might sell can openers or metal polish from house to house.

"Well, I'll be darned." He held out a soft, thick hand. "When'd you get back and where'd you come from?"

Jim told him. The shortness went out of his manner and you saw, then, how Jim Shannon could be a good fellow and a devil with the women. He had charm, and he turned it off and on like a faucet.

"I been riding a day coach all the way from Chicago," he explained, "and I feel like it was the rods instead. Look like it too, I guess. After all this time, I didn't want to meet the wife without sprucing up a little, so I thought about Walt Lang and how we was always pals, and I thought I'd stop in here before I went home."

"Sure." Walt bobbed his head several times. "Glad you did. You want a room?"

"Yeah; and a pint of the best drinking whisky you got. At that, I guess it's rotgut."

"It is, and the price is fierce," Walt apologized. "So don't think you're being robbed. We don't even handle it any more except for a few old friends like you; make even less than we use to when we charged half as much." His expression didn't change as he asked, "You want any company?"

Jim thought it over. "I guess not. Just soap and towels and a bottle."

(To be concluded next week)

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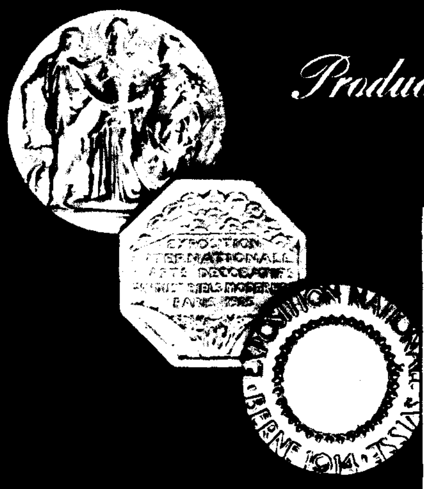
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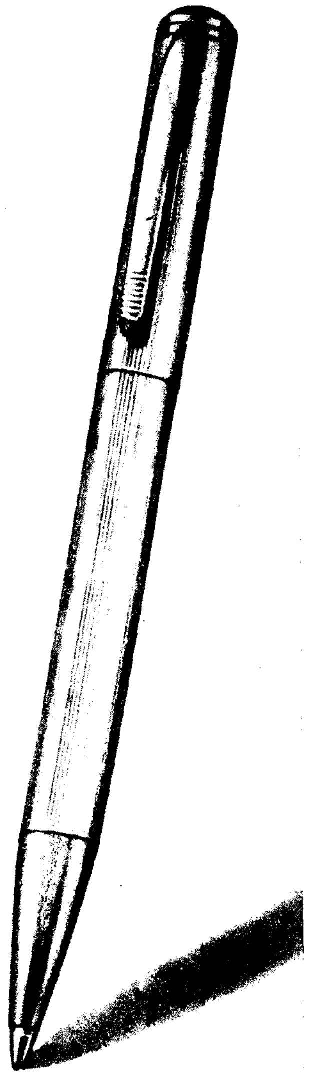

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BANJO TWICHELL AND THE DEMOCRATIC DOGS

Continued from page 24

election. What we had in mind was a job where you'd just get yourself outright appointed."

"Chief o' po-lice?" said Banjo.

Charlie shook his head.

"Tax collector?" Banjo asked.

Charlie shook his head again and offered Banjo a snort on the bottle of Kentucky Punco.

"Well, what—?"

"Dogcatcher," said Charlie. Then he took himself a good slug from the bottle that Banjo handed back. Banjo started rocking again real fast and his eyes commenced to sparkling like pokeberries and the seegar smoke filled the air above him.

"What's it pay?" asked Banjo, squinting his left eye over the neck of the bottle and puckering up for another snort.

"Well, now, naturally," Charlie said, staring up at the blue sky, "we wouldn't ask a man like you, Banjo, to tie yourself down to nothin' so mean and picayune as a salary."

"Jus' how do you mean?" said Banjo, wiping his mouth on his underwear sleeve.

"Well, like you bring in five dogs. You git two-fifty. That's fifty cents a head."

Banjo took that one and studied it over for a minute and then he went to rocking real hard again. " 'Deed, Sher'f, I never was much of a man for steady hours. But the way you put it—I guess a dogcatcher is a mighty important man in the town. I'll take it!"

"Come up tomorrow morning before nine o'clock," Charlie said, starting up the plank for the shore. "I'll start you off tomorrow!"

RIGHT before lunch next day Charlie woke up and nearly went over backwards in his swivel chair when he heard the terrible racket down in the courthouse yard. For a minute he thought the Republicans had come to lynch him and then when he went over to the window he seen what it was. It was Banjo Twichell, and jumping and leaping around him in the tall grass by the courtyard cannon was what seemed like all the dogs in creation. There was big dogs and little dogs, feisty dogs and long-nose hounds, there was bear dogs, coons, red-bones, rabbit dogs and fox hounds, hairy dogs and naked dogs. Banjo didn't seem to be doing nothing to keep them there neither. They wasn't tied up noways and Banjo wasn't using no meat for bait. Them dogs just naturally seemed to be the kind of critters that would foller a man like Banjo Twichell to hell and back again.

"Sher'f!" hollered Banjo when he saw Charlie up in the courthouse window. "The way I add it up I got twenty greenback dollar bills comin' to me! Where do you want these here dogs put at?"

Charlie slapped on his hat and run down the steps two at a time.

"Lord save my soul!" whispered Charlie, wiping the sweat off his face with his blue bandanna. "I didn't think there was that many dogs in the state of West Virginia."

"You can count 'em if you're a mind to," snorted Banjo Twichell, looking a little put out.

"Hell," whispered Charlie, sitting down on the bottom of the big brass cannon, "I can see 'em for myself, Banjo. There's at least forty if there's one. Banjo, where in time did you ever get them all?"

Banjo got red and stared at the grass and kicked the side of his shoe.

"I been at it since sunup, Sher'f," he said. " 'Twarn't nothin' at all. You said you wanted all the dogs and—"

"Never mind," cried Charlie, motioning Banjo to follow him, "just get these here dogs in the jail before them voters sets eyes on 'em scratching up the city grass thataway!"

"Hold on a minute, Sher'f," said Banjo, sitting down in the grass and picking his teeth with a blade of timothy.

"Wait, hell!" cried Charlie. "Them voters—"

"You ain't paid me yit!"

"Paid you!" hollered Charlie. "Why, man, this here appropriation will have to wait for the council vote!"

Banjo shrugged his bony shoulders and got to his feet. He give a little low whistle. When them dogs heard that whistle they just naturally scattered every which way. Half of them made for the statue of Stonewall Jackson and commenced to sniffing and scratching and leaking all over it and the rest went running round the courthouse lawn, scratching up the grass and digging holes.

"Lord a'mighty!" yelled Charlie. "I'll pay you, Banjo! Just get them dogs back together and lock 'em up. If them voters ever lay eyes on the way—"

Banjo give another whistle. This time it was a sassy, squeaky kind of whistle. Them dogs all come running back to Banjo then and scampered around his feet, whining and licking his hands.

Charlie led the way up into the courthouse and Banjo and the dogs followed behind. There wasn't no dog pound and there was only one cell in the Cresap's Landing jail big enough to hold them all and when Charlie clanged the big iron door shut there was tails sticking out between the bars from one end to the other.

"Now," said Banjo, "if you'll just settle this up, Sher'f, I'd be mighty pleased. I got her all figured out again. It's fifty into forty, Sher'f, just like I said. Fifty cents into forty dogs goes—"

"Hold on a minute, Banjo. The way gov'ments is run these days a man can't just rush headlong into a thing like this. Twenty dollars is a right smart sum."

SQUATTING beside the bars, Banjo give a little whistle that was plumb different from either of the others. And when them dogs heard it they stuck their noses up in the air and let out a choir of howls that could be heard in Gallipolis, ten miles down the river on the Ohio side. The blue ticks was singing bass and baritone mostly and the rabbit dogs was kind of alto and the little feisty dogs was setting up a soprano racket.

"Hell's bells!" screamed Charlie. "If them voters ever hear that racket—! Come into my office, Banjo, and I'll give you the money right now!"

Then Banjo snapped his fingers twice and the dogs all settled back again to scratching and chewing on their fleas.

"Thank 'e kindly, Sher'f," said Banjo, when he'd got done counting out the greenback dollar bills. "I reckon I'll be leavin' now."

The sheriff mopped his head again. "Your job ain't done yit!"

Banjo lighted up one of Charlie's ten-cent Kentuckys and looked surprised. "Whatcha mean, Sher'f?" he said. "I brung them dogs in like you said."

"Yeah," said Charlie. "But shucks, man, we don't want 'em! You've got to *destroy* them!"

Banjo dropped his seegar and plopped down real quick in Charlie's swivel chair and stared at Charlie with his jaw hanging open a foot.

"Destroy them!" he whispered.

"Hell, yes!" cried Charlie. "Shoot 'em. We don't want 'em filling up the jail. If them voters—"

"Shoot 'em!" whispered Banjo, staring

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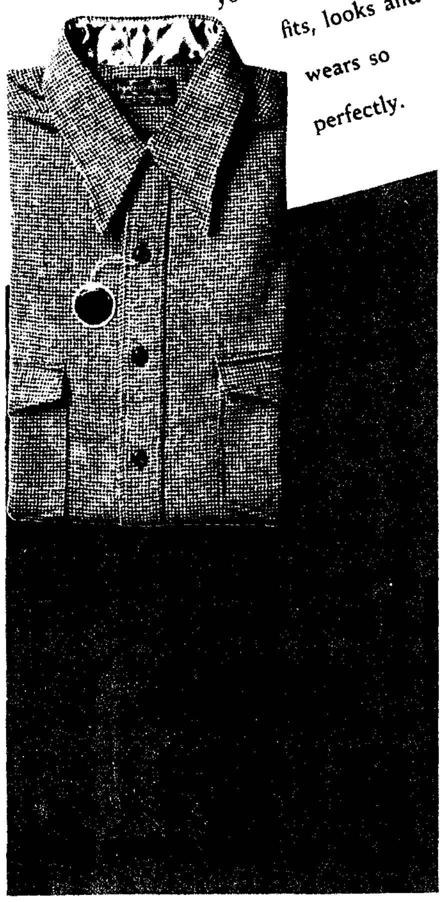

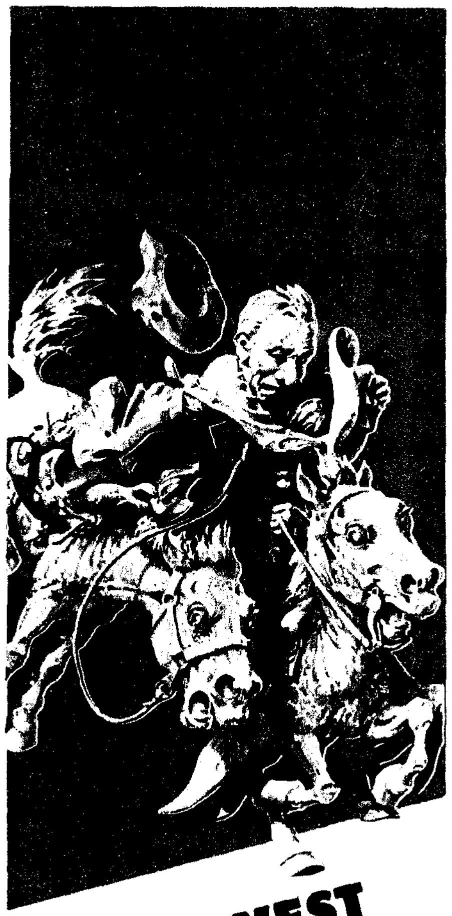

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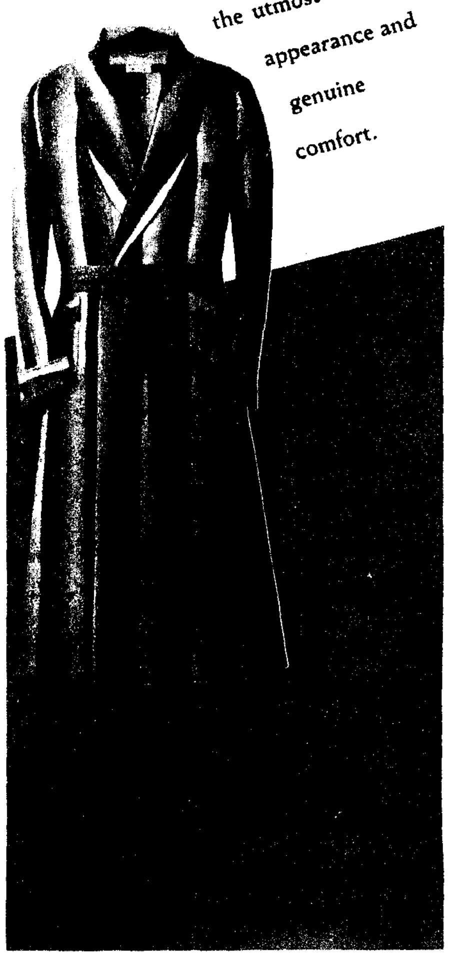


at the awful money in his hand. "You mean—shoot 'em? All them dogs?"

"You're the dogcatcher, ain't you? It's your duty to fetch the dogs in and destroy them, ain't it? What would them voters think of us feedin' all them dogs up here with the taxpayers' money?"

"Lordy, Sher'f," said Banjo, "I never figgered that was part of the job or I wouldn't of took it noways. You said I was to bring 'em in but—"

"I paid you, didn't I? It's your part of the bargain, ain't it? Now don't go hedgin' on me, darn it!" Charlie put his big patent-leather shoes up on the roll-top desk. "Get busy, Banjo!"

Banjo went shuffling out into the hallway and stood staring through the bars into the shadows at all them black, shiny noses and floppy ears and sad eyes.

"Boys," he whispered, "'deed, this here is all a mistake. I never knowed what the sher'f had in his mind. You know I wouldn't never git you mixed up thisaway if I'd knowed."

He stopped, listening to them forty tails thumping on the cold stone floor.

"You got to understand me," Banjo murmured. "Just you let me get my brain agoin' again and you'n me'll be out of this quicker'n you can pop a wood tick!"

He went back into Charlie's office.

BANJO twisted his hat in his hands. "There's somethin' I'm bound to tell you, Sher'f. All last night I lay tossin' and sweatin' on a bed of torment thinkin' about it. It's—well, it's time I unloaded it, Sher'f. I can't carry the lie round with me no more."

Charlie put his feet down on the floor and stared suspiciously at Banjo from under his eyeshade.

"What are you talkin' about?"

"Just this, Sher'f," Banjo said. "There's somethin' you don't know about them dogs. Somethin' that your gettin' reelected sher'f may hinge on."

"What do you mean?" growled Charlie, leaning forward, more suspicious than ever.

"Sher'f," said Banjo, "them dogs is Democrats."

Charlie jumped to his feet. "Are you loony?" he hollered. "Who ever heard tell of a dog bein' a Democrat! 'Deed, if you're tryin' to make a damn' fool out of me, Banjo Twichell, you're foolin' with the wrong man!"

"Sher'f," said Banjo, staring off out the window with a wild, misty look in his eyes, "ain't you never heard tell of reincarnation?"

"Which?"

"Reincarnation. That means when you die you ain't really dead. What I mean is, you come back to this earth as a horse or a circus pony or maybe a bluebottle fly. The Lord figgers, 'Well, maybe this critter would do better if I was to give him some other kind of a body. Maybe he's been a hard-workin' man all his life.' So the Lord figgers, 'Well, this man's worked hard, I won't deny it—I figger it's time he took it easy for a spell.' So the Lord figgers a while more and 'en he says to hisself—the Lord says, 'Now what kind of critter has the easiest kind of livin'? It surely ain't a mule. And it surely ain't a horse. I got it!' says the Lord. 'It's a dog! Now why didn't I think of that before! I'll just give this feller a break and send him back to earth this time as a blue-tick rabbit hound!' The Lord knows there ain't no softer life than that. And the Lord also knows there ain't nobody works harder than a Democrat at election time—you know that yourself, Sher'f. And it's just natural for the Lord to want to repay all us good Democrats in a mighty fittin' manner. So—"

"You're crazy!" hollered Charlie, grabbing in his desk drawer for a seegar. "You're crazier than six different kinds of monkeys, Banjo Twichell, and if you think I'm—"

Banjo stood up and shrugged.

"All right," he said. "You don't have to believe me. All you got to do is to use your two eyes, Sher'f. Did you ever hear tell of one of these here dogs *bitin' a Democrat?"*

"Bitin' a Democrat! Hell, yes! Lots of Democrats has been dog-bit!"

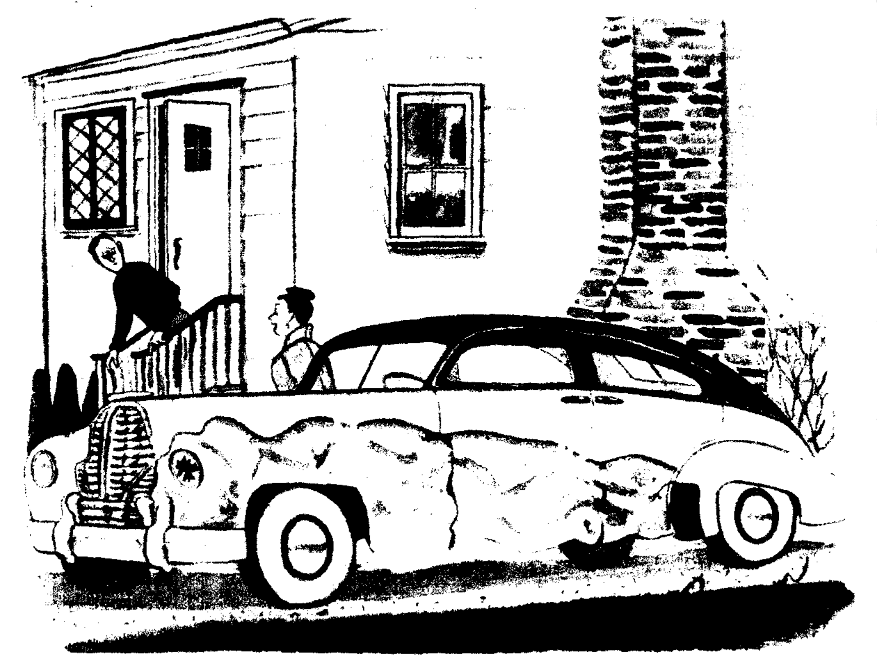
"By these here dogs?" Banjo asked.

Charlie's face got red. "How do I know which dogs they was! I know I been dog-bit myself—plenty of times!"

"Sure," said Banjo. "Them there was *Republican* dogs. The Lord just throws a few of them in so's the people won't think He's prejudiced."

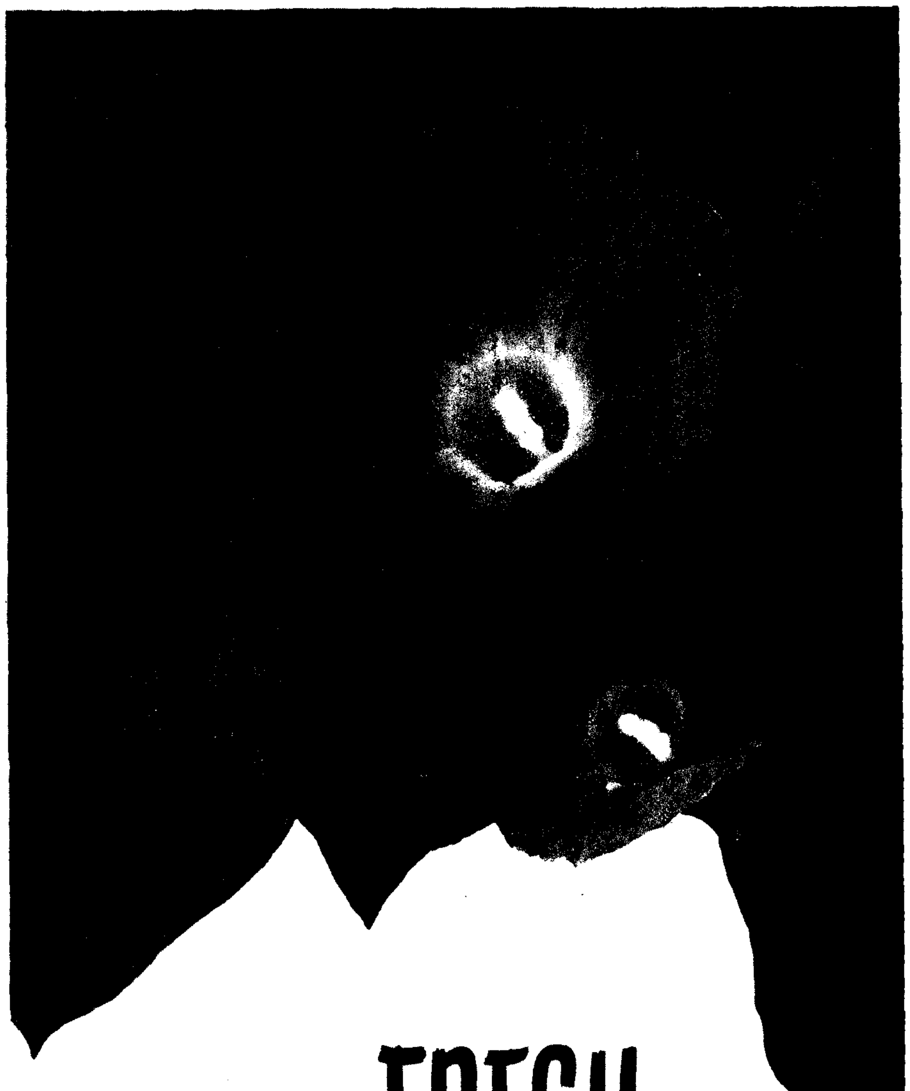
"You're crazy!" hollered Charlie.

Banjo shrugged again. "You'd feel like a mighty poor breed of man, Sher'f Harper, if you was to know you'd sent me out there to shoot down old Judge Bruce or Marcus Burke and maybe your own granddad, Uriah Harper. Or maybe even Robert E. Lee hisself! Do you want to know something, Sher'f? There ain't a single dern' Republican in Cresap's Landing that these here dogs ain't bit at one time or t'other. Don't that prove nothin'? Don't that show you I ain't crazy? Why, Sher'f, you 'n' me could just naturally breed a landslide at this here comin' election if we was to let them dogs loose around the polls on election morning! Why there wouldn't



"Now don't get excited, honey. It's just a fender"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON



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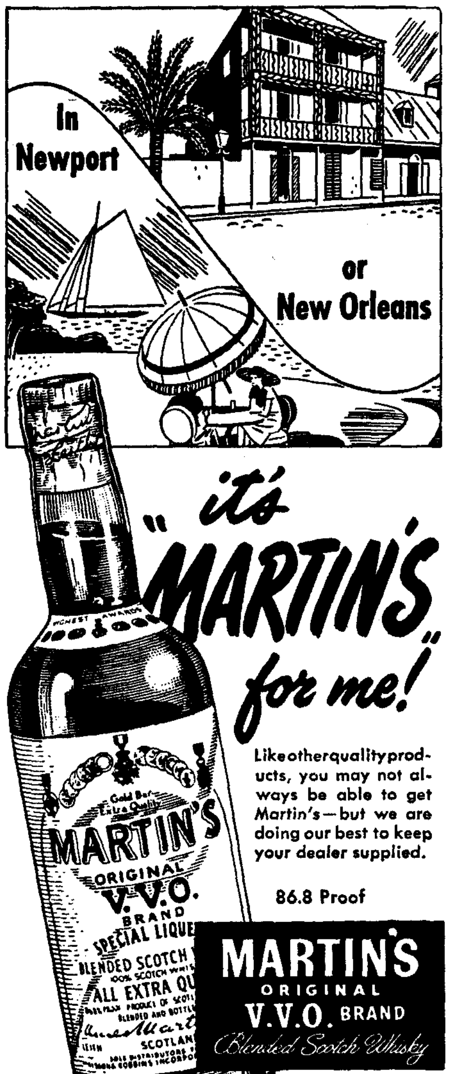

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be a single black Republican could get within a mile of the ballot box with these here reincarnated Democratic dogs roaming the streets. Not unless he wanted to get hisself dog-bit!"

"You're crazy!" hollered Charlie again, jumping up from his chair and snatching his pint of Kentucky Punco out of the roll-top desk.

Banjo bent forward in his chair, his eyes all wild and goofy and his head cocked toward the door.

"Listen!" he whispered hoarsely. "Did you hear that, Sher'f?"

Charlie looked kind of scary and wondered if his forty-four was handy in the desk drawer. "I didn't hear nothin'! Now you looky here, Banjo—"

"Hsssssssst!"

Banjo cocked his head toward the door again and his mouth fell open. "Didn't you hear it that time, Sher'f?"

CHARLIE got mad all over and opened his mouth to cuss Banjo out, when all of a sudden he *did* hear it: the voice from out there in the cell where them dogs was. But he never caught on that it was old Banjo Twichell throwing his voice like he used to do on old Cap'n Billy Green's showboat.

"Lordy," gasped Charlie, putting the bottle back on the desk with his hand all jumpy and shaky. "I did hear somethin'. Hell! It was probably the jailer!"

Then Charlie heard the voice again, loud and clear; and he knew it wasn't the jailer.

"Charlie!" called the voice. "Git yourself out here and let your old granddad out of this cell 'fore I come in there and burn your behind good with a peach-tree switch!"

Charlie shrank down in his swivel chair. "Can you hear it too, Banjo?"

"I can hear it!" cried Banjo. "It's just like I told you, Sher'f. Every one of them dogs in there is reincarnated Democrats! That one that hollered at you just then was yore long-dead grandpappy and a finer Democrat never walked the bottom lands. The Lord only knows who the other ones are—"

"Charlie!" the voice hollered again from out in the hall, "I'll just give you sixty seconds to fetch them keys out here! If you don't—there ain't a one of us'll ever bite another Republican as long as we live!"

"Godamighty!" shrieked Charlie, grabbing for his pint of Punco and gulping it half empty. He snatched up the key ring and lit out through the doorway like a hornet had him by the tail. Banjo shuffled along behind him.

"Fetch him out real politelike, Banjo," Charlie whispered, shrinking back as the iron door swung open. "The one—the one that's—Granddad."

Banjo squatted down then and peered into the faces—the floppy-eared ones and all the shiny black noses and the sad eyes waiting for Banjo to tell them what to do. Then Banjo give a little whistle—a sort of a double trill this time—different from all the others. And right away an old fat, flop-eared beagle come waddling out of the crowd and stuck its nose in Banjo's hand.

"Granddad!" whispered Charlie, squatting down beside Banjo. "How you been? 'Deed, I never meant no harm. I never even knowed it was you till my old pal Banjo here told me—"

"Aw shet your mouth!" said the voice, for all the world like the old beagle was saying it. "I never did trust you worth a dern nohow, Charlie Harper. You allus was Mama's simple child!"

"Oh, Granddad!" whispered Charlie, shaking all over and the tears filling his eyes. "I wish you wouldn't say them things. I never had no idea—"

They heard footsteps then and Wade Sigafoose, the jailer, was standing up at the end of the hall staring at the sight till his eyes like to popped.

"Sher'f," Wade whispered, looking like he was getting set to run, "are you all right?"

"Sure!" hollered Charlie. "This here's my granddad, Wade! Granddad, meet Wade. Well, now I better explain that a little bit. You see—well, Banjo puts it thisaway—"

"Aw shet your mouth, Charlie," growled the beagle, "you big windbag! You sound just like one of them loud-mouthed Gallipolis Republicans stumping at the landing!"

Charlie commenced to sobbing then and went to wringing his hands for a while and then trying to pat the beagle on the head.

"Granddaddy dear," whimpered Charlie, "I can't hardly stand hearin' you talk thataway. If I had of knowed—"

"Never mind," said the beagle. "Just get your fat carcass to one side so's me and my friends can get out of here. If you don't, you won't have no more chanct at the polls next month than one of them Gallipolis Republicans. And another thing! Don't you try to get Banjo here to give you back that twenty bucks neither! That there's *campaign money!*"

"Certainly, Granddaddy!" whispered Charlie, backing away and mopping his face with his blue bandanna. "Just you go right ahead. Anytime you want to."

Wade Sigafoose went tiptoeing along the wall behind Banjo and Charlie then and when he was past he let out a little yelp and run like a rabbit for the stairs.

"Now, Granddaddy," said Charlie, following along behind Banjo and the dogs as they went up the hall, "there's just one little thing. I know it's a mighty big favor to ask, seein' as how I treated you so low-down mean. But would you —could you—do like Banjo here says and dog-bite a nice big mess of Republicans on election day so's I'll get the vote?"

"You sure don't deserve it," said the beagle. "But I reckon we will. Us Democratic dogs just naturally *feeds* on Republicans!"

Charlie stood at the head of the stairs till Banjo Twichell and the Democratic dogs had disappeared out the courthouse door. Then he run back to his office and watched from the window as they went down Water Street toward the boats.

IT WAS near sundown before Charlie had the strength to get up from his desk. Then he heard Wade Sigafoose tiptoeing up the hallway. Wade stuck his long, scrawny neck around the doorway directly and stared all popeyed at Charlie sitting there pale and wilted in his swivel chair.

"I just thought you ought to know, Sher'f," said Wade, "I—"

"Know what?" said Charlie, putting his feet on the floor.

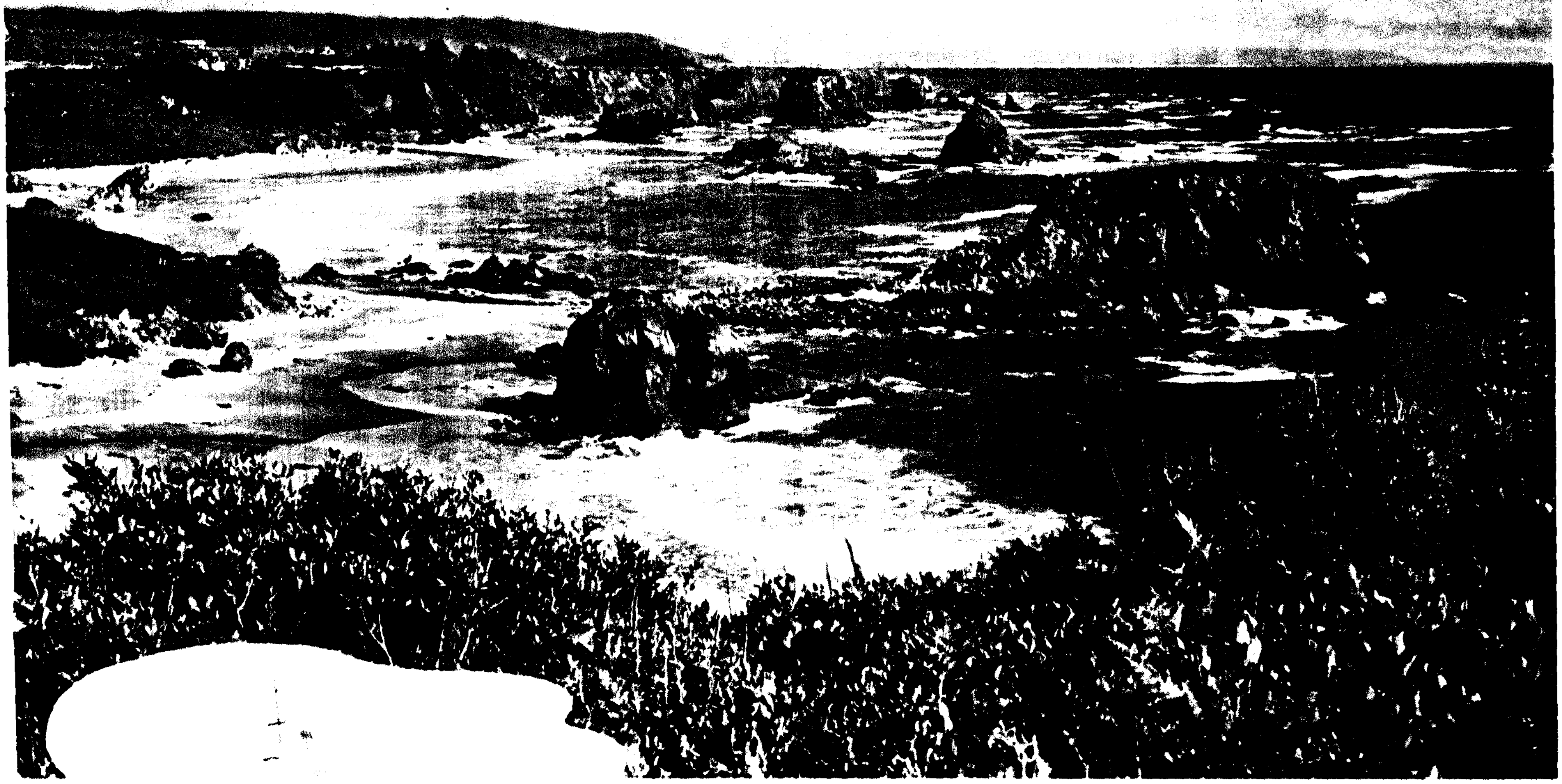
"I just thought you ought to know about your granddad, Sher'f. He just had a litter of pups down on Banjo Twichell's shanty-boat."

Charlie went down the steps two at a time and cut across the courtyard and down Water Street like a spring grass fire but when he got to the river it was too late. Down the green stream—nearly to the leafy bend of the river—Banjo Twichell's shanty-boat drifted lazy on the current. Charlie could see Banjo sitting on his rocker counting the greenback dollar bills over again. And them dogs was all laying around his bare feet on the deck.

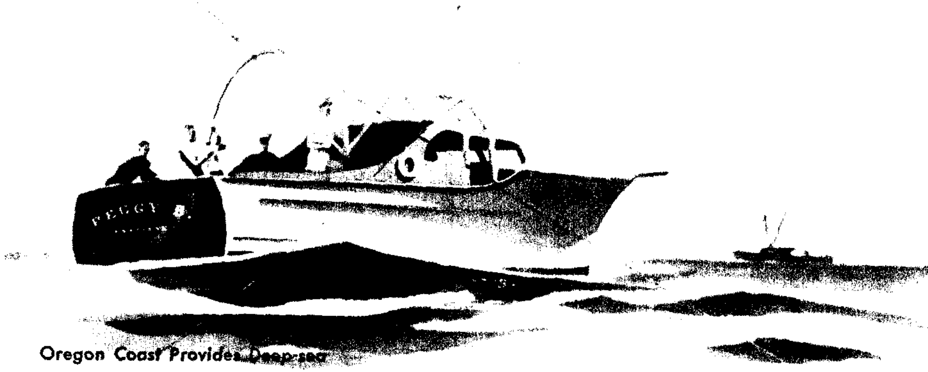
"Come back, Banjo Twichell, you lyin' son of a catfish!" roared Charlie, throwing his hat on the bank and tramping it under his shoes. "Come back, you fraud! You schemin' skunk!"

"No, Sher'f!" he could hear Banjo holler as he lighted up one of Charlie's black Kentucks. "I'm goin' down to Gallipolis for a spell! There's a mess of Republicans down there and these here dogs is just naturally starved!"

THE END



Coastal Beauty Spot at Roadside in Southern Oregon



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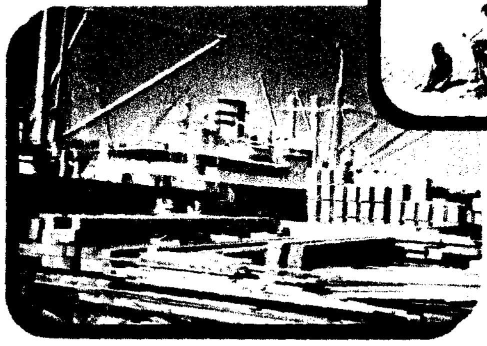

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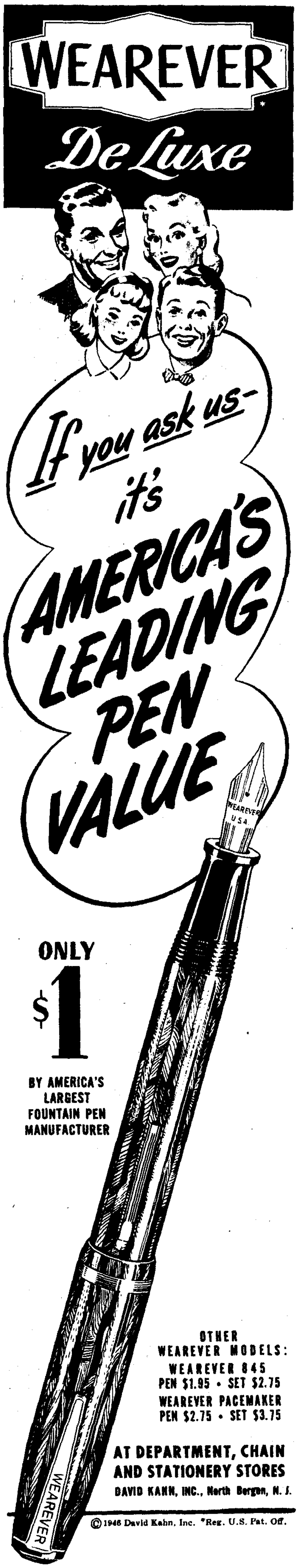
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NOW ABOUT OLD BILL WILLIAMS

Continued from page 15

means. It's a one-in-a-million break. I don't want to teach, and he pays me enough so that I can get by without teaching. It's exactly what I want to do. I've been lucky."

"Oh, luck! Dad made you his assistant because you're good and he knows it. If you had any—any gumption about you at all, you'd have broken loose a long time ago and gone your own way and you'd be bigger than he is right now and he knows that, too. I thought maybe the Army would change you—and he was afraid it would, too—but when you come back you're perfectly willing to take your old place. An underpaid stooge. A lackey."

"Working with the old man," Steve said patiently, "is worth a lot in itself."

"So you feed fish. Just one of the serfs. A lackey. And when the great man wants to sell his daughter—any old buck at all will do, as long as he's got enough blankets and horses to swap for her—you think that's wonderful, too. The lackey tugs his forelock and says he thinks it's a reasonable way for the seigneur to attack the situation."

"For the love of Pete, if you don't want to get married, don't do it. Maybe the old man made a mistake when he went to racing his engine about it, but look at it from his angle. He's taking time out to think about you, and that should be a kind of compliment. He doesn't live in the same world with the rest of us. Right now he's only concerned with what happened up here in the mountains ninety-seven years ago when Old Bill Williams disappeared."

"Or with his chess, or with the telephone company, or with his trout, or with that new quarter horse he's buying, the one with the bog spavin, that he's paying more for than he pays you in a year's salary. You know as well as I do that Dad can get wrapped up in anything. He's simply not quite bright that way. Now he's wrapped up with me getting married. He'll devil me continually. He'll make a major issue of it. And he's hurt Yudy so."

"Do you want to marry this guy?"

"You'd never understand that part of it. Marriages aren't made in heaven, you know. Would you help me, Steve?"

"Help you what?"

"I need some excuse to get out to see Yudy. Dad told him he couldn't come back to the house, but I have to see him and talk to him because I don't know what to do. If you'd help, I could say I was going to the movies tonight with you, and I could meet Yudy in town."

"You want me along on your honeymoon?"

"I wouldn't marry him tonight, silly. There are a million things to arrange. But Dad would get suspicious if I went out alone. Please, Steve. But I suppose you're afraid to help the boss' daughter elope."

"Good Lord!" Steve said. He got up. "I'll pick you up at seven." He gave her his hand and pulled her to her feet.

She said, "My legs are burning. See how red they are?" She held his hand. "Steve, I'm sorry I called you names."

"I can stand it. You've called me names since you were ten."

"That's because I always had a crush on you. Did you laugh at those letters I used to write? Dad finally read one and made me stop. It seems to me I was awfully young then, when I was only seventeen. And I'd think of old Steve in the Pacific and go positively idiotic."

"The guys in the tent got a bang out of them," Steve said.

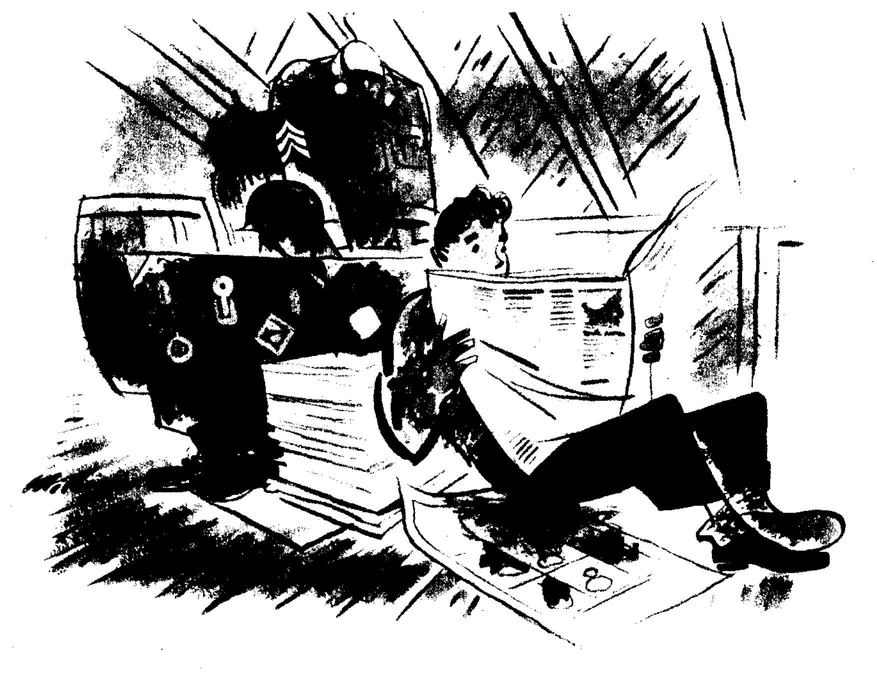
Teresina dropped his hand and said, "Oh, my aching back," and started up the road to the house. She stopped and called, "Don't forget! Seven!"

Steve waved and lighted a cigarette and watched her trudge around a turn in the dusty road and then cramped his long frame under the wheel of his heap and drove home. He intended to shave and clean up but there was a letter from one of Dr. Shandy's winter research staff waiting for him at his boardinghouse, and it seemed to need an immediate reply. He worked through supper and was amazed to discover that it was suddenly a quarter after seven. He put on a clean pair of overall pants and wet down his hair and roared at the roadster's top speed of about fifty the three miles out to Dr. Shandy's house.

The sun had just set behind the mountains to the west and the night was rising like a cloud from the mountains to the east. The evening star and a splinter of new moon were bright in the sky when he skidded to a stop in the drive and trotted into the house.

TERESINA was waiting, dressed vaguely like a ballerina, in heelless slippers and a wide black skirt, graceful as a willow switch, but with her brown hair in two thick braids that lent a confusing impression of a simple peasant girl.

She grabbed his hand and said, "Let's go, quick," and called, "'By, Dad," but the old man came shouting from his study and told them to wait a minute. He had an original line for that chess variation, he said, and he wanted Steve to have a look at it.



"Meanwhile, Mr. Chamberlain, before boarding his plane for Berchtesgaden, expressed confidence that . . ."

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

Teresina objected, rather frantically, but her father pointed out that they could easily catch the second show at nine o'clock. There was a time limit on this chess move, he said, and he considered his approaching championship of more importance than his daughter's transient amusement at a tawdry movie.

He made quite a speech about it, while he got out his board and chessmen. Steve sat down to play and Teresina threw herself down with a magazine. The game took only forty-five minutes. They eventually left the house at eight-thirty.

Teresina was coldly silent on the ride to town. When they reached Jordan's main street she told Steve to stop at Bent's, a combination bookstore and soda shop. She ran inside and was back almost at once. "He's gone," she said. "We might as well go back home."

"I'll buy you a cup of coffee. We've got to stay out long enough to make it look good."

He drove down the street and stopped in front of the Hotel Robidoux's coffee shop. Jordan, a college town overlaid on a Western town that had been in a doze since the Pueblo revolt of 1680, offered little in the way of urban delights. But to Steve, fresh out of something more than a couple of years on and about sundry islands and Japan, the rickety town was guilded with a fine and fancy sheen.

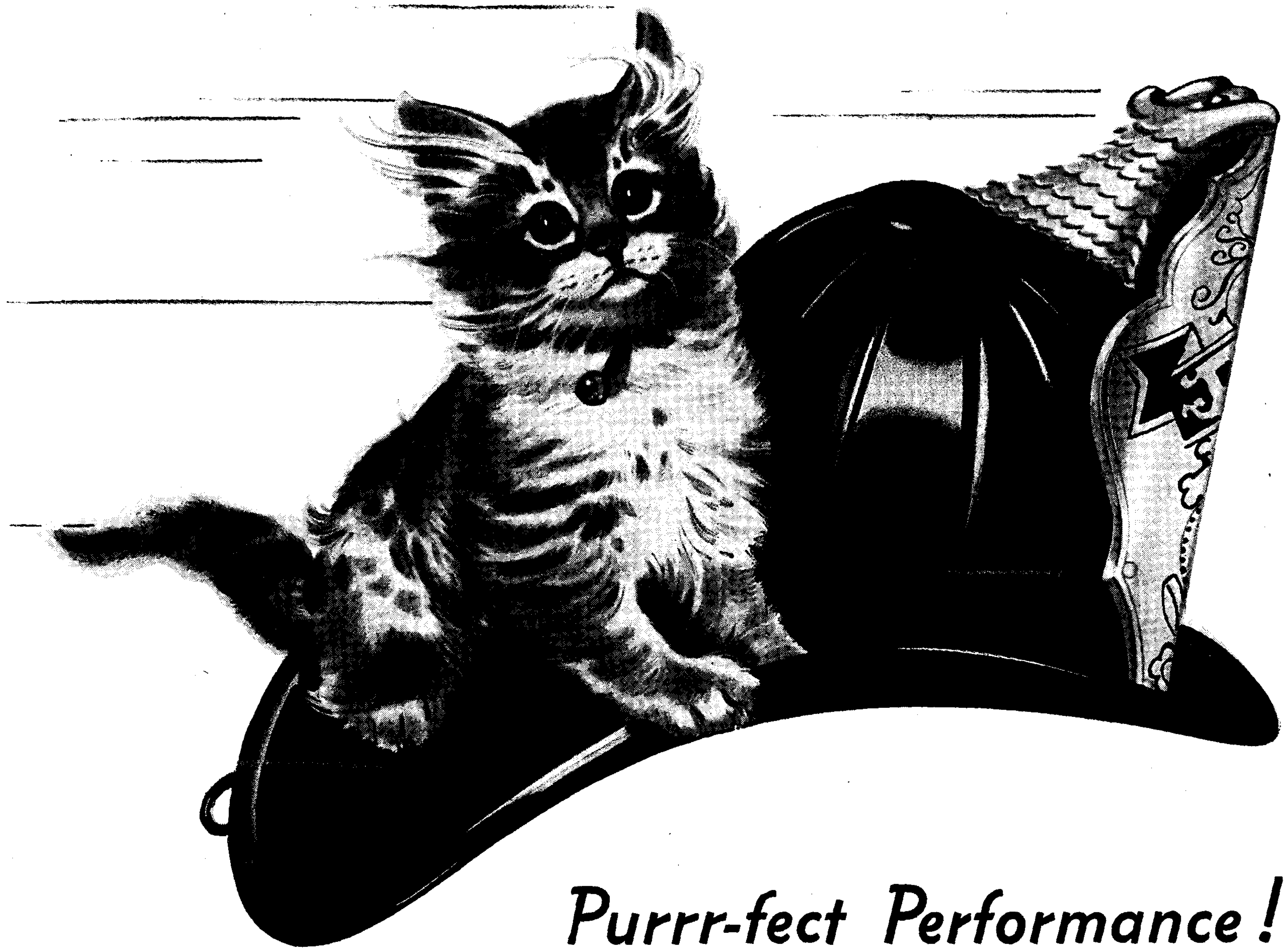
At the moment his idea of heaven was to live in this dusty frame and 'dobe settlement and be allowed to work without interruption.

He didn't see Jordan as it was, but rather as a marker signifying a place in the structure of time. The barbershop with the sign in its window stating Shower Bath: 25c, and the collegiate innovation of Bent's, all the modern faces of the town, were nothing; but this place, where the mountains sank into the desert, was to him a shrine at a crossroad of history. When it had hung in the balance whether America, a new idea in the world, would grow and live or wither within itself, New Englandwise, a few restless men had roamed through this country and casually tipped the scales. Old Gabe Bridger, Kit Carson, Ewing Young, all the other mountain men, visitors to Mars, had passed by here. And Old Bill Williams. Steve returned to the present and ordered hamburgers and coffee. Teresina looked unhappy, and he told her he was sorry.

She said, "It was Dad's fault. Yudy probably didn't expect me, either, really. I just told him this afternoon I'd try to meet him tonight, but I didn't say for sure. I'll send Blas out to the Hill tomorrow with a note. That is if you'll have another date with me tomorrow night so I can come in again."

Her eyes were very blue in her scrubbed, sun-browned face. She had certainly changed, Steve thought. Everything else was the same, but she was altogether different. He could understand why the old man wanted to get rid of her. She had become a disturbing influence.

She said, "You've got the worst habit of just sitting and staring since you've come back. Is that rock happiness? Or



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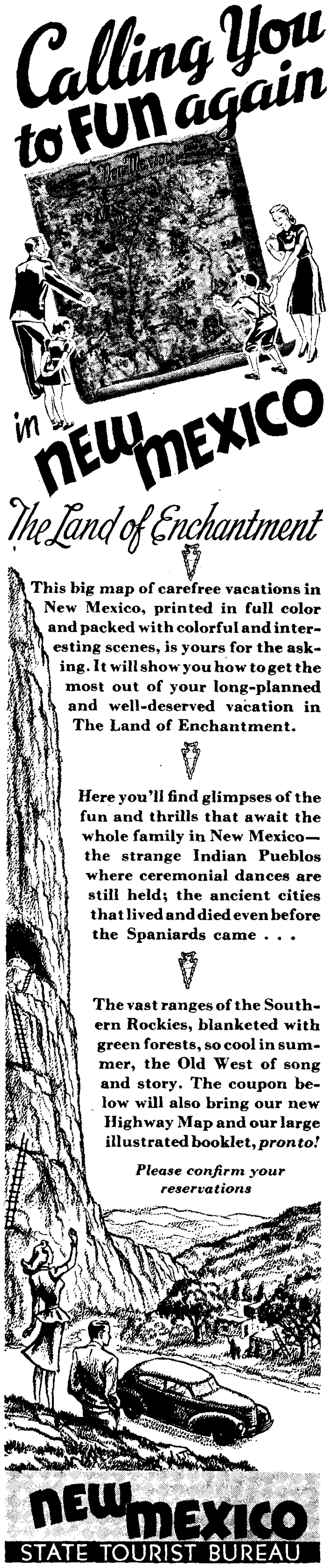

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just Old Bill Williams? I wonder if the world really stopped with the battle of San Pascual, the way you and Dad seem to think it did."

Steve grinned and said, "Maybe so."

"Well, it didn't for me," Teresina said. "Why are you so upset about Old Bill Williams, anyway?"

"It's one of a couple of things we want to look into this summer. The old man stumbled across a lead"—the hamburger arrived and Steve ate hungrily and kept on talking, in his enthusiasm unaware whether Teresina was listening—"worth spending some time on. Even though its importance, giving us a little new light on the failure of the expedition and the consequent railroad route decisions, is still only minor, we hope to . . ."

The old man was in a happy mood the next day. He had brought the telephone company to its knees, he said. He exhibited a rancorous letter that had come accompanying a check for five cents. He was still studying his chess move, and left Steve to work alone most of the day while he mulled over his board.

Teresina came into the study once to inquire if it was permitted for her to play tennis with Tom, and again to ask if she could go for a ride with Link.

The old man, with vast irritation, said it was perfectly all right and Teresina said she only wanted to make sure they had established enough credit to pay for her, at which her father gave her some violent advice on the practical side of personality relationships. Steve went to the window to see her leave with Tom, and later in the afternoon to watch her go away with Link. All these monkeys she ran around with looked alike, he thought; like so many unfrocked lieutenants.

IN THE evening, Steve again came out to the house to pick her up, and, Dr. Shandy being busy at the time with the new gelding's bog spavin, they got away in good time. Unfortunately, Steve had forgotten to get gas for his car and they ran out a mile from town. With this delay, the evening was a repetition of the night before, and Yudy was not found waiting at Bent's. Teresina said she would call the Hill and leave a message for him, and that he was doubtless now out getting drunk, because he was so sensitive.

Steve said, "Why don't you stop kidding yourself? You're not serious about this. You don't care what he's doing." He drove on down the street, as before, and stopped at the coffee shop. They went in.

Teresina said, "Please don't talk about *it*. Don't you have any respect for my feelings?" They sat down.

"Nuts," Steve said. "You were out with two different guys today. You keep your bleeding heart on ice, do you?"

Teresina said with spirit that she was trying to pull the wool over her father's eyes, and that was even harder. They ordered hamburgers and coffee.

"The whole trouble is," Steve said, "you're childish. In some ways you've turned out better than I used to think you would. You're better looking than I thought you'd be. You could have a good future. But your perspective's immature. A woman should see her life as revolving around a man's. Your mind's *still so young that you think you've got* to be the center of your own life. The sooner a woman gets over that idea, the better chance she's got for a good future."

"You don't need to yell," Teresina reminded him.

"I'm only trying to tell you this business is childish. Marriage is serious. You're going at this the way a woman plays poker. You haven't got half your mind on it. Anyone can see this guy Judy doesn't mean anything to you."

"Yudy. I suppose you're waiting for some nice girl to come along and start revolving around you?"

"Whenever I'm able to afford—"

"Well, you'll wait a good fat long time before one does. What a center you'd make for some woman's life! What a good future that would be! Oh, indeed! Talk about Dad living in the past! Why, you—you're a walking graveyard, you're not even living! You're just a nose pressed in an old book, and if anything isn't at least a hundred years old you can't even see it if it bites you! Oh, what a future!"

"I see enough to know the score. Kids like you—"

"Will you shut up? You've got everyone listening. For your information, I'm going to marry Yudy just as quick as I possibly can and I'm going to live happily ever after, and I think you've been keeping me from seeing him on *purpose, after you told me you'd* help me—you're worse than Dad, because you—it isn't any of your business anyway—give me your keys, I'm going home."

"I'll be damned if I will," Steve said. "Sit down and eat your hamburger."

She picked up the hamburger and threw it across the table at him. Steve made a good one-handed stop. She got up and ran out.

Steve put the hamburgers in his pocket and paid his check and went after her. He saw her walking down the street toward the mountain road, thumbing passing cars. He got in his car and caught up with her and said, "Get in." *She ignored him. He leaned across the* seat and stuck out his arm and grabbed her by her beaded belt and hauled her in. A few alarmed passers-by stopped on the street to watch. He held her down while he got the roadster rolling.

It was not until he was home and discovered the hamburgers in his pocket that it occurred to him that he must have lost his mind.

The next morning he found Teresina in the patio, *lying on her stomach* reading a book. He was not surprised to see that it was Bartell's standard Heroes of the Westward Roll, Being an Account of the Opening to the Coast, Together With Numerous Anecdotes and Personal Adventures.

He said, "I want to apologize."

"All right," Teresina said, "go ahead."

"I won't sound off like that any more."

"Good."

"Do you want me to take you to town tonight?"

"It doesn't matter in the least."

"All right, I will," Steve said; "but you'll have to cut these other guys loose."

Teresina shrugged and returned to her book and said after a moment, "All right."

Steve said, "Okay," and went on into the house.

"I got the move sent out this morning," the old man said. "Now about Old Bill Williams. Oddly enough, the Oregon Historical Society has come up with something. Hitherto unknown letter from . . . what's eating you?"

"I was awake all night," Steve said. He took a long breath. "Doc, I'm going to look for a teaching job." The old man gave him a dead-pan look and said nothing. "I'm going to get married," Steve said. "I'm going to marry Tess." He gave the old man a chance to speak. "I haven't told her about it yet," Steve said. He thought the old man's eyes were accusing.

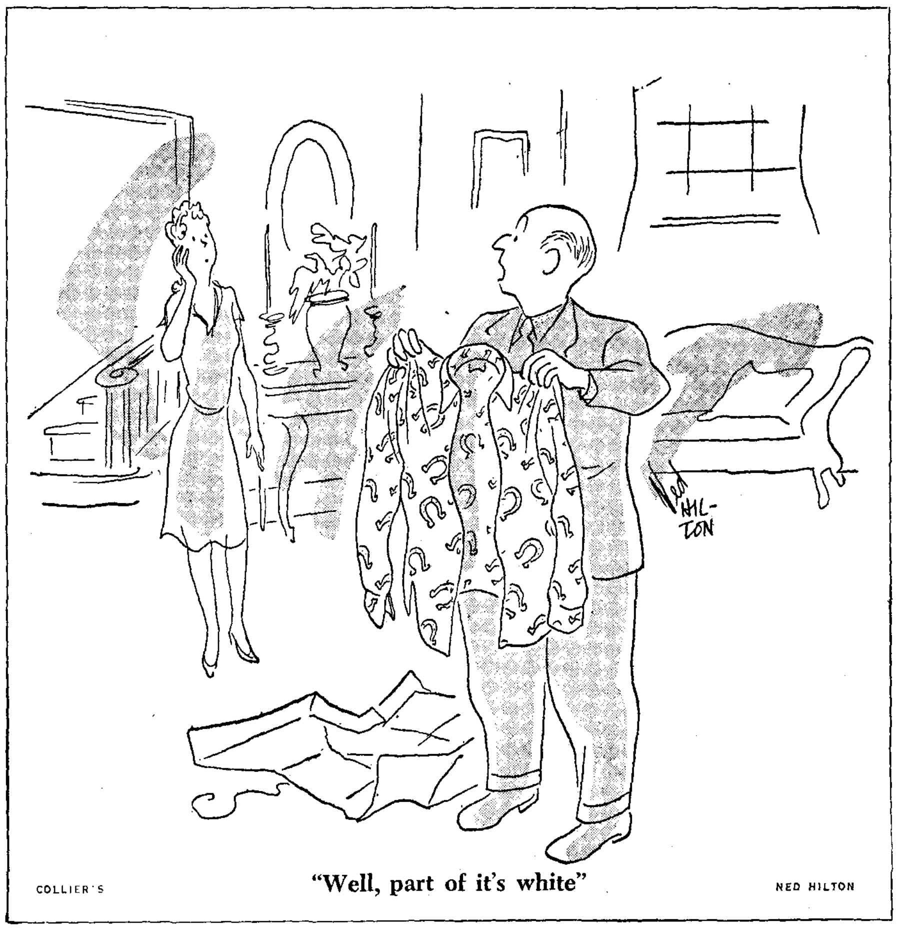
STEVE went ahead doggedly, "She told me she was going to elope with this Yudy, so this morning I went out to the Hill to tell Yudy they ought to wait or something like that, so—you know him, he's a little fella with big glasses—he didn't know anything about it. He said she brushed him off the other day, the last time he was out here, and he hasn't heard from her since. So she lied to me. She's pretty childish. But that straightens it all out. See, last night—well, anyhow, it's all straightened out. That's all there is to it."

The old man looked at him for a while and then grunted.

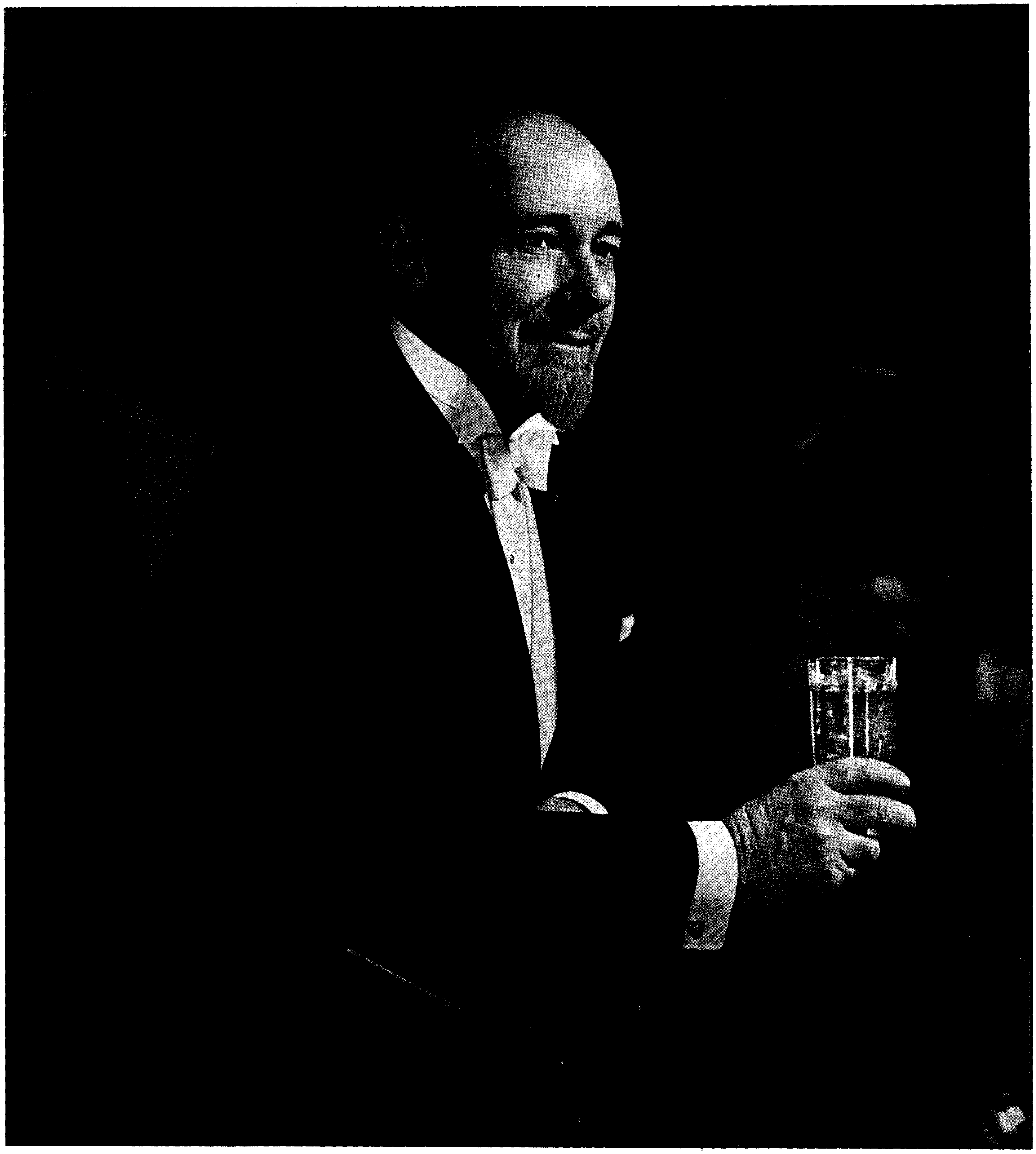
"If you want to get sore, get sore," Steve said. "I'm going to get another job."

"That won't be necessary," the old man said. "I told her last week when you first came back that she couldn't have you and she made me promise to raise your salary if she could get you. I didn't think she could, but she's stubborn." He sighed and turned to the papers on his desk. "Now about Old Bill Williams. You'll want to see this letter, and they sent a photostat."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Well, part of it's white" NED HILTON



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AT THE JUNCTION

Continued from page 16

In that church he had heard his first sermon from his father's lips. At that altar he had been confirmed. From the chancel, two years ago, he had preached his first sermon as rector of the church, the hour that marked the fulfillment of his boyhood dream and saw the realization of his parents' hope for him. The loneliness in Alexander deepened as he thought of the work and the love his mother and father had poured into that church. He remembered their heartbreak at leaving when his father had been called to the episcopate. But in time they had both come back. Now they slept in the churchyard. Alexander sighed, his heart heavy. He would never go back to Arsdale. He had betrayed his right.

"Reed's Crossing, next stop!" a brakeman shouted as he passed through the car.

Alexander glanced around, hoping that Reed's Crossing might be the destination of his seatmate. The man was asleep, his head drooping aisleward. His mouth sagged open. A fly was feeding on his under lip. Alexander reminded himself that the man had a right to be there but the bulging presence intruded on his thought. He ought to be working on the sermon he was to preach in Corinth on Sunday. But his thoughts turned again to the hour when the peace of his life in Arsdale was shattered.

A SPRING afternoon. The Farrell garden made festive for the church bazaar in progress. He was turning away from the flower booth when he caught sight of Anna Farrell in a bright gypsy costume, hurrying toward the gate, the grace of her slender body and the loveliness of her face accentuated by her anxiety. A moment later he saw Donald, her husband, lumbering out of his car unmistakably drunk. Anne remonstrated with him. Her words were low. Donald's mood was ugly. Suddenly he lifted his hand and slapped her face. The sound stilled the chattering crowd. Then Anne's gay laugh rang out, making game of the blow. In that instant he knew that he loved Anne Farrell.

Another hour. Anne in his study, a parishioner seeking spiritual aid. He heard her voice, deep and moving: "My marriage is intolerable. I no longer love Donald." A shameful joy flamed in his heart. He tried to cast it out. The Church forbade marriage with a divorced woman. With trembling soul he gave ministerial advice; knelt with her to ask for divine strength and direction.

There were other meetings but he gave no sign of his feeling for her.

One day, calling at a needy home, he found Anne carrying a basket of supplies up the tenement stairs. He reached to take the basket and accidentally touched her fingers. Then some power beyond them moved their hands into a clasp that spoke a love which neither words nor silence could deny.

"Reed's Crossing!" a dumpy conductor in the door shouted. The train stopped with a jolt.

The fat man beside Alexander stirred and gathered his belongings. "You getting off here?" Alexander asked, sorry that he could not think of a more friendly remark.

"Yes, sir," the man answered, squeezing out of the seat. Then, as if he desired to be sociable, too, he added, "Our crops up this-a-way sure need rain."

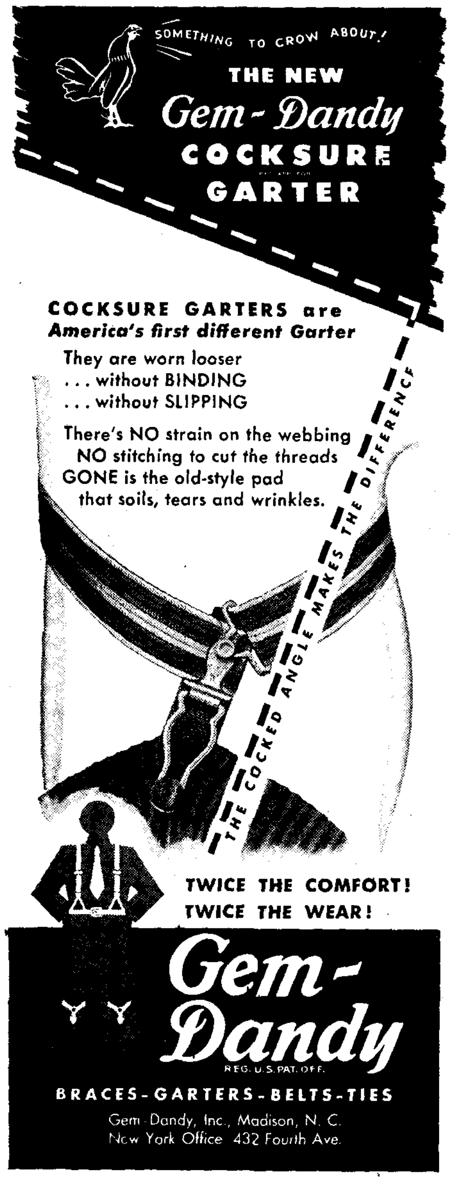
Watching him waddle down the aisle, catching at his slipping parcels, Alexander hoped he would get his rain. Now he must work on the sermon. He had carefully prepared his paper, but this morning he had awakened with the conviction that he had chosen an unpopular text. People wanted to hear promises of salvation. He must not stand before his new congregation and pronounce a sentence of punishment for sin which he had culled from his own self-condemnation. He rose and reached for his brief case that lay on the baggage rack. He must make good at Corinth. He had drawn a large attendance at Arsdale, but lately parishioners had begun to drop out. Mrs. Carr's pew had been empty for three Sundays. Rumors had spread about him and Anne. Not God, but gossip, he thought sorrowfully, had delivered him from temptation.

He put his brief case on the seat beside him. No one appeared to be getting on the train. Through the window he saw a bank of woods. Near the tracks weeds grew high, flagrantly green against the yellow of the setting sun. A path, trodden clean, that led into the forest, was the only sign of habitation. He turned to look out the window on the opposite side of the car. It was then that he saw her coming in the door. My next seatmate, he thought, with irritation.

She was an ordinary old woman with a brown shawl over her head. A homespun, wrapper-fashioned dress, grayed of color by many washings, hung loosely on her slight frame. A white apron was belted around her waist. The new passenger awkwardly clung to the side of the car door with one hand. The other hand carried a pillowcase, its contents tied in with a bright red string. She stood bewildered, her eyes searching the coach as if it were some great wonder. A newsboy stepped up on the platform behind her and she moved out of his way, staggering a little in her indecision. It was her first time on the railway, Alexander felt, and she didn't know what to do. He was beckoning to her when the train lurched and upset her balance. Her hands and bundle went out to steady herself. She caught hold of a seat back. Alexander had risen to go after her when he saw her step high over baggage and slip into a vacant seat. That space, he knew, belonged to a woman who had led her two children to the washroom just before the stop. The young mother would make room for the old lady, he reasoned.

HE SAT down and drew a small Bible from his pocket. He must find a text that held a promise. He let the leaves slip loosely from under his thumb while his eyes searched them for marked passages. He read many; some he had marked in his student days when he was aflame with the desire to reveal their meaning to mankind. Today . . . the emptiness in himself tortured him. Where was the ardor for sacred duties that had enraptured his youth and filled his first year of consecration? Had the passion of his heart and body destroyed his ability to serve in the highest calling man could aspire to? He must not let that happen. The years of all his life had been given to preparation for the Church. The healing for his confusion must be in the Scriptures. He would search . . .

In a moment more his hands slapped the book shut. A vision of Anne's face had blurred the pages. Anne as he had seen her last. They sat in her garden at dusk. Donald dozed quite close. The fading daylight seemed to etherealize Anne's whole being, even the material of her dress. It was as if she were a spirit that breathed and talked. Only a quick gathering of tears betrayed her grief when he told her he had accepted the call to Corinth. "I've known," she quietly said, "that one of us must go, and soon." After a while she spoke again, this time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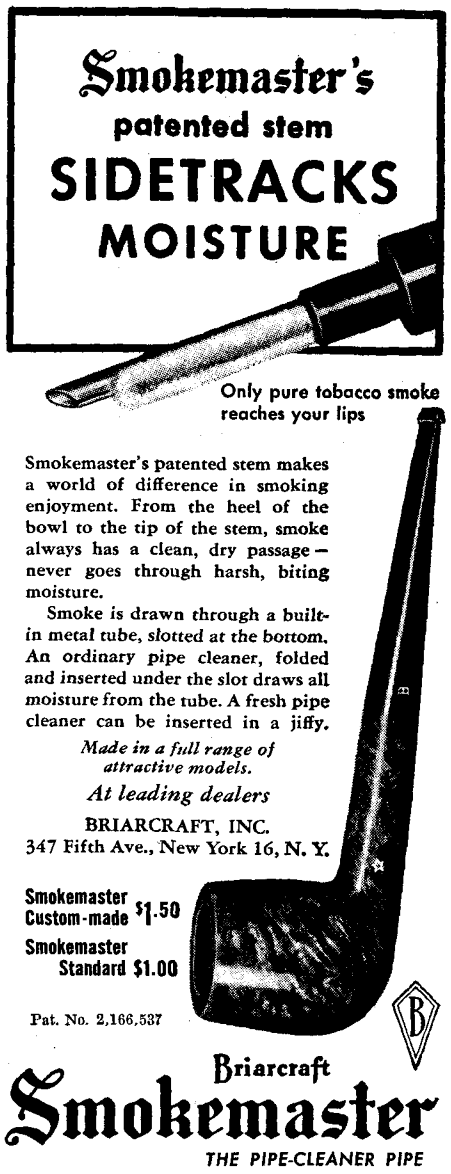
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with a slight lessening of control. "It must be you, Alex. Evil eyes have seen evil in our seeing each other."

"We've done nothing wrong in seeing each other," he cried.

"In people's minds we have," she whispered. Then firmly she announced, "I shall not leave Donald, Alex."

An agony of conflict tore him. As clergyman he could not ask her to leave her husband. As man he could not bear the thought of her remaining with him. "If I should divorce him—" Anne broke off and covered her face with her hands.

He knew what she had left unsaid. If she should obtain legal separation, even if Donald should die, she would still be a divorced woman banned from marriage with him. It was not his wish nor Anne's that Donald Farrell should die. And yet, the only possibility of their happiness lay in that chance. The very thought of that chance was sin. The thought had flared as a hope in his heart, and if in hers too, he, who should have been her spiritual guardian, had led her to this offense. The enormity of his transgression filled his consciousness.

Anne was speaking: "Your going is our expiation, Alex, but"—she paused briefly—"if we see each other again, one of us might falter."

She spoke the truth, he knew. This must be their goodby. He waited until the dark had blotted out every feature of her face before he rose to go. Her hand embraced his hand in a lingering hold. Life seemed to stop when their handclasp broke . . .

The train swayed. Alexander leaned against the window. Ahead he could see the engine making a curve as if it meant to turn around and travel back the way it had come. After a tussle with an upward grade it straightened its course and went forward again.

Mechanically Alexander opened his Bible to the first chapter of Genesis and read: "And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." The nearest thing to absolute good he had ever known was his love for Anne, and God, Himself, held that to be sin. If the Creator had made all, had He not made this love, too? Then why was it an evil thing? The Scriptures commanded, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." He had disobeyed that Commandment and there was no health in him. The Church taught that sin was pardoned with its relinquishment. He had renounced the hope of possessing Anne, but as long as he lived she would be uppermost in his heart and thought. It was beyond his might to put aside his longing for her. He must pray for forgiveness and yet never be forgiven.

He was conscious of something fluttering in the aisle. The breeze was blowing the corner of a white apron toward him. He looked up. The old lady was supporting herself against the seat ahead of him while the train swayed, making a turn. Alexander glanced toward the front of the car. The mother and her two children were in possession and bountifully filling their space. He moved nearer the window expecting the old woman to sit beside him. Then he saw that she meant to go on hunting a seat where there was none to be had. The car jolted violently and Alexander put out his hand to steady her Her stern face softened as she smiled her thanks. "I ain't used to no sech hurry travelin'," she apologized.

"Wouldn't you like to sit here?" he asked.

"If I ain't a-hinderin' you none," she said gratefully.

"Let me put your bundle up on the rack," he said, laying a hand on the pillowcase.

"No, sir, 'tain't heavy a speck." She clutched the cloth bundle tighter in her lap as if it were property of great value.

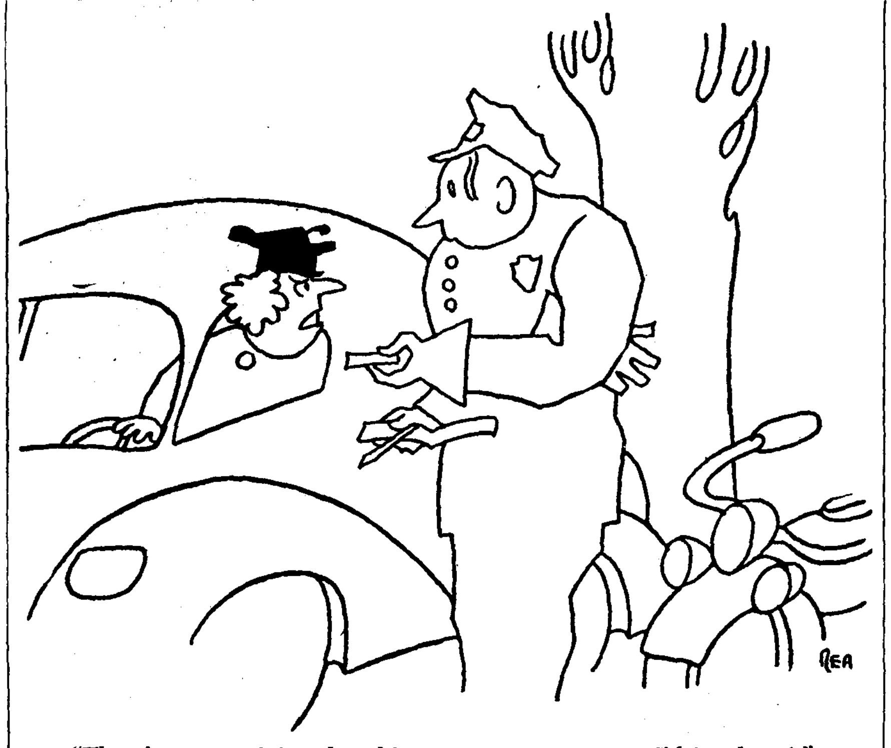
WHEN Alexander sat down she pressed closer against the arm of the seat to make more room for him. Slowly she untied her head shawl. Her hands were large and coarse from work, and stiffened by the years, but deftly they folded the shawl and laid it across the pillowcase. Then she tidied her scant gray hair, pushing the strays behind her ears, and repinning the little knot that sagged loose at the back.

A cleanliness clung about her. Alexander felt impelled to look longer at her face. Three great furrows of care crossed her brow. Her cheeks were too spare of flesh to wrinkle much, but they were hollow between the bones. Her mouth shrunk in as if some of her teeth were gone. Her chin was square. It was too firm to have ever trembled under tears, he thought.

As if feeling for a brooch that should be there she fingered the open collar about her withered neck. "I put off in sech a hurry," she offered in excuse, "I didn't have time to fix up none."

Before he could answer, the swinging bell cord caught her attention. She watched it with the interest of a child.

"That rope is there," Alexander ex-



"There's no use giving that thing to me, young man—I'd just lose it"

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"Make some woman a mighty good clothesline." She turned toward Alexander to smile and he saw her eyes. Their color was a faded blue, dulled with time, but their gaze was steeled as if she had seen all of life, and looked on death, and was now searching into the beyond.

"Are you traveling far?" Alexander asked.

"I change at the Junction," she said. Then, a trifle anxiously, added, "My ole man 'lowed somebody'd tell me when we git thar."

"I'll tell you," Alexander assured her. "I change there, too."

"Much obleeged." Courteously she looked away. Apparently contented now, she crossed her arms and rested them on the bundle in her lap. Fixing her eyes on some point toward the front of the car, she suddenly drew her presence within and left him quite alone.

Away up ahead the whistle shrieked as if it were afraid. The engine seemed to hurry more, making louder noise. Somewhere in the car a child cried.

OUTSIDE, daylight was curling into dusk. Peace hovered over the landscape. But a new agony engulfed him. Should he, knowing the greatness of his fault, continue in the ministry?

A thought struck him, its force jarring him like a physical blow. If God recognized sin, was it not a part of His creation, embracing eternity, forever upon man? No, he told himself vehemently. That refuted the Scriptures, contradicted the teachings of the Church. But he could not let the thought alone. Against his will it clawed at his reason. Doubts of the sacred word assailed him. His faith shook under the storm. He tried to pray, but he felt himself outside of all grace, groping in a great darkness. He must preach no more.

At length he remembered Corinth. He must not stand in the pulpit on Sunday. He would telegraph some excuse when he reached the Junction. Tomorrow, he would confess his unworthiness to the Bishop, and ask to be released from the rectorate.

And then Anne, who had gone completely out of his thinking, came back. A sense of joy possessed him. Outside of the Church they could build new lives together. Had he made this decision for the sake of Anne and himself? No; if self-interest had prompted the resolution he would have thought of this way out in the beginning. Even in his struggle for strength to leave Arsdale he had not been tempted to give up his work so that he might keep Anne. He was leaving the ministry for the good of the Church. That conviction gave him a sense of rest.

Alexander looked at his watch. In a little more than two hours they would be at the Junction. There was a train that left for Arsdale at twelve-thirty. The dining car offered a change that would help pass the time. He got up to go. "I beg your pardon," he said as he stepped past the old lady. She looked up, a helpless questioning in her eyes. "No," he told her, "we don't get off yet." Then a warmth of friendly feeling toward her turned him back to ask, "Mother, wouldn't you like to come in the dining car and have dinner with me?"

"Much obleeged," she tapped her pillowcase, "I've got a snack in here."

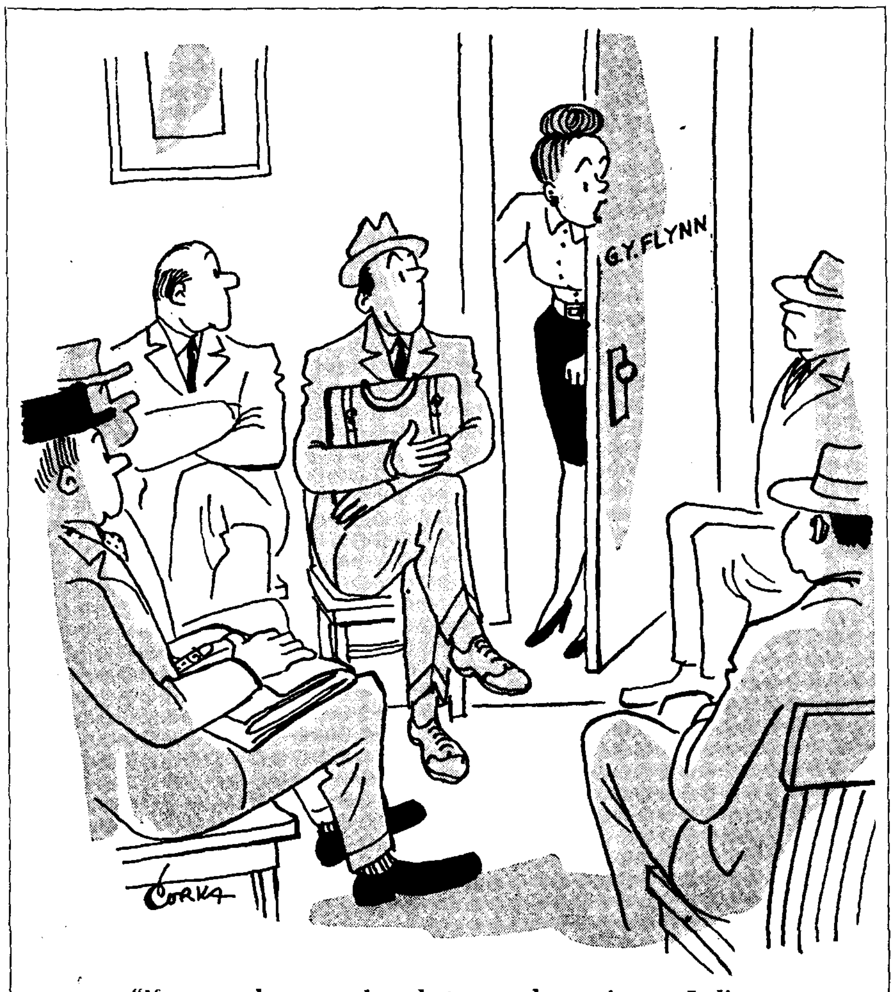
"Shall I bring you a cup of coffee?"

"No, sir, thank you." She smiled appreciatively. "I drunk a full pot afore I set out."

The train stopped suddenly, as Alexander entered the dining car. He noticed that they were in deep woods but he supposed there was a lonely station up ahead. He sat alone at the table. The sense of room in the car, the cleanliness and fan-cooled air refreshed him. He ordered and then his thoughts went back to the decision he had made. The waiter was placing his dessert before him when he realized that the train had not moved since he had entered the dining room.

"Why are we waiting here?" he asked.

"A little freight wreck up the road a piece, sir," the waiter answered apolo-



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getically. "We'll have to set here a spell."

"How long?" Alexander asked sharply, his mind on the hour the Arsdale sleeper would leave the Junction.

"Not long, sir. We'll make the Junction in time for all connections," the waiter said reassuringly.

The train had not moved when Alexander went back to the coach. The old lady smiled as she made room for him to pass her.

"I'm not sitting down just yet," he said, reaching for his hat. "We're stalled here until they can clear a wreck up the road."

He saw her anxious start. Her body stooped older and her face tightened. "But I've got to git to the Junction by midnight," she declared. "My other train leaves two minutes past."

He looked at his watch. "We can stay here another hour and still make it," he told her.

"I've got to," she said with urgency.

"Don't worry yet," he counseled. "Where are you going?"

"To the county seat."

"What county seat?"

She studied hard for a moment. "I fergit, but hit's writ on the rest of my ticket." She pulled the green paper from her apron pocket and showed it to him.

"Herford," he read, vaguely conscious that he was familiar with the name.

"I'm due at the county seat at two o'clock." Her hands shook as she folded the ticket.

For the first time it occurred to Alexander that the old lady's trip was occasioned by some trouble and he felt a desire to help her. He asked, "Are you going to Herford to live or to visit?"

"I'm a-visitin'." After a pause she added, "My son."

"He's not sick, I hope," Alexander ventured.

"No, sir," she answered quickly. "No, sir, he's not sick."

She looked down and her hand plucked at the pillowcase in her lap. She had said all she wished to say about the mission of her journey, Alexander knew.

"I'll step outside and see what's happening," he said. "I think we'll make connections at the Junction."

"Yes, sir." She seemed to accept his assurance. When he looked back she had nestled her head against the plush, but her eyes were staring toward the ceiling unmindful of the glaring lights.

Outside, the embankment was thick with passengers, all impatient. Different opinions were being voiced. One man had heard that they were to start in fifteen minutes. Another, who had just returned from the scene of the wreck, believed they would be marooned there for the night. No officials were in evidence.

ALEXANDER kept going until he reached the engine. A portly, greasy-faced engineer leaned out the cab window, smoking a pipe. "How long will we be here?" Alexander questioned.

"Another half hour, anyway, Reverend," the trainman said, touching his cap.

"Then it's safe for me to walk a way up the tracks?"

"Help yourself, sir. I'll give a blast of the whistle a few minutes before we start."

Alexander went on, glad to be out of the stuffy train and by himself. A full moon had come up but its light was blurred and thin, as if it were filtered through a high heavy mist. The air was damp and cool. He breathed deeply and felt revived. There was a sense of cleansing in his soul. It was clear to him, now, that his transgression had been in choosing a calling for which he was not fitted. Leaving the ministry would rectify his fault.

He longed for Anne to know the course he had determined upon. Tomorrow he would tell her. She would oppose his leaving the Church, but he would make her understand that it was out of his reverence for it.

Ahead he could see the lights of the workers at the wreck. He mustn't walk too far and run the risk of being left in this wilderness. He saw a pile of crossties beside the track. He went down the incline of the roadbed and climbed up on the timbers.

Voices of the passengers floated toward him bringing sound, but no intelligible words. The squares of light that came from the car windows made the train look like a toy. The scene had a dream quality against the substantial blackness of the dark woods.

He began to plan his future. He would find a professorship in a small college. After tomorrow he would not see Anne again until her divorce should be granted. There had been talk already, and gossip would liven when the news broke. This he deeply regretted, not so much on Anne's and his own account, but because his family name had been revered in Arsdale. He was glad his father and mother couldn't know he was leaving the Church.

A FIGURE moving on the railroad track caught his attention. It was a woman. The white bundle she carried told him it was the old lady who shared his train seat. "Wait, Mother," he called. She stopped and turned to find him. He ran up the bank and stood beside her. "I wouldn't go far if I were you," he advised. "We may be starting soon."

"Hit's gittin' so late," her words were heavy with anxiety, "I feel bound to set out walking, mister."

"To the Junction?" He laughed. "Why it's nearly a hundred miles."

"A hundred?" she questioned, as if such a distance were inconceivable to her.

"Even if we are late," he said, to console her, "I think the trains making connections with this one will wait for us." He took her by the arm and led her down the embankment. "I've found a nice place to sit."

With his help she pulled herself up on the timbers. He sat beside her. "You seem very anxious to get to Herford," he said.

"I'm powerful anxious." There was a finality in her statement.

Alexander looked at his watch. "It's five minutes to twelve," he said.

"If we left this minute," she calculated, "I couldn't git to the county seat till four, and the day breaks—around five."

"Wouldn't it be better for you to get to a strange town after it's light?" he asked.

"Mister," she said, the spent energy of all her years suddenly reclaimed, "I'm bound to git thar afore day. I'll have to walk."

"Wait." Alexander put his hand on her arm to restrain her. The extremity of her need stirred a need in him to help her. "I'll see what I can do."

He went again to the engineer.

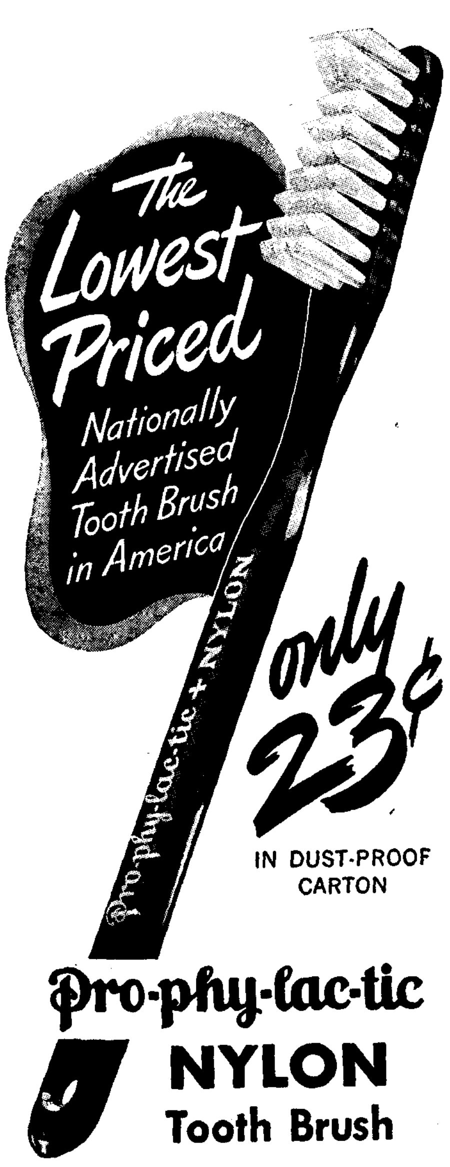
"There's no telling when we'll go, sir. I was just up to the wreck. Them dumbheads have managed to topple another car across the track."

"Is there any chance of getting a car around here?"

The engineer thought, spat close to Alexander's feet, and thought again. "The nearest stop is a siding station fifteen miles up. It would take you a good three hours to walk it."

"Where is the nearest highway?" Alexander was still hopeful.

The trainman shook his head. "This is mountain country, Reverend. Sure, there's a highway about five miles over yonder, but you'd get lost eternally looking for it."



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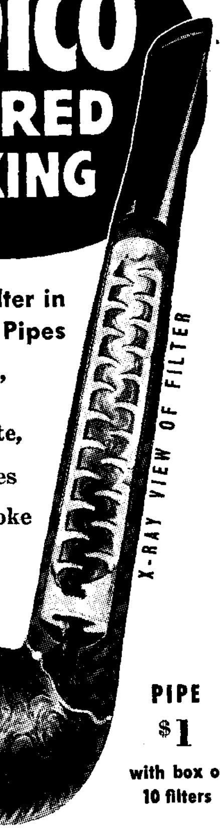

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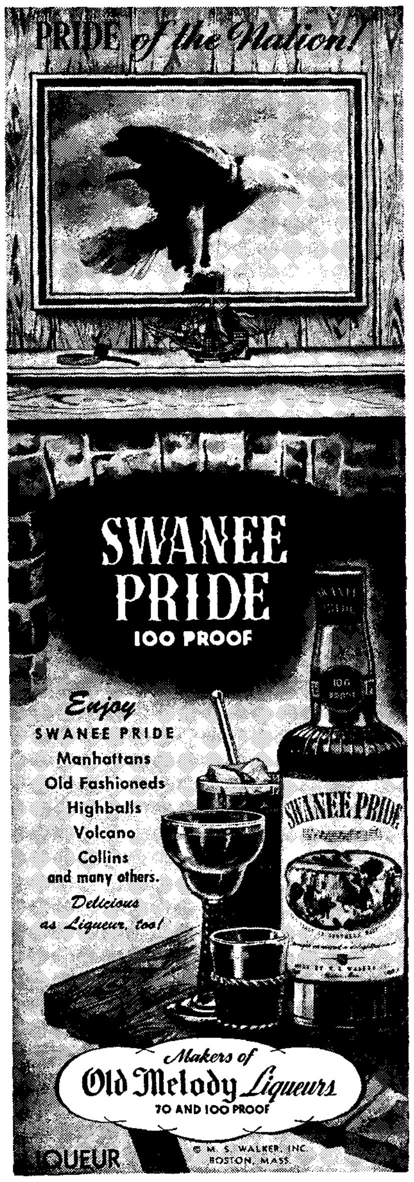

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The old lady's quietness when he told her of his failure touched Alexander. Should he tell her of their one chance to find the highway? No, it was too hazardous, the walk would be too much for her strength. By the time they found the highway and a car to give them a lift it would be too late to reach Herford before dawn. Anyway, it seemed that she had accepted the inevitable. She sat unstirring, watching the sky.

Once more he sat down beside her. There was a long silence between them, and then, as if she could no longer bear what she knew alone, she said, "At daybreak they air hangin' my son."

For a moment Alexander could not speak. His mind held no comfort for such a grief.

"Mother," he said, and he spoke as if she were his own, "tell me—"

"They say"—she paused and repeated the two words—"they say—he killed a man."

In a flash Alexander remembered Herford and the sensational trial that had taken place there in the spring. The papers had been full of the story of Rob Gurney, a young mountaineer who had fallen in love with a married woman and had shot her husband in cold blood. Young Gurney had proudly confessed his crime. He had contradicted his attorney's plea of insanity. He had told the court it was his right to rid a woman of a man she did not love when he would not free her.

Now his mother was saying, "Seems like I've got to git to him and tell him I know he didn't do hit."

"Why didn't you go before, Mother?"

"I didn't know till—hit's yesterday, now. The depot man brung me the letter. He told me whut they say."

"But it's been in all the newspapers," Alexander blurted out in his surprise.

"Us backwoods folks don't see no sech." She fumbled in her bosom and drew out an envelope which she handed him. By the light of a match he read the brief telegram:

> *At daybreak tomorrow they are hanging me. All I hate is hurting you and Pa. . . .*
> *Rob.*

As he folded the sheet to give it back, she said, "I could stand hit, somehow, if he jest knowed I know he didn't do hit."

A sense of his helplessness to help her swept Alexander's heart with pain. His human means could offer her no consolation. Should he offer to pray? He was a clergyman still. He had not yet taken the step that would sever his right to comfort the sorrowing in Christ's name.

"My boy couldn't 'a' killed a man," she said aloud, but to herself alone.

Maybe if he told her the truth the agony of not getting to her boy would be lessened. "Forgive me, Mother," he begged. "Your son didn't say in his telegram that he is innocent. How can you be so sure?"

"Why, he's his pap's son," she stated with whole faith. "His pap's son couldn't 'a' killed a man."

This confidence was her solace, Alexander realized. He mustn't destroy it. An inspiration came to him. He turned quickly to her. "Mother, tell me what message you want sent to your boy, and I'll try to get a telegram through."

"Oh!" Her little cry of relief was the first vent she had given to emotion, but when she spoke her voice was calm again. "Say I tried to git to him. Tell him me and his pa know he didn't do hit."

When she had paused, he asked, "Is that all?"

After a moment she answered, "I reckon."

IT WAS Alexander's intention to ask some woman among the passengers to sit with the old lady while he himself walked to the siding station. At the coach steps he found the conductor besieged by a small group of men. Alexander stopped to ask if the wires would be open at the siding. A lad, about to set out afoot, volunteered to carry the telegram. He thought he could get the message through.

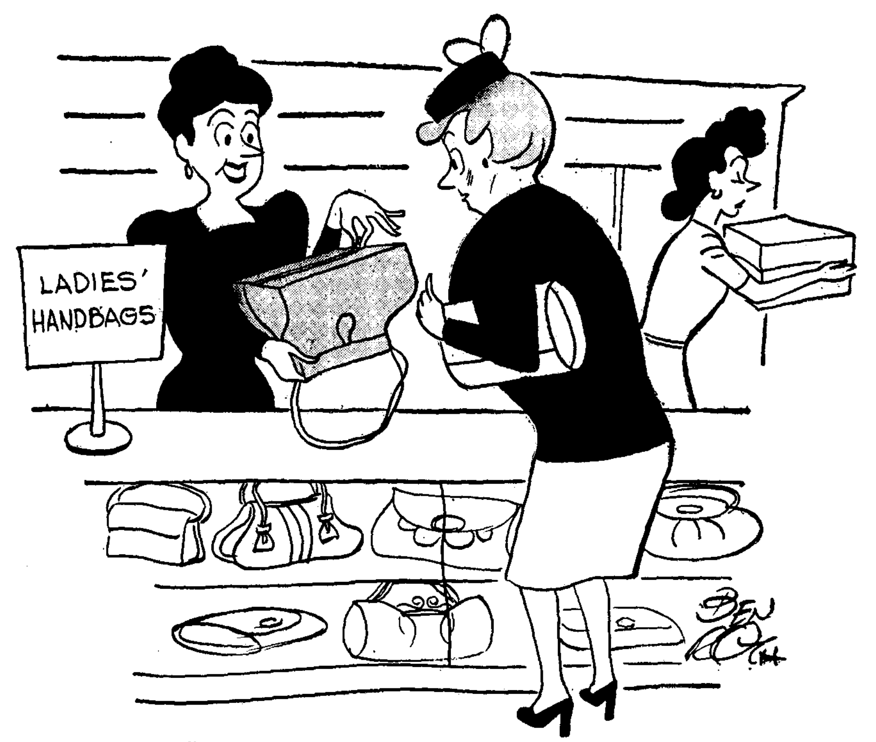
Alexander wrote two telegrams, one to Rob Gurney, signed, "Ma," the other under his own name to the prison warden, repeating the message to the condemned man. Together with a generous bill he pressed them into the hands of the boy and bade him hurry.

Then he went back to his charge.

"I'm more than obleeged to him and you," she said when he had explained how the message had been sent. "How much did hit cost?"

"Only a quarter, Mother. Never mind that."

She untied the corner of her handkerchief and paid him the change from there. He tried to lead her to speak of her boy. Yes, he was her only child. His pap couldn't come. He was down sick. She answered Alexander's ques-



"And best of all, it zips open at the bottom. That's where everything always is, anyway!"

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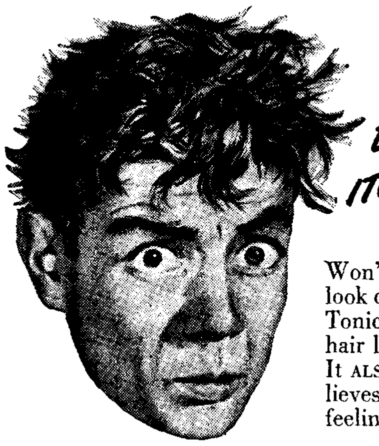

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tions but offered to say no more. He realized it was kinder not to talk.

Gradually voices ceased their clamor around the train. The passengers, worn out with impatience, had gone back to their seats to sleep. Soon the hush was broken only by the gentle purring of the engine.

Time seemed to hurry against Alexander's wish to hold off the day and keep the darkness for this mother. If only the sky would cloud, he thought, it might hide the actual going of the night from her. But the mist had disappeared. It was a clear moon that kept sliding westward.

Once, toward morning, she moaned a little.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mother?" he asked.

"No, sir, thank you," she said. "You reckon he's got my word yet?"

"Just about," Alexander lied. It would be another hour before the telegram could be delivered, if at all.

"Hit's easin' to know he knows," she said.

ALEXANDER marveled that her great concern was not her loss, nor yet her son's in having to yield his life. Her tribulation was the fear that he might not know that she believed him innocent. Suppose she knew he had confessed his guilt. Even that fact, Alexander felt, could not shake her faith in the purity of her child. He was hers—"the son of his pap." That father could not kill a man, nor could that part and parcel of him called son.

A question caught and held his thought: Is this God's grief, too, that His children do not know how guiltless He sees them in their spiritual likeness to Himself? Is sin a thing that mankind has dreamed . . . its punishment mortals' own device to awaken man to the innocency of his being?

She saw the first lifting of the night before he did. He knew it by the way her body suddenly stiffened straight. He put out a hand and touched her arm. Her flesh shook under the heavy throbbing of her pulse, but her spirit, he knew, was still.

"Mother," he said, "I'm a clergyman. Do you wish me to pray?"

"Pray that he gits my word," she answered.

He knelt at her feet. It was, he felt, the most sacred altar he had ever faced, for now he knew to Whom he prayed.

"Our Father who art in heaven," he claimed. *His Father, Rob Gurney's Father, and this mother's. The Father who knows only the spiritual son He has begotten—like unto His own image, without fault, without capacity to undo that likeness.*

His years of faith became a moment of understanding.

"Hallowed be Thy name . . ."

When the prayer ceased Alexander knelt on. Self was forgotten, and Anne. Rob Gurney and his mother were out of mind. The creature world had melted before the Presence he had found. . . .

When Alexander rose the sun was just coming up. Its light spread gently and touched the quiet old lady before it did the earth. Her face was still a patch of pain, but her eyes looked out unhurt.

It was noon when Alexander put Rob Gurney's mother on the Herford train. Once more he tried to persuade her to let him go with her and help bring her boy home.

"No, sir, thank you," she said, "I'm used to managin'." She wanted to be alone in the safety of herself, he knew. He hated to ask the question, but he must: "Mother, have you money enough?"

"Plenty, sir. I kept all he sent home to me. I ain't spent none, 'cept a little to buy him a Sunday suit." She touched the pillowcase that held his burial clothes.

"The conductor," Alexander said bluntly to hide the hurt in his throat, "will tell you when you get to Herford. Goodby, Mother."

She held his hand tightly. Her eyes were full of gratitude as she smiled up at him. When she released his hand he turned and left her.

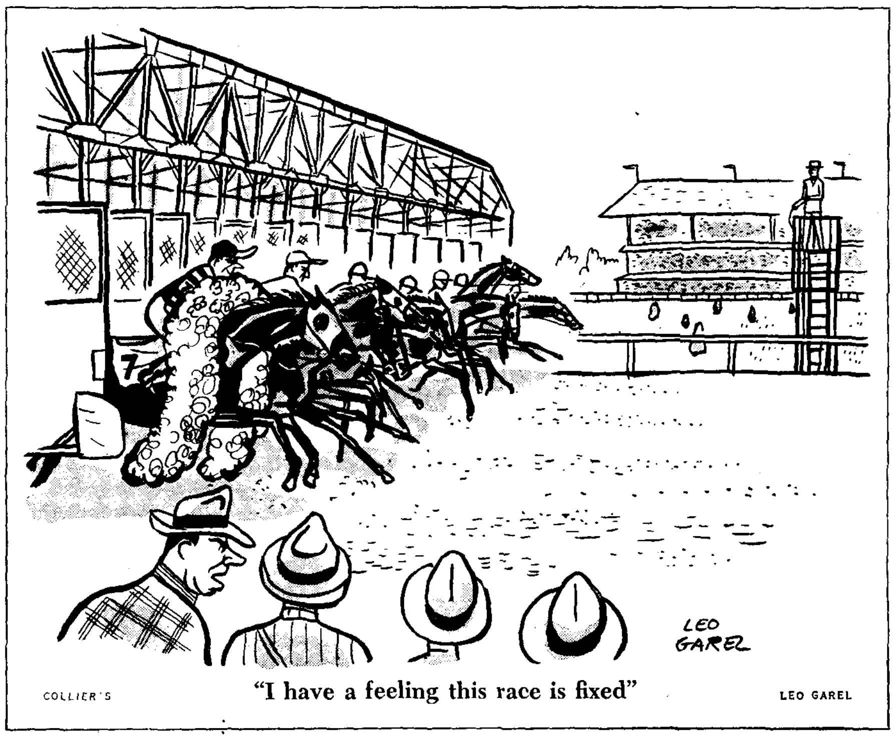
He saw her through the window as the train pulled out. She sat very still, her arms folded around the pillowcase. Her dry eyes were looking straight ahead.

On an empty bench in the Junction station Alexander sat down and came back to his world. In his prayer at dawn he had found his forgiveness, and in that deliverance he felt himself worthy to remain in the Church. The exaltation was still with him but it would not last, he knew. Even now his strength faltered when he thought of Anne—the anguish of her loneliness that was equal to his own, the long years ahead that held no hope. Rob Gurney's mother had not thought of tomorrow. She had thought of her boy's innocence. In the white light of her love he had glimpses of his own path.

Anne had bade him go, and he had gone. They had made their offering unto the Lord; their tomorrows were in His keeping.

The stationmaster was calling a departing train. Alexander picked up his belongings and went through the gate that led to Corinth.

THE END



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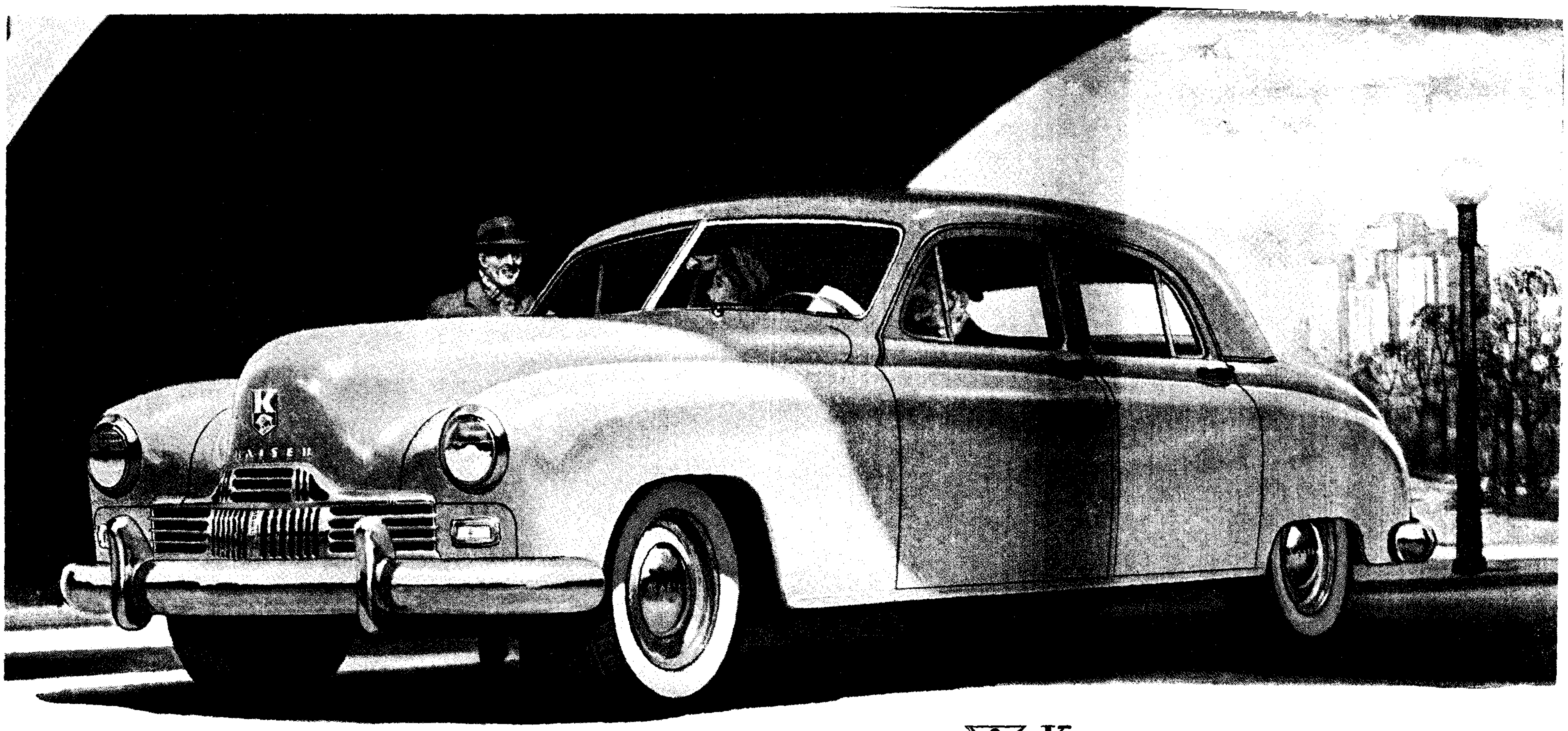

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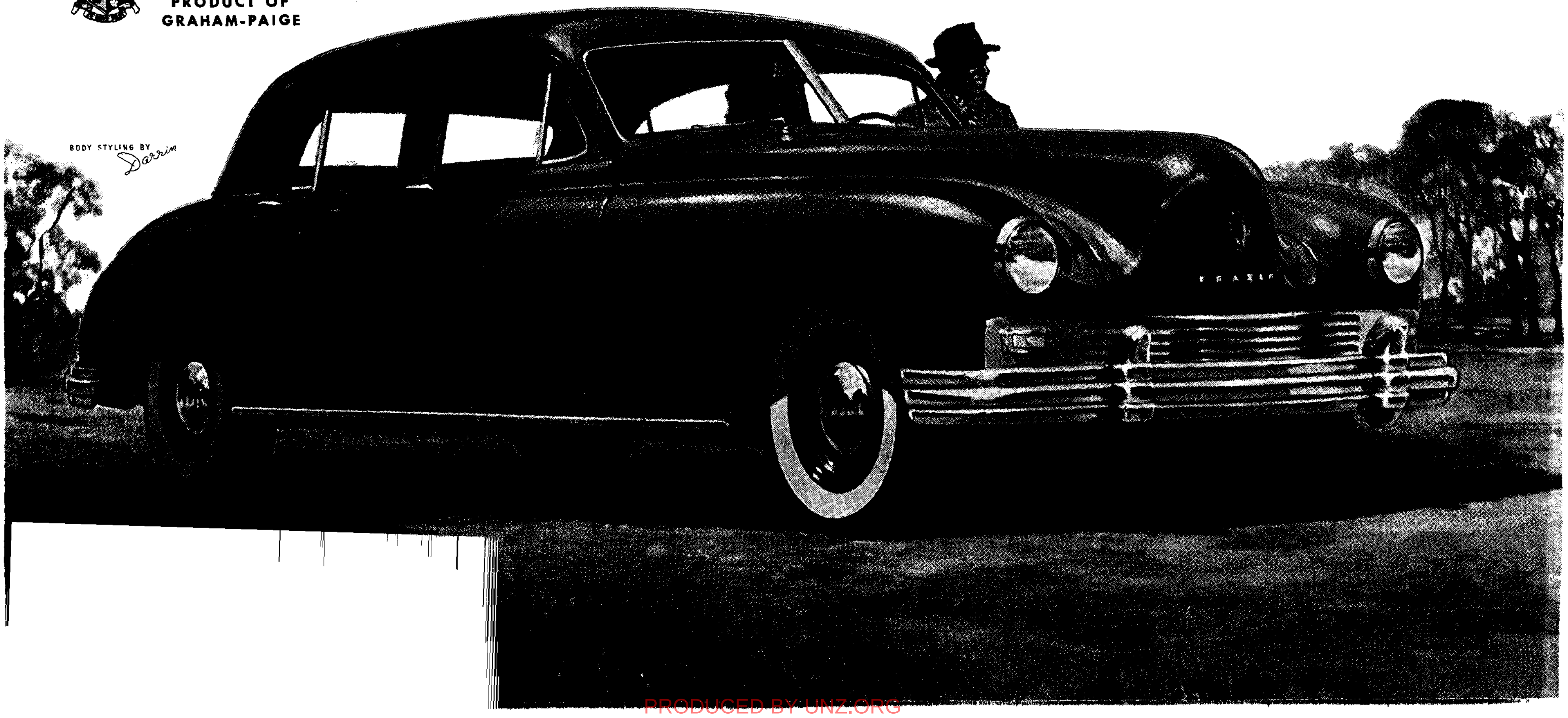


BODY STYLING BY *Darrin*

ARCTIC GIANT KILLERS

Continued from page 13

Taakpuk had chosen twin angular ice points extending out into the lead for his camp site. He pitched his tent on the second extremity. The whales, which he assured me were creatures of habit, must skirt the points or dive under the first one and come up practically at his door.

Camp consisted of a low, gray 12 by 8 tent, a canvas windbreak and miscellaneous gear. About six feet of ice in the rear of the tent was covered with caribou hides for sleeping. A primus stove near the entrance provided some heat and kept a teakettle of coffee always hot. Half the men slept and the rest kept a sharp lookout over the lead.

About three o'clock in the morning I crawled in on the caribou hides and went to sleep. Suddenly I was awakened by shouting outside. A couple of Eskimos sleeping beside me leaped to their feet and bounded out. By the time I got through the tent flaps all I could see was the broad flukes of a whale straight up in the icy water but going down. The men, standing upright in the umiak with darting guns and harpoons poised, were just an instant too late.

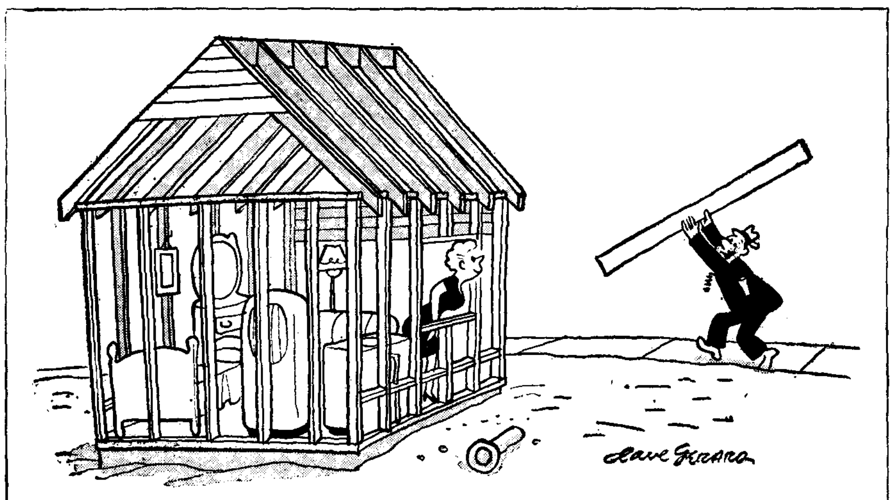
The next day most of the whales were on the far side of the lead which had widened out to about two miles. Once I saw three spouting at the same time.

The Eskimos always left a loaded .22-caliber rifle on an ice cake pointed toward the lead. Occasionally a hair seal popped his head through the thin ice scum which continually formed on the water, and craned his neck. The first man to see it ran to the rifle and shot. If he killed it, the seal was his. If he missed, he was the butt of derisive laughter and good-natured kidding.

Taakpuk's runner had arrived in the village about five o'clock in the morning. Men and women started streaming into camp about noon, almost 25 dog teams arriving in less than an hour. Taakpuk decided to move camp to a sheltered spot on a small ice bay about three quarters of a mile north. The women and boys moved camp and the men prepared the whale for towing.

"Taakpuk says this is a dangerous spot and the ice might break off," said Walton. "But that's not the real reason. He doesn't want to butcher here because the whales might shun the place afterward."

Eskimos in the umiak began the laborious job of towing the whale by its tail to the new camp. A dozen sealskin floats kept the submerged head from sinking too deep in the water. The men in the boat threw a line to the ice and about thirty men and women helped the paddlers pull the heavy beast, which must have weighed at least between 50 and 60 tons.



"Great news, Winnie! Today they let me have another board!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

Meanwhile Eskimos with axes and cutting spades had chipped a ramp on the edge of the ice which slanted gradually down about two feet under water. A cable was attached to the whale and with block and tackle the big carcass was inched, tail first, up on the ice. When about ten feet of the tail was on solid ice and the monster couldn't be budged an inch farther, the lines were secured.

The Eskimos are experts with their long-handled, razor-sharp, broad iron cutting spades. They used them with lightning speed and took *muktuk* and blubber off in squares about three feet wide and a foot thick. In no time at all they had the upper side of the exposed tail cleaned to the backbone. They were careful not to touch the *muktuk* on the under side, for it made a smooth sliding surface on the ice.

Meanwhile other Eskimos working from the umiak cut big chunks, weighing from one to three hundred pounds, from the part of the whale still in the water. They sank a hook attached to a line into the blubber and as each piece was sheared off the carcass, pulled it onto the ice. They never lost a piece.

When the men had cut away everything they could reach, the pulling began again. The second time about four feet of the whale came out of the water and the cutting started again. Each time the process was repeated, the whale became lighter.

Every person in the village receives a share of any whale killed, the largest going to the crew leader and crew that killed the animal. A portion goes to the Barrow hospital and shares for all the village widows are set aside. The portions are allotted as each piece is cut, gaffed and dragged away.

Taakpuk, as leader of the crew, was entitled to about ten feet of the small of the whale and the massive enormous head. He gave the head to the crew members as a special bonus. He and his crew are also entitled to share in any other whale killed by another crew. Taakpuk and other whale killers must provide whale meat for feasting at Nel-lakatuk, a holiday of dancing and skin-blanket tossing held in June after whaling season, and also another feast in December on the shortest day of the year.

No part of the whale is wasted. The intestines are used for stitching. The skin of the liver is worked into heads for drums. The cartilage is chopped out of the big jawbones, formerly used to brace up sod huts, and carved into balls which bounce for the children. The frozen blood on the ice is chopped in cakes, sacked and stored for winter dog food.

The Eskimo women boiled some of the whale's coarse, stringy meat and the kidney. The rich meat taste reminded me of moose I had eaten a few days previously, and the kidney was less strong than beef kidney.

About ten o'clock I saw Steve Hopson, whose Scotch father was a famous whaler fifty years ago, and his crew slip away in their heavy wooden Peterborough and head for the points Taakpuk had temporarily abandoned. About midnight someone shouted and pointed out over the lead. A big whale had broken water about a half mile out and was threshing about. Steve and his men had made a strike.

Steve's boat came out from behind the northmost cape and headed for the whale. Taakpuk's umiak was already in the water on the way to help. The whale slashed water like an angry reptile, obviously badly wounded.

The Eskimos drove the boats, one on either side of the whale, forward at full speed. Swiftly they converged on the convulsed monster. I watched Otis stand up in the umiak and raise the bomb gun to his shoulder. Horace Ahsogiak was upright in the Peterborough ready with the harpoon lance.

For a moment I thought the boats were going to ram the whale. Then with perfect co-ordination, Otis shot and Horace plunged in his harpoon. Both boats backed away from the whale, which jerked and shuddered convulsively and died. The Eskimos returned to the whale, jabbed in floats and fastened lines. Then Steve Hopson broke out his victory flag and the men raised their oars above their heads and yelled.

A Scene of Wild Jubilation

The Eskimos on the ice went wild. They shouted, hugged, kissed and several did jiglike dances. Mrs. Hopson was almost weeping with joy. It was Steve's first year with his own crew and his first whale.

Happily Steve's whale was a "floater" and the two boats had no trouble towing it in and tying it to the ice near the first whale.

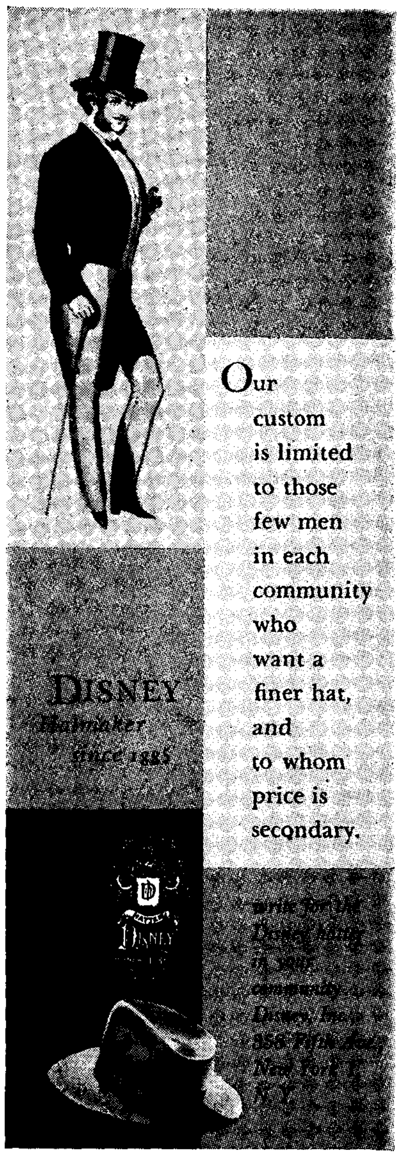
The men worked like demons to finish Taakpuk's whale so they could start butchering on Steve's. Early in the morning enough meat had been taken off so the huge head could be hauled completely out of the water. Even mutilated and stripped of half his meat, the beast was immense. Steve's whale was only slightly smaller.

I didn't sleep the second night. The Eskimos worked until they were dog-tired and then dropped on the caribou skins. Every Eskimo did his part. When one stopped work the other Eskimos knew he was exhausted and would return to work as soon as he was rested.

The next afternoon I returned to the village. I had seen several phases of flaw whaling and had enough of the crimson camp. I wanted white man's food, a bath and some sleep.

The score at Barrow this year was seven whales killed, four of which were saved and butchered. The other three were lost in the ocean. Taakpuk, who has easily killed more than a hundred whales, equaled his best year's record by getting four, but saved only one. In addition, the Eskimos killed more than twenty polar bears, a by-product of whaling. The bears, attracted by the smell of fresh blood, prowl the apparently deserted camps searching for scraps, only to be shot by Eskimos hiding behind ice cakes. After whaling season comes walrus season, but whatever happens, the Barrow Eskimos will have enough whale to eat this winter.

THE END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THE PATHS OF GLORY

Continued from page 21

million dead will not live again. Nothing can correct what these men planned and ordered. This tribunal was gathered to judge, but above all, it was gathered to reaffirm and re-establish the rule of law between nations.

Everything about the trial at Nuremberg was unique in history; everything happened for the first time. Everyone present seemed to know that history was being made; everyone seemed to feel that responsibility and to find it heavy. The judges looked more tired than the men they were judging; the tables where the prosecution sat were crowded with the lawyers and advisers of four nations and they too seemed drained by fatigue.

The German defense lawyers, in rows before the prisoners' dock, were pale and exhausted. For ten months, day after day, they had all listened to a record of such evil as truly darkens and sickens the mind. There was an atmosphere of long strain, of patience and determination, and there was a kind of grandeur about this room which history will note.

Without Haste or Passion

You turned a dial on the gadget fastened to your chair arm and tuned in on whatever language you understood. The best voice perhaps was that of Lord Justice Geoffrey Lawrence, president of the tribunal. Over the earphones you heard that slow, careful and immensely quiet voice reading without haste or passion, and you felt the dignity and the modesty of the man. He too looked tired and old, with the hard lights shining down on his great bald dome of a head. His voice was a symbol of what all civilized people want and mean by justice—something serene and unafraid and stronger than time. Something that will endure in honor. That voice was speaking for history:

"Planning and preparation are essential to the making of war. In the opinion of the tribunal, aggressive war is a crime under international law. According to the indictment, aggressive action was planned and carried out against Austria and Czechoslovakia in 1936-1938, followed by the planning and waging of war against Poland; and successively against ten other countries. Hitler could not make aggressive war by himself. He had to have the co-operation of statesmen, military leaders, diplomats and businessmen. That they were assigned to their tasks by a dictator does not absolve them from responsibility for their acts."

Those are clear words which anyone can understand. Aggressive war is a crime; the state is not some vague abstraction; the state is governed by men who are in authority over their fellows; they are responsible for their acts; if their acts are crimes, they are criminally responsible.

Wars do not just happen. And now there is a law against murder, for nations as for men. There is crime and punishment. The organizers of wars will no longer live in comfortable exile when the war is over, while the plain people build back their world, brick by brick, and mourn their dead.

The twenty-one remaining leaders of the German Nazi state were indicted at Nuremberg on four counts. The first was "The common plan or conspiracy," which in fact includes the other three charges of criminality. "The common plan or conspiracy" count states that these men planned consciously for a period of years to wage aggressive war and to employ—in the course of such war—every criminal means they could devise in violation of international treaties and agreements and national law, to insure their victory.

Their common plan began in the beer halls of Munich and proceeded through the Nazi seizure of power in Germany, continued with secret rearming and the deformation of the life of the German nation, the perversion of the German people, into undeclared wars whose full and monstrous horror has been exposed for the first time in the endless documents of this trial. The common plan was stopped forcibly by the Allied victory in 1945; otherwise we would all be living according to that common plan today.

The second charge against these twenty-one men was crimes against peace. War is the crime against peace. War is the silver bombers, with the young men in them, who never wanted to kill anyone, flying in the morning sun over Germany and not coming back. War is the sinking ship and the sailors drowning in a flaming sea on the way to Murmansk. War is the two wooden crosses with dog tags nailed to them at the road juncture above Arlon. War is casualty lists and bombed ruins and refugees, frightened and homeless and tired to death, on all the roads. War is everything you remember from those long ugly years. And its heritage is what we have now, this maimed and tormented world which we must somehow restore.

The third count in the Nuremberg indictment was war crimes. Because men could not abolish war they tried at least to limit its horrors, and a body of common practice and custom had grown up since the eighteenth century, and had been modified in our time, which prescribed the treatment of prisoners, helpless combatants, civilian populations and property and neutrals in time of war. The German Nazi doctrine of total war had no use for these rules, which were binding on all. There is nothing gentle and little good about war; in the insanity of battle, prisoners have been shot by both sides. But Germans organized their crimes as if they were running a vast industry, and nothing was forgotten.

Total War on the Helpless

There were always the neat, formal orders, the interbureau notes, the reports, the polite or slightly bragging messages between the leaders. With the greatest order and system they organized the shooting of hostages, the "bullet decree" for escaping war prisoners, commandos and aviators, the failure to rescue and the attempted murder of survivors from sunken ships, the "night and fog" decree whereby anyone judged dangerous to the German regime was transported into Germany and ultimate death and no trace of his whereabouts or fate ever made known, the wholesale plundering of occupied nations whose people might starve as long as Germans lived, the vast and appalling herding into slavery of seven million foreign men, women and children.

At one time a German order appeared saying that "for the moment no more children will be shot." The demand for labor was growing hungrily and it had been discovered that children could be worked quite well.

The German Nazi state and its leaders have been mainly convicted from their own documents. It is impossible to quote here even partially the proofs of their crimes as recorded by themselves. But there are some few which must be mentioned.

On the subject of Russian prisoners of war captured in the early days of the campaign, Himmler said in 1943, "At the time we did not value the mass of humanity as we value it today as raw material, as labor. What is now deplora-

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ble by reason of the loss of labor is that the prisoners died in tens and hundreds of thousands of exhaustion and hunger."

Field Marshal Keitel in 1941 ordered: "It should be inferred in every case of resistance to the German occupying forces, no matter what the individual circumstances, that it is of Communist origin. The death penalty for 50 to 100 Communists should generally be regarded as suitable atonement for one German soldier's life." In Yugoslavia, a month later, 2,300 hostages were shot at one time in revenge for the killing of ten German soldiers and the wounding of another twenty-six. It was the same throughout Europe.

Himmler, in 1941, addressing SS officers on the necessity for obtaining more slave labor, said, "Whether 10,000 Russian females fall from exhaustion while digging an antitank ditch interests me only in so far as the antitank ditch for Germans is finished."

And so it goes, on and on, the disgusting record of brutality and murder. Frank, one of the defendants at this trial said in 1941, "As a matter of principle we shall have pity only for the German people and for no one else in the world."

The fourth count against the twenty-one defendants was crimes against humanity. The crimes against humanity are the extermination or attempted extermination of whole peoples and races whom the Germans decided were in their way. These people lived on land or owned property which the Germans desired; furthermore, the Germans regarded them as inferior. (In their own country, as a side line, they exterminated 275,000 men and women who were described by them as "useless eaters"—the old, the feeble-minded, the incurably ill.)

They killed one third of the population of Poland and two thirds of the Jews of Europe; they tried systematically to murder the intelligentsia in occupied countries because these men would carry on the traditions of their people and keep alive their love of freedom.

Again the German leaders organized death as a mass industry. There were the great murder factories at Auschwitz, Belsen, Treblinka, Mauthausen, Sachsenhausen, Flosseberg, Neuengarme, Gusin Natzweiler, Lublin, Buchenwald, Dachau. These were the main plants, and in them some six million people were killed.

All the defendants knew of these places, some of them ordered their construction, directed their operations and used their services as a matter of routine. Imagine, if you can, Kaltenbrunner, the Gestapo chief, a 42-year-old lawyer with a face of really deadly evil, giving luncheon parties in his Berlin home and over cigars and coffee explaining in detail the working of the gas chambers and crematorium ovens.

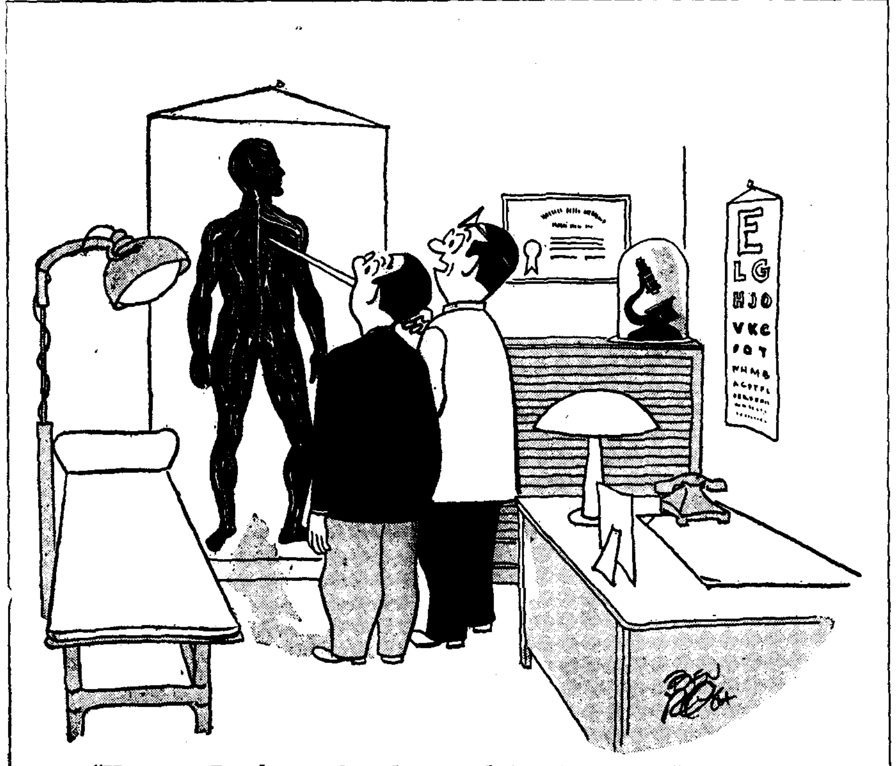
There is one heartbreaking and appalling piece of testimony which must be quoted here; it is the eyewitness account of a German who watched the mass shooting of Jews at Dubno. He describes the great open pit, already half full, and the new victims arriving by truck. They had to put down their clothes in fixed places, sorted according to shoes, top clothing and underclothing. Without screaming or weeping, these people undressed, stood around in family groups, kissed each other, said farewells and waited for the sign from another SS man who stood near the pit, whip in hand.

Victims of Mass Execution

"During the fifteen minutes that I stood near," says the eyewitness, "I heard no complaint or plea for mercy. I watched a family of eight persons, a man and a woman, both forty, with their children of about one, eight and ten, and two grown-up daughters of about twenty to twenty-two. An old woman with snow-white hair was holding the year-old child in her arms and singing to it and tickling it. The child was cooing with delight.

"The couple were looking on with tears in their eyes. The father was holding the hand of a boy of about ten and speaking to him softly; the boy was fighting his tears. The father pointed to the sky, stroked his head, and seemed to explain something to him.

"The SS man at the pit counted off about twenty persons and instructed them to go behind the earth mound. Among them was the family I have mentioned. I walked around the mound and found myself confronted by an enormous grave. People were closely wedged together and lying on top of each other so that only their heads were visible. Nearly all had blood running over their shoulders from their heads. Some of the people shot were still moving. I estimated that the pit contained about one thousand bodies already. I looked for the man who did the shooting. He was an SS man who sat at the edge



"Hampton Road runs along here, and then you turn off into Craig Avenue, drive along Park Place, turn right, and there is my home"

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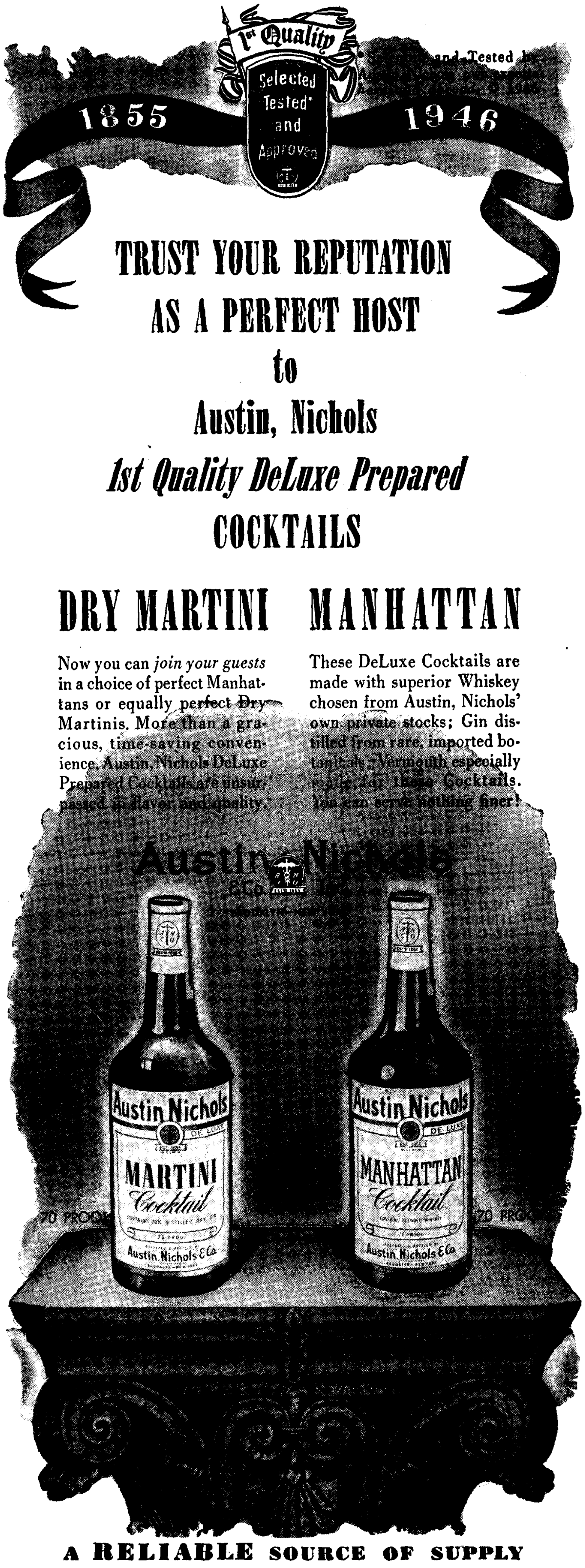
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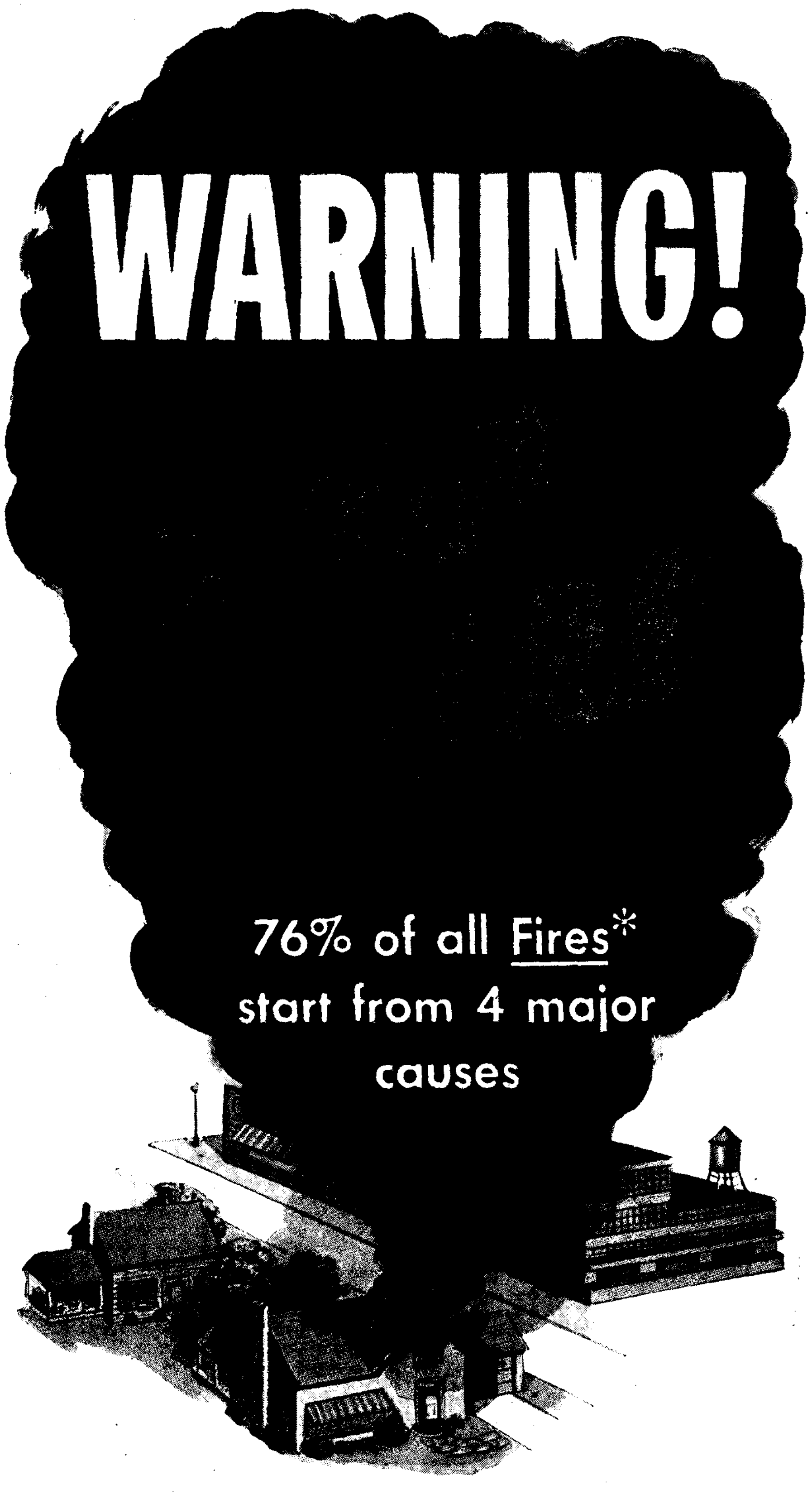

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of the narrow end of the pit, his feet dangling into the pit. He had a tommy gun on his knees and was smoking a cigarette."

There were months of this testimony; all proved, all sworn to by witnesses, the witnesses checked and counterchecked, the documents verified. It is no wonder that in Germany you feel as if the very air you breathe is poisoned. The defendants, who knew all this at the time, and heard it repeated in this courtroom day by day, somehow still sat in their allotted spaces with the same fixed expressions on their faces.

The night before the verdict we decided to escape the cracked rubble that is Nuremberg. We would drive out into the countryside, which is sweet and richly green, and find a village and a pub and a meal and some beer. In Ansbach a boy offered to guide us to a café. He was tall and blond, twenty years old, with charming manners and blue eyes and white teeth. We invited him to eat with us.

We have all talked to many Germans since the early days of entering this country with the Army. I remember the very beginning when white sheets of surrender hung from every window and no one was a Nazi, and oddly enough, vast numbers of Germans were half Jew and everyone had hidden a Communist, and all were agreed that Hitler was a monster.

Whining as a Fine Art

Then, six months later, I remember that had changed and we heard how even during the worst period of the war they had butter and coal and clothes to wear and now (with an accusing look at us) there were none of these things. I remember my German driver eating a large white-bread sandwich and telling me bitterly that everyone was starving. But listening to this handsome boy in Ansbach was probably the most melancholy experience of all.

He had been a soldier since he was sixteen, in the Panzer grenadiers, which means that he was top-notch quality by German standards. He had been wounded three times, had fought against the English at Caen and on the Russian front. He said quite simply that Germany made war because England was ready to attack her. The Allied bombings, he said regretfully (for he did not wish to hurt our feelings), were not correct; they could not be forgotten: What did innocent women and children have to do with war?

"Then why do you suppose the German air force bombed Warsaw and London and Coventry first?" we asked. He was puzzled by this, but said there was probably a reason.

He went on to remark that this talk about the concentration camps was exaggerated and propaganda; he had seen people returning from "protective custody" to this very town and they were fat and sunburned.

There must have been some look in our eyes which stopped him, for he changed the subject by saying that it was wrong to kill the Jews, it was a mistake. This is a favorite German word. There is no crime, there are mistakes. On the other hand, said the boy, you could not help hating the Jews because they never did real work. In his life he had only seen the Jews changing money in a tricky way. Now Jews were returning to this town, and German families had to give them back their houses and sit in the street; no one spoke to the Jews.

Life was very hard nowadays, and there was little to eat. Of course you could buy whatever you liked on the black market. The black market was run by foreigners and notably by all these Poles. The Poles, he said, got many extra pairs of shoes from UNRRA and sold them and so grew into rich black marketeers.

The Hitler Jugend, he opined, had been a fine organization; they were given trips and concerts; they were taught culture. In the worst year of the war in Germany, everyone had everything he needed, but look at them now.

"Didn't you get all the things, the food and the clothes and all the little niceties, from Poland and France, Belgium and Holland?" my colleague inquired.

"No," said the boy proudly, "from Germany."

"Nuts!" said my colleague, who was beginning to feel sick.

At the end of the war, the boy continued, people hated Hitler because he had lost the war; but now they were beginning to see that Hitler was not really so bad, for things were much worse than when he had been running Germany. As for these trials, said the boy, Goering followed his ideas, he admitted it; he tried to do his best for Germany. The generals and admirals obeyed orders and should not be tried at all. But Funk, who had wept on the witness stand, was not a real German and whatever happened to him was all right. Anyhow, of course, the Allies would do whatever they liked at this trial since they had won the war.

When we left, the boy looked at us with hurt eyes, for he saw that he had not made a favorable impression though he had been so friendly and tried so hard to help us understand Germany.

I visited various responsible Germans asking their opinion of the Nuremberg trial. There is no use in reporting those dreary interviews. One respectable businessman suggested that I consider Nuremberg, bombed flat, and Hiroshima, wiped out. Apparently, he said, what the victors do is all right; only the vanquished are bad. The upshot of these conversations was that since the Allies have won the war they could hold a trial if they liked, but why didn't they just shoot the defendants without this endless talk? The German people were sick of all these trials.

After Sentence Was Passed

It took forty-seven minutes on the afternoon of October 1st to deliver sentence on the twenty-one German leaders. After it was over, there was an empty, stunned feeling in the courtroom, the judges filed out, the room was quiet, the trial was over, justice had been done. Justice seemed very small, suddenly; an anticlimax. Of course it had to be, for there was no punishment great enough for such guilt.

We must stand back from this trial to see it truly. At the end of his final speech the British Attorney General said: "The state and the law are made for man, that through them he may achieve a fuller life, a higher purpose and a greater dignity. States may be great and powerful. Ultimately the rights of men, made as all men are made in the image of God, are fundamental."

Eighteen nations are signatory to the charter under which this tribunal functioned. Eighteen nations are bound by the precedent this tribunal has set. Eighteen nations have agreed that the rights of man are inviolable and that aggressive war is a crime against mankind. This crime, together with all the evils flowing from it, is punishable by law. The men who labored so steadfastly and so honorably to set this precedent have committed a great act of hope. The hope is that this body of law will serve as a barrier against the collective wickedness, greed and folly of any nation. In these dark times it is only a hope. But without hope we cannot live. And in a time of doubt and suspicion, there is hope in the fact that men of four nations could work patiently together to brand evil and reaffirm the power and goodness of honest law.

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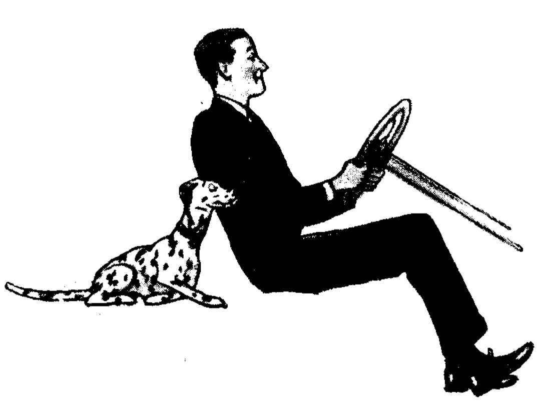

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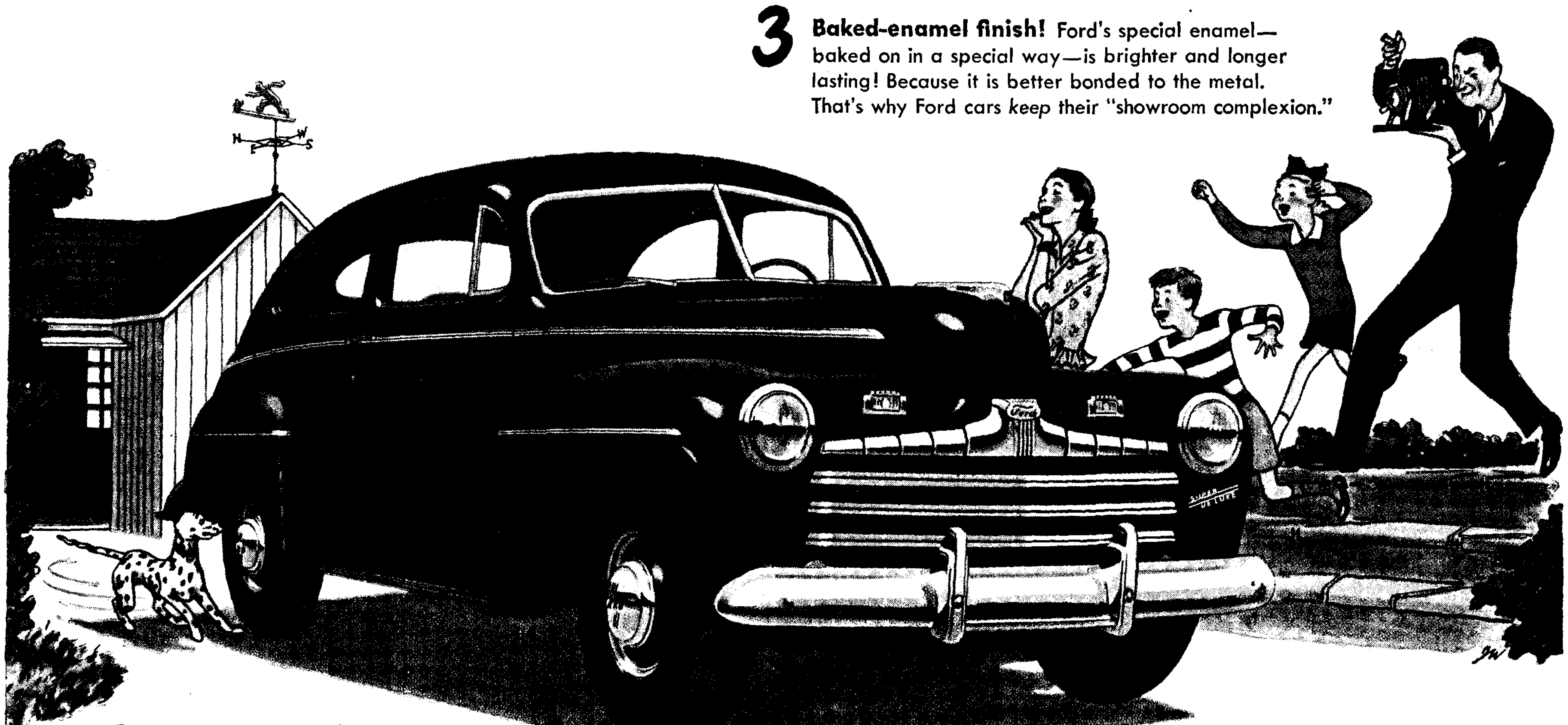

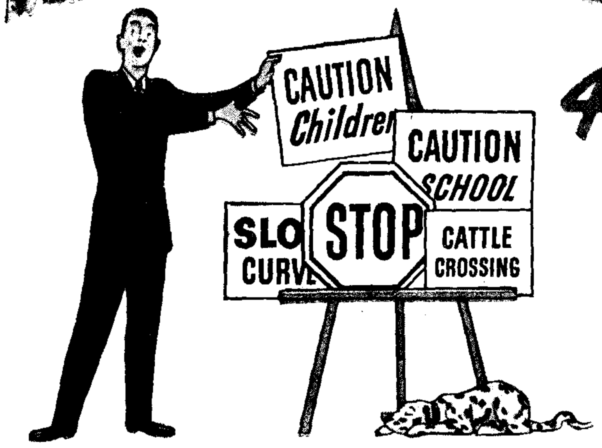

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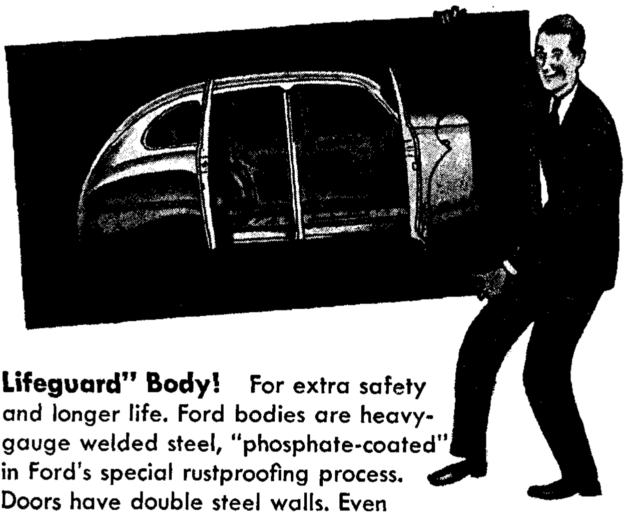

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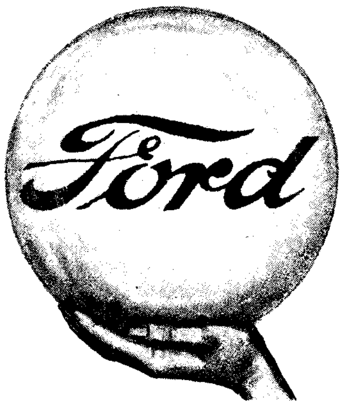

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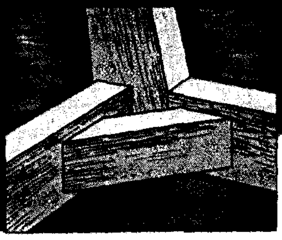

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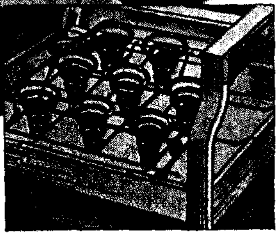

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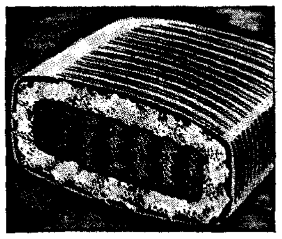

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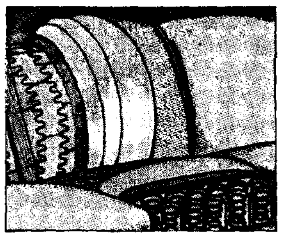

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After years of extravagant claims, we're beginning to appraise our modern "miracle drugs" for exactly what they are—a hopeful beginning

THE CASE OF THE MISSING MIRACLE

BY BILL DAVIDSON

A YOUNG California physician recently came back from the Army to resume his practice. In the first two days after he'd opened his office, no less than seven patients came to him and insisted that he treat their hay-fever attacks with a drug called anthallan.

"Anthallan?" asked the doctor.

"Sure," said the first of the seven patients, "a new miracle drug. It was on the front page of all the papers last week."

"Oh," said the doctor, and he rushed to the medical files. Sure enough, he found that Dr. A. D. Ghiselin, Jr., had reported his findings on anthallan in the June, 1946, issue of the New York Academy of Medicine Bulletin. He dashed into a drugstore to order some anthallan. But the pharmacist just shook his head sympathetically, and without saying a word, he showed the doctor a July issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

The Journal was opened to a well-worn page on which there was an editorial concerning Dr. Ghiselin's article. The Journal had concluded by saying: "There does not seem to be any basis in the author's results for the recent newspaper and radio publicity given anthallan as a new 'cure' for hay fever."

Twice more in the next few days, the young doctor's patients mentioned other new "miracle drugs" to him. Again the ex-Army physician checked the medical literature. Vitamin E had been kayoed as a cure-all for heart disease in about three weeks flat, and patulin, a much-publicized cure for the common cold, was debunked just one week after publication, in the *same* medical journal in which it had been announced.

Our young doctor wasn't really up against anything new. This isn't the first time the world has gone through a "miracle drug" era, with its attendant medical squabbles, premature announcements of results, and the false enthusiasms of a host of so-called "science writers." The same thing happens after each great, or supposedly great, medical discovery.

In 1910, for instance, when Paul Ehrlich announced salvarsan (otherwise known as "606" or the "Magic Bullet") as a killer of syphilis spirochetes, all the hangers-on rushed to get into the act, and for five years the world was deluged with lurid literature describing salvarsan as a cure for practically every disease known to man. By 1915, it was proved once and for all that the arsenicals (the chemical family to which salvarsan belongs) are principally good for killing spirochetes and the big ballyhoo was over.

In 1901, two European scientists named Rudolf Emmerich and Oscar Löw discovered that a drug called pyocyanase was pretty good for killing diphtheria germs in the blood stream. Pyocyanase was the first drug to be derived from a plant mold, and thus it was the first of the so-called "antibiotics," and the granddaddy of penicillin. It was crude and loaded with impurities, but that didn't stop the tub-thumpers, and for eight years the world was pyocyanase crazy. The drug was announced as a cure for cholera, meningitis, anthrax, catarrh and tuberculosis. One newspaper went so far as to claim that "*all* diseases now fall within the deadly range of this miraculous substance."

A Middle West medicine-show barker made a fortune by selling "genuine Indian snake oil with a 5 per cent pyocyanase base." Every drugstore was loaded with pyocyanase patent medicines for ailments ranging from hereditary baldness to athlete's foot. And an Austrian researcher named Dr. Eugene Piasecki kept the ball rolling by announcing in 1909 that pyocyanase, when sprayed into the mouth, was the most powerful disinfectant yet devised. Yet, by 1910, the drug was abandoned by physicians because of its spotty results in diphtheria and its negative results in other diseases. The pyocyanase bubble had finally burst, and very few

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people even recognize the name today.

This does not mean that the sulfas, penicillins and streptomycins of today will suffer the same fate. These three families of drugs *have* exhibited genuine and proved bacteria-killing properties. But there have been so many overenthusiastic claims and premature claims about these and other drugs that people can be forgiven for getting the idea that a modern doctor has a cabinet in his office, labeled "Miracle Drugs."

The fact is that internal medicine still is floundering around in the Dark Ages, there still is a host of diseases and reactions we know absolutely nothing about, and the successful sulfas, penicillins and streptomycins represent no more than a very limited beachhead in man's war against the bacteria.

Evaluating a New Drug

And as far as these new drugs are concerned, a famous University of Pennsylvania professor of medicine, Dr. O. H. Pepper, sums it all up very nicely. "Every new drug when it comes out," he tells his students, "goes through what looks like a typhoid-fever curve. First, the fever goes 'way up, while every doctor uses the drug for everything. Then it goes 'way down, while the drug is universally condemned. Finally, the fever finds its level, and stays there." This "finding its level" is a complete reevaluation of the drug, which is exactly what the sulfas, penicillins and streptomycins are going through after three years of the wild claims and counterclaims.

At the beginning of the war, for instance, scientists were split on the value of sprinkling powdered sulfa into an open battle wound. Just before Dunkerque, all British soldiers were issued packets of crystalline sulfapyridine in their first-aid kits, and after the battle was over, the newspapers were filled with stories of how the legs, arms and lives of countless Tommies were saved by the powder.

When America entered the war, every American soldier, sailor and Marine carried the crystalline powder in his first-aid kit, along with sulfa tablets to swallow.

In 1945, however, the sulfa powder was quietly removed from the first-aid kits, and the Army issued a directive prohibiting its use by nonmedical personnel. It seems that in order for sulfa to prevent the spread of infections, it must be absorbed into the bloodstream. Oral administration was much more effective than pouring the crystals into wounds filled with shell fragments, dirt and whatever else soldiers happened to be lying in when they were hit.

Keeping in mind the claims made for the sulfonamides less than five years ago when they were being used against every conceivable type of disease germ, it is interesting to note that because of a large percentage of failures, sulfas now have been abandoned completely as a treatment for influenza and influenzal meningitis, Friedländer's pneumonia, undulant fever, typhoid fever.

Also, in the guidance chart recently issued to all Army hospitals by the Surgeon General's office, sulfas are indicated as the drug of choice in only one group of diseases out of a total of 33. They still are listed as equally effective with penicillin or streptomycin in treating four other groups of diseases, which include gonorrhea, scarlet fever and some types of pneumonia. But in nine groups of diseases, sulfas are listed as of "doubtful benefit," and in twelve other groups as of no benefit at all.

The most successful and most honestly publicized new drug to date has been penicillin, the product of the stray mold that wandered into Dr. Alexander Fleming's London laboratory one day in 1928. Unlike the sulfa drugs, penicillin's clinical tests were conducted largely by the U.S. Army during the war, under the strictest military secrecy. Very little was distributed to civilian researchers and this prevented many premature announcements. When the story of penicillin finally was released to the world, however, it was like the bursting of a dam.

Penicillin has lived up to most of its early publicity, except in a few respects but it isn't sure death to every germ in sight. Actually, for purposes of classification, there are two general kinds of trouble-causing bugs, known respectively as Gram-positive bacteria and Gram-negative bacteria, after a Danish scientist named Dr. Gram, who discovered that all bacteria, when treated with a certain stain, either become blue-colored under the microscope or do not take on any color at all.

Clinical tests with penicillin revealed an interesting fact: Fleming's drug spectacularly slaughtered nearly all Gram-positive bacteria. The Gram-negative bacteria, however, merely spit out penicillin like so many mouthfuls of tobacco juice, and continued with their work of tearing down the human body.

So penicillin holds out no hope at all for deadly typhoid fever, influenzal meningitis and other diseases caused by Gram-negative bacteria. Fortunately, however, by far the greatest span of man's infectious diseases is caused by Gram-positive bacteria, against nearly all of which penicillin is startlingly effective. This keeps the deadly streptococci, staphylococci, pneumococci and the other familiar germs pretty safely under control.

All this made a gaily optimistic picture for a while. Then some strange things began to happen. Doctors found that in some cases, bacteria that were supposed to roll over and die at the slightest whiff of penicillin were thriving happily in the human body after inhaling millions of units of the drug. At Keesler Field, Mississippi, in January, 1945, there was an outbreak of streptococcus infections among the Air Force men stationed there. It did not respond at all to penicillin. The same thing happened at Lowry Field, Colorado, in March, 1946, when penicillin failed miserably in stopping an epidemic of strep throat that should have been a soft touch for it.

These items found their way into a suddenly pessimistic press, and Dr. Hans Molitor, distinguished director of the Merck Institute, was quoted as saying, "Within a few years, penicillin may lose much of its power to cure some of the most prevalent diseases." That really put the ballyhoo into reverse.

How Germs Develop Resistance

Actually, this phenomenon of bacteria developing a resistance or "drug fastness" to a certain drug is nothing new. It happened with Ehrlich's salvarsan, with quinine in the treatment of malaria, and with the sulfa drugs—yet all of these are still deadly against bacteria. Drug fastness develops when bacteria are merely knocked out, but not killed, by an *insufficient* dose of a drug. The germs then recover and build up a chemical defense against the drug. Those particular bacteria and their descendants will not be susceptible to that drug thereafter. Fortunately for the human race, bacteria can develop resistance to only one drug at a time. Thus, if penicillin fails, you always can throw a sneak haymaker at the bug with sulfa—or whatever other drug is effective in that disease.

There were wide-scale incidents of drug fastness toward the sulfas during the war. G.I.s, for example, dosed themselves with the sulfa tablets in their first-aid kits in order to avoid going to the hospital for gonorrhea treatment. This small dose succeeded in temporarily stunning the gonococci germs, but the bugs bounced back stronger than ever.

When the G.I. finally *did* report to the hospital, sulfa no longer had any effect on the gonococci. Not only that, but the G.I. spread billions of generations of his sulfa-resistant gonococci from person to person, until there were entire areas where no gonorrhea case would respond to sulfa. This happened in a busy Australian port during the war, and in a several-square-mile area surrounding a Middle Western Army camp. Both of these epidemics were halted by flying in special planeloads of penicillin. Shortly thereafter, too, the sulfa tablets were removed from the American G.I.'s first-aid kit, along with the sulfa powder.

Evolution being what it is, the drug-fastness problem became apparent with penicillin soon after it was introduced. In Indianapolis, for instance, a man went to a dentist with an abscessed molar. The dentist put penicillin into the cavity, and the abscess disappeared. The drug apparently had killed all the streptococci causing the infection. Apparently, but not quite. For down around the roots of the tooth were streptococci which were just far enough away from the penicillin to escape being killed. They recovered, and were thenceforth resistant to penicillin.

For a year, millions of generations of these penicillin-resistant streptococci frolicked around the roots of the tooth. Eventually the man got another abscess, and the tooth was extracted. When this happened, the penicillin-resistant streps swarmed into the blood stream and settled down in the valves of the heart. Soon afterward, the man collapsed and was rushed to a hospital.

They diagnosed the case as the deadly bacterial endocarditis. One of the most effective treatments for this disease is penicillin. They gave him penicillin. The streps attacking the heart valves hardly looked up from their work to notice that the penicillin was there. After a long, uphill battle, the man finally was pulled through with a variety of other less efficient treatments.

Similarly, on June 18, 1946, a young 17-year-old soldier was admitted to the U.S. Army hospital on Governors Island, N. Y., for an appendicitis operation. Five days after the appendix was removed, the boy's temperature soared to 103 degrees. He then began to spit blood, and on July 2d, the doctors diagnosed the case as Type 9 pneumonia, which responds readily to penicillin. They gave him 40,000 units of penicillin every three hours. Instead of dropping, the temperature went up to 104.2 degrees. Worried, the doctors tried streptomycin—500,000 units every four hours. Still the temperature remained at the danger point and the pneumonia raged unchecked. Other doctors were called in. They questioned the boy.

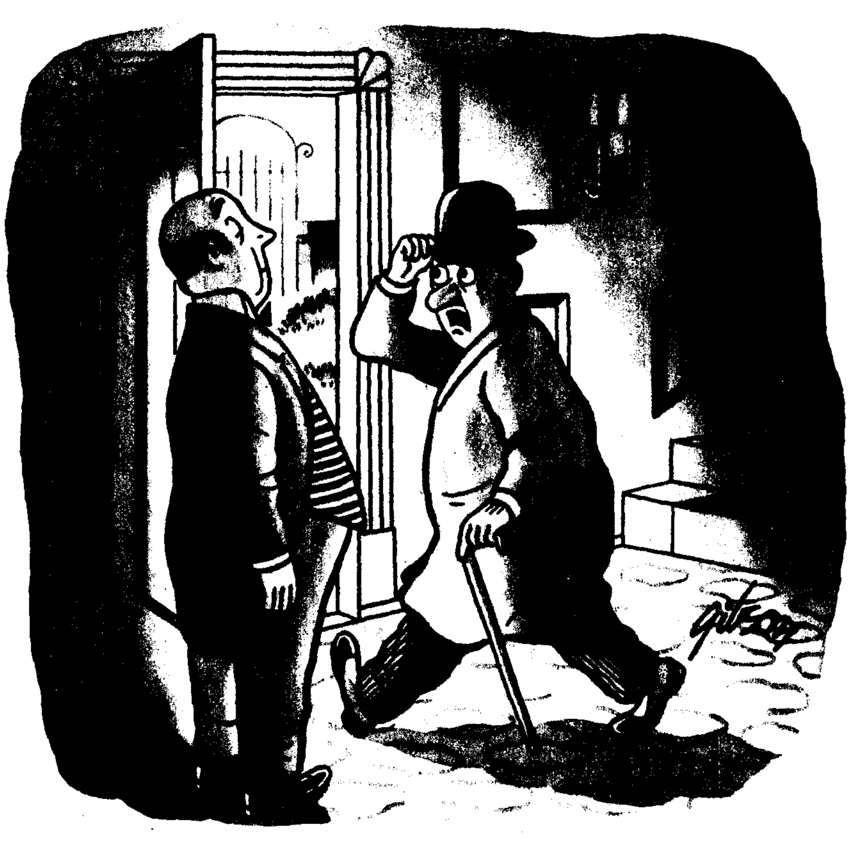
Causes of a Failure Analyzed

The young soldier's mother had contracted pneumonia just three weeks before, when he was home on a furlough. Her doctor had given her penicillin, probably in an inadequate dosage, but she recovered anyway. The pneumococci in her lungs had apparently become penicillin-resistant, and when she coughed, it was possible that she had transmitted her penicillin-resistant pneumococci to her son in an air-borne attack of tiny droplets filled with the bacteria. When the doctors heard this, they immediately switched the dying boy to sulfadiazine. By July 13th, five days later, his temperature was down to normal.

This switching to another drug makes the drug fastness toward penicillin less serious than it might be. But the Number One method of preventing drug resistance is for the doctor always to give a large enough dose of the drug, so that all the bacteria are killed instantly before they have chance to develop the *resistance.*

This, of course, may eliminate the method of giving penicillin by mouth, whereby only small concentrations get into the blood. And it certainly should do away with the flock of penicillin salves, lozenges, chewing gum, sprays, etc., which are on sale in all drugstores and which are capable, by their weak dosage, of building up the dangerous penicillin-resistant germs in the body.

None of the early reports about penicillin mentioned this drug-fastness problem, and none mentioned the fact that occasionally you come across a strain of bacteria in somebody's heart or lungs (or other part of the body) which is just naturally tougher than usual. These bugs —some sources estimate them as high as



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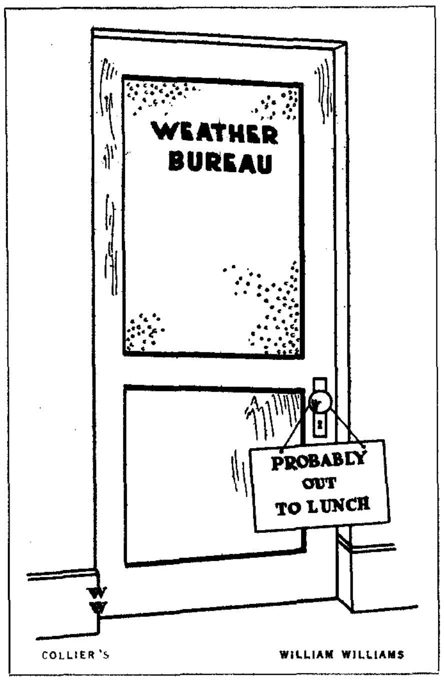


COLLIER'S WILLIAM WILLIAMS

10 per cent—are strong enough to lick *any* concentration of one or more drugs, without any artificial build-up whatever. Where these tough germs come from, nobody knows. As one doctor put it, "It's just like an albino spaniel suddenly showing up in a litter of black puppies."

In 1943, Dr. Selman Waksman derived a new bacteria-killing drug from an organism which he found in a manure-covered field near his Rutgers University laboratory, and the big boom was on for streptomycin—the third of the major-league miracle drugs. Streptomycin still is extremely scarce. While the Army was taking nearly 95 per cent of all that was produced, there was far from enough for comprehensive civilian clinical research. Moreover, in the autumn of 1945, when the Army required 2,000 ounces monthly for clinical use in 30 hospitals, the combined efforts of all the chemical companies in America could produce no more than 70 ounces.

Yet, the public was given the idea that streptomycin is to the mysterious Gram-negative bacteria what penicillin is to the Gram-positive bacteria, and that the drug is the "new hope" for all urinary-tract infection, peritonitis, tuberculosis, typhoid fever and cholera. Particularly loud were the hosannas of new hope sent out in the direction of the nation's thousands of tuberculars.

Much less publicity was given to the recent report of the Surgeon General's office announcing the results of the Army's experimentation with streptomycin on those same mysterious Gram-negative bacteria. This report was supervised by Captain Edward J. Pulaski, one of the country's leading authorities on the antibiotics, and to avoid the possibility of error, it involved the unprecedented number of 700 cases. Remember, too, that no one but the Army has been issued enough streptomycin to make a reliable all-inclusive clinical report.

Since streptomycin was supposed to be most effective in urinary-tract infections, nearly one half of the 700 patients consisted of soldiers suffering from those extremely dangerous diseases. Of these three hundred-fifty urinary tract cases, approximately 50 per cent were spectacularly and effectively cured by streptomycin. In the other 50 per cent, the drug failed completely.

In some instances of failure, those strange, tough strains of bacteria were encountered again. In other cases, an insufficient dose of streptomycin was administered, thus making the bacteria permanently and irreversibly resistant to streptomycin. And, most serious of all, the drug was found to be useless if the patient had kidney stones, or undrained abscesses, or any other complication which prevented a free flow of urine.

The results were even less promising in bone and soft-tissue infections from battle wounds—the next biggest group of cases, involving some 175 patients. Here the percentages were only 40 per cent successes and 60 per cent failures. It seems that when complete surgery was performed and streptomycin was administered merely to clean up the bacteria left behind after the dead bone and tissue were removed from the wound, the drug greatly hastened the patient's recovery. But when streptomycin was used alone as a substitute for surgery, in an attempt to clear up the infection without an operation, the drug had no effect whatever on the Gram-negative bacteria, and only made the bugs so resistant to streptomycin that the drug never can be used on them again.

The remaining cases, approximately 175, were divided among a variety of diseases. The Army report states that the results were excellent in septicemia (an extremely dangerous blood infection), in tularemia (rabbit fever), in the once 100 per cent fatal influenzal meningitis, and in other types of meningitis caused by Gram-negative bacteria. In these diseases, for which little or no treatment existed before, a record of 85 per cent successful treatment was established.

"I've been working you too hard, Berson. Maybe I'd better take a couple of days off"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

In typhoid fever, the Army found that streptomycin can be successful if large enough doses of the drug are administered within three weeks after the onset of the disease, and if the bacteria causing the fever is not one of those mysterious, naturally resistant strains. In the latter stages of typhoid fever, streptomycin doesn't work at all. It also doesn't work at all in often-fatal ulcerated colitis, or in amoebic dysentery. In bacillic dysentery caused by Gram-negative or even some Gram-positive bacteria, however, the results are promising.

In the matter of tuberculosis, the Army made only limited tests. These t.b. tests were disappointing. Like many civilian investigators working on the problem, the Army found that streptomycin knocks off tuberculosis-causing bacteria in a test tube, but is not very effective against them in most cases, so far, in the human body.

In addition to all this, the Army also discovered that 20 per cent of the patients suffered toxic reactions from the drug, the most serious of which was a permanent crippling of the 8th cranial nerve, part of Nature's gyroscope which controls balance and enables human beings to walk upright. After taking streptomycin, some of the soldiers became dizzy, and staggered around their ward rooms. After a few days, the optic nerve of the eyes took up the function of balancing, and the men were able to walk again. In a dark room, where the eyes can't see, however, these men will always stagger.

Advises Hard-Boiled Viewpoint

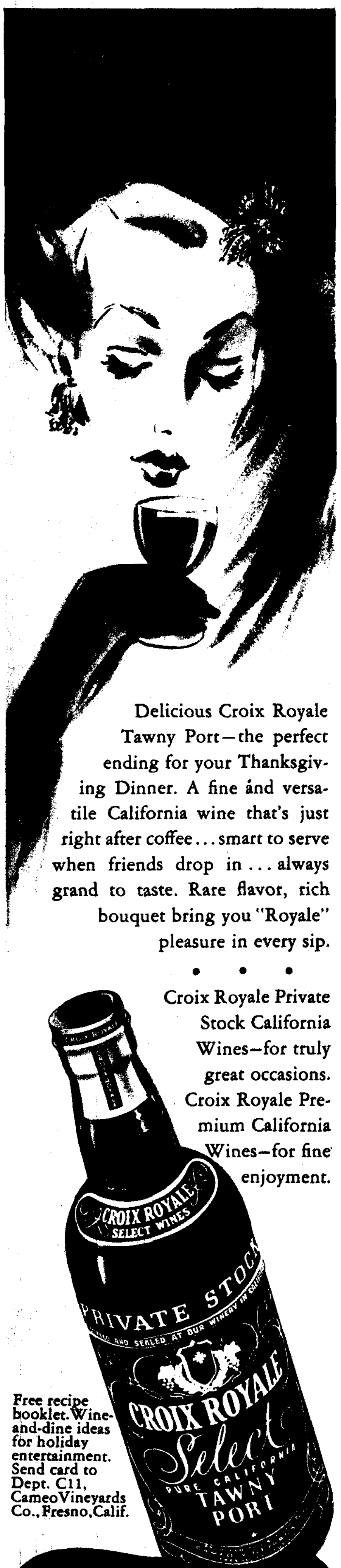
All this does not add up to a completely bright picture for streptomycin, a fact which Captain Pulaski readily admits. The tall, brilliant, dark-haired physician, who directed the Army's unprecedented 30-hospital "Operation Streptomycin" from his headquarters in Halloran General Hospital, flatly says, "If it's optimism you want, you'd better go somewhere else. We're responsible for the teaching of 2,000 Army doctors here, and we have to be hard-boiled."

Concerning the "miracle drugs" generally, Captain Pulaski sighs and says, "If people would only realize that we're just on the *verge* of finding out about not-too-well-understood man-killers like the Gram-negative bacteria, and that drugs like streptomycin are just a *beginning,* not an end in themselves. As we get more information about streptomycin's structure and actions, it will serve as a guidepost to the discovery of more perfect drugs to come."

The medical world continues to search for these "more perfect drugs to come." Today, Dr. Selman Waksman, streptomycin's discoverer, is playing around with actinomycin, a drug so toxic now that it has been recommended for use as a rat poison. A group of Columbia University doctors is experimenting with bacitracin, a new drug produced by organisms taken from the leg fracture of 7-year-old Margaret Tracy, who was hit by a truck in a New York City street in June, 1943.

But in the meantime, the optimistic publicity grinds out. And cases have been recorded in Brooklyn, Cincinnati and St. Louis, of women who, thinking they were protecting their children from disease, actually served them penicillin tablets, scattered like alphabet noodles or witch-doctor potions in their soup.

THE END



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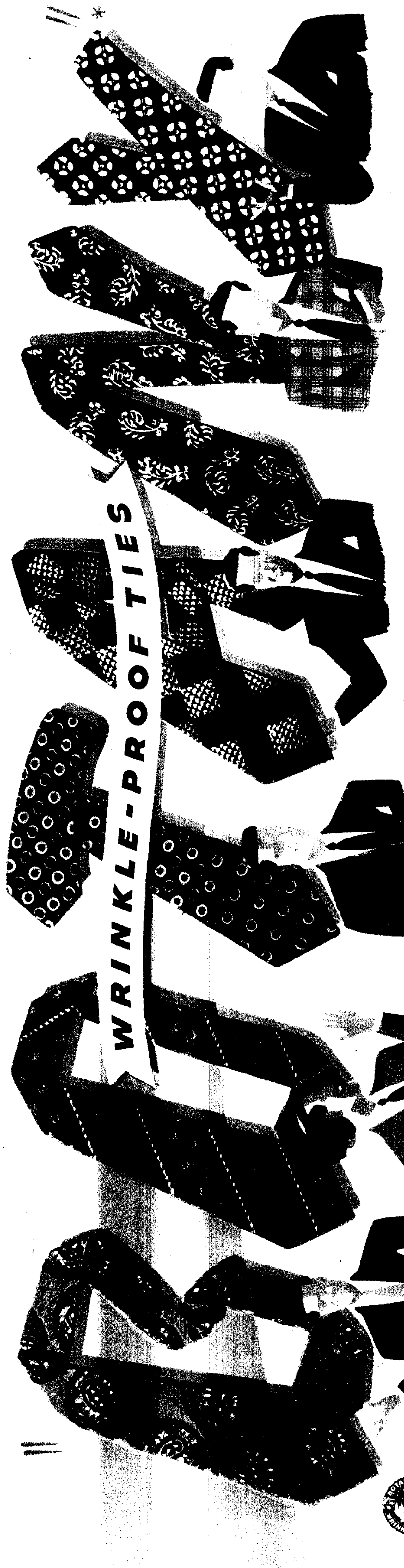

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THE MEDALLION

Continued from page 20

say it was easy, he could do it himself, and then someone would remind them that an American diving champion had attempted this dive and killed himself on the rocks. And then they would look upward with fresh respect, not talking now, just waiting for the dive. He knew, too, that most of them watched with the sadistic hope that one night he would slip and kill himself on the rocks or strike the wave wrong and smash his lungs. He knew they felt this, and he could not blame them for he had experienced the same sensation at a bullfight.

He called again to José, far below him across the cut, and the answering "*Está bueno*" drifted up slowly, followed by sudden red-orange flame as José lighted the oiled paper, the light dancing and flaring in the cut, throwing gargoyle shadows against the gray rocks and onto the rushing water. He looked out to sea, his nostrils pinching in slightly and his eyes very wide, watching the faint white line that marked the outer reef where the waves came swelling in.

IN THIS moment, crouched on the ledge, knees bent forward and arms held straight down and behind his hips, he was much man for seventeen; a smooth, flat-muscled body burned almost black, and his black hair bleached in streaks by the sun, and his face, with the combined heritage of Indian, Spanish and a dozen other races, unlined and flatly expressionless but for the watchful eyes and the pinched nostrils. He caught the swell on the reef and measured the progress of the incoming wave, timed it as the crest passed the marker rock, and sprang.

He cried, "*Hola!*" as he dived, giving himself more pressure tonight and reaching far out from the ledge, hanging for that endless moment in space, feeling the fine power and physical cleanness of a superior dive, one of his best; and then he dropped from the swan position, arms up and behind his shoulders, back arched and feet together, and went down. He struck the water and dished under and up, and from the lower ledge beneath the *quebrada,* José called, "*Hola,* Royru!" and he knew then it was a fine dive. José only cheered when it was a superior performance. He swam diagonally to the getaway rock, reaching it before the wave sucked out; and crawling out and up to the ledge he stood beside José in the last red flicker of the oiled paper, scraping his wet body with the edges of his hands and blowing the salt water from his nose.

"A fine dive," José said slowly. "For whom was this dive?"

He grinned and the four gold upper teeth in the front of his mouth caught a last ember and sparkled yellowly. He said, "A nice girl. She smells good."

"And very young," José said. "She will love the dive."

"Come," he said. "We will go up."

He was impatient to see the girl and led José up the cliff in leaping jumps, topping the parapet a good five strides in the lead. The *turistas* crowded about him and he nodded and murmured *gracias* in return for their thanks. He knew enough English to understand more of their speech than they imagined. The girl and her parents came from the parapet. He smiled and bent his head.

He said proudly, "For you I dive tomorrow night. You be here?" He spoke in English to show her his intelligence.

The girl looked at her parents, and her father said, "I think we'll be here."

"My name is Roy," he said, shortening his name to the American version for their better understanding. "Your name?" he asked the girl.

"Kathy," she said.

"Kathy is a good name," he said. "I will dive for you tomorrow night."

She was pleased and her eyes saw his wet, dark skin and his thick hair. She said, "Oh, how wonderful. Thank you so much."

She was even younger than himself, now that he saw her eyes and mouth and arms at a short distance. But he did not know what to say now, and he knew how the *turistas* felt when his people stood too long and stared or intruded into their foreign world which they seemed to carry with them like an invisible shield. He bent his head once more and turned away.

"Say," her father said, "what do you do during the day?"

"Nothing," he said. "Caleta and Hornos beach. Swim."

The girl had been asking her father a favor, he saw, for she looked up and said, "Please, Dad? Ask him."

"Kathy wants someone to help her with her swimming," her father said. "Will you be at Caleta in the morning?"

He wondered how this miracle had happened, how this girl could be different from the other girls who came here. He said nothing for a moment, lost in this flood of happiness.

José coughed and nudged him, and he said, "Yes."

He smiled at the girl and she said, "Good night, Roy."

He said, "*Buenas noches,*" and ran up the stone staircase toward the upper *quebrada* and the road leading down the far hillside into the town. José trailed him, panting lightly, saying, "We should dive again, Royru. Another *turista* wants the dive."

"No more dives," he said shortly. "I want to think."

"You want to dream," José said sharply. "Very well, we will go home. I think I will not go to Caleta in the morning. Too much sweetness will make the air oversweet."

THEY moved through the silent streets, stepping aside for sleeping pigs and the mudholes, and he thought of the women he had known and of the girl. This was the first time such a girl had favored him with more than the casual glance that caused so much hurt; always in the past it had been the older women, the wise women with much money and that tired look in their eyes. Those women had swum with him and touched his arms and smiled, but their smiles were not as the girl had smiled. She had a special smile, like the sunrise over the mountains that crowded and ringed the bay, or like the small baby of his friend, the real-estate salesman. It was a sweet smile of much innocence, and it had been for him.

"We have only twenty pesos for tomorrow," José said. "We needed another dive."

José was chiding him gently for leaving without the second dive. They shared their money from the dives, as did the other divers who worked during the day, averaging one dive each during the day, so that they had twenty pesos on good days and perhaps a little more if many of the *turistas* wished to see them or if one were drunk and careless with his money.

"I will dive three times tomorrow night," he said reassuringly. "We will have more money then, José."

"I was fooling," José said. "You have great love for this girl, Royru?"

"So soon I do not know," he said. "I think yes."

They came from the dark side street to the plaza and José turned to the left. He said, "*Buenas noches,* José," and his friend waved and murmured good night and walked rapidly around the plaza toward his mother's house.

He stood for a moment, his feet solid on the dust of the street, and then walked across the plaza, passing the cathedral and the shops and the hotel, to the alley which had the house of his uncle at the far end. His room was in his uncle's house, and this room was as familiar as his hand palm to him, and as dirty at times. Royru had lived in this room five years, since his mother and father were killed in the fight at the *baile* up the coast. He was twelve then and he was left alone with only his uncle for a family; and he had lived in this room while his uncle drank and beat his woman of the moment and swore loudly with the voice of the pulque against the government and the *turistas* and inflation.

He stood now at the alley entrance and thought of his pig of an uncle and the sour smell of the room, and he could not enter the house on this night with the memory of the girl, and her smile, and her smell sweet like the flowers on the cliff road to Pie de La Questa. He heard faintly his uncle in the house, shouting and striking things, and the softer voice of the woman; and his uncle said, "The boy will be home soon. We will get more to drink," and then his uncle laughed and he wanted to kill his uncle.

He turned and walked toward the bay front, passing the hotel and the fishing building where the *turistas* weighed their sail and marlin, and swung out onto the boat dock which poked a dark finger across the still water. He sat on the end of the dock, his legs dangling, and thought of the girl.

He watched the lights of the resort hotels on the high cliffs above the bay, hearing very faintly the music and the small indistinct sound of cars on the winding rock roads and the people talking and laughing as they drank and danced and made love in the night. The air from the west came through the cove of Langosta, sweeping the bay cleanly and making his body cool and rested.

He remembered many people tonight, and many things of the past, and these were made fresh by the girl's smile and her voice; and he thought of these things and wondered if they had not, by chance or fate, been a preordained part of his life which was to be, a cross to bear before he met the girl. He could not say these things but he felt them, and the words lay unspoken in his throat. He could see again his friend, the football coach from California, who had tossed the football with him many afternoons at Hornos, and how the coach had asked him to come to the United States, to some place called Los Angeles, and learn to make many beautiful dives for some club. He had refused this but the memory caused him to wonder where the girl lived. He would ask her in the morning, and then he derided himself with the thought that this was foolish thinking and he was better asleep.

He kicked once at the water with his toe and went from the dock to the plaza. A bus passed, horn blaring, and a girl called to him from a cantina across the street. He knew her well but tonight he only waved and went on. He walked to the side door of the hotel and found his friend, the watchman, dozing on the steps. He had slept in the small storeroom many times when his uncle was very drunk and in a cutting mood. The watchman looked up and said, "He is drunk again?"

"Badly," he said. "May I sleep with your care?"

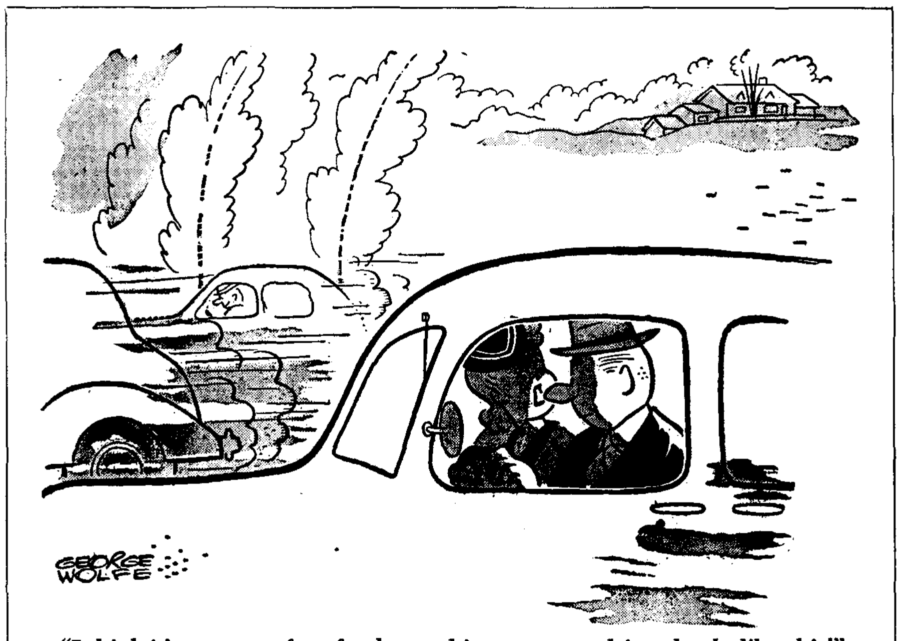
"The mat is waiting," the watchman said. "Good dreams, little one."

HE AWAKENED with some grogginess of mind concerning his location, his fingers reaching for his trousers and shirt and finding them still on his body, wrinkled and smelling faintly musty; and then he heard through the hotel wall the morning sounds from the hotel kitchen and outside, filtering across the threshold of the half-closed door, the rising hum of noise from the plaza. He wiped his mouth and brushed at his hair and stood up, stiff for the moment but loosening as he moved one leg and then the other, walking to the door. The watchman was gone and the sun already high above the cathedral; the town was awake within itself.

He scratched himself slowly and completely, standing in the light-bathed doorway, looking sleepily at the plaza and estimating the time.

He looked with no interest at the familiar scene of the market place which smelled terrible even in the morning hours, and saw bobbing toward him among the heads on the sidewalk, the bleached blond hair of the lady who ran the house up the alley from his uncle's home. He saw the laundresses with their baskets balanced on their heads, the *turistas* driving in the plaza and filling the shops, the pigs and goats and burros. He saw these things, the cause and effect and way of life in the town, and then he remembered the girl.

Then he ran across the plaza to catch the bus leaving for Caleta. He fished for change and paid the back doorman and sat beside a fat woman with a suckling baby and two chickens. Everything was much the same this morning and somehow was changed; it was, he knew, the comparison of the girl and her sweet smell with the revolt of his nose and eyes



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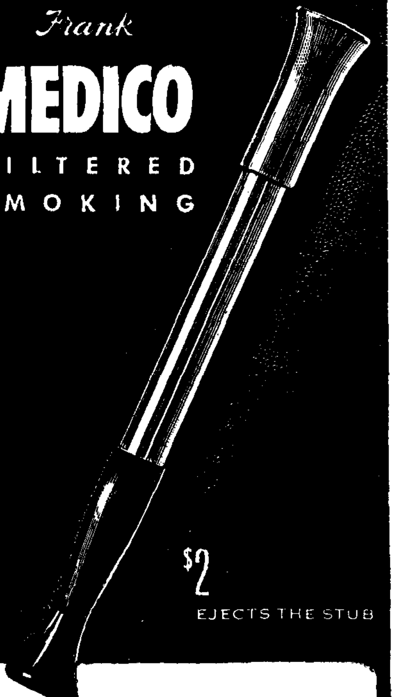

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against the smells and filth of the town. He edged away from the fat woman and sat on the end of the bench until they made the first turn into the beach.

He jumped from the back door and ran to the short strip of beach which lay south of the causeway that connected the president's island house with the mainland. Here it was quite still and the water deeper and the bottom full of small rocks which kept the *turistas* on the north side of the causeway. Here he could take his morning swim and wash himself clean. He dropped his pants and shirt and stood in his swimming trunks, feeling the early sun warmth and tasting on his tongue the salt air. He dove cleanly from a running start and swam out several yards where the water was neck deep. He washed himself harshly with his hands, using sand from the bottom as soap, and scrubbing his ears and face thoroughly and rubbing his armpits and feet with large handfuls. He used his forefinger to brush his teeth, rubbing the salt water against the gums and teeth and spitting frequently.

He was hungry but this was an abstract feeling, as if the hunger were something he could ignore for a long time in lieu of more important events. He carried his pants and shirt on one arm and crossed the causeway to the south end of the main beach, looking for the girl and her parents along the line of chairs and umbrellas. The beach was filling rapidly with the *turistas* and many of his countrymen down from the city for their vacations. This was the beach they used in the morning and everyone gathered here from ten until two before they returned to the hotels for lunch and the siesta. The surfboard man gave him a hearty greeting and offered him a free board for a float and swim but he refused politely and walked along the line of chairs. He saw her then.

SHE was in a blue-striped two-piece suit and her skin was tanned a soft creamy brown. She called and smiled her pleasure, and he stood beside her for a moment, unable to find the proper words of greeting that might fit his happiness. Her parents were swimming; their robes lay on the chair backs with their coconut oil for tanning, their beach slippers and the other things the *turistas* always brought to the beach.

She said, "You're late, Roy. I've been waiting for you."

"I slept hard," he explained. "I was tired."

"Here," she said. "Sit down and we'll talk. I want to hear all about you."

He sat beside her and once her arm touched his and he felt empty in his stomach. She questioned him about his life and he told her how he lived and how long he had been diving, trying to use the right English words to show her he was very smart. José ran past at intervals and gave him sly glances, and the other divers, arriving for their morning swim, laughed and poked one another and spoke many words in their own language. He knew they were talking of him, and it made him proud.

"How did you lose your teeth?" she asked.

He touched the gold teeth very proudly for the plate had cost him much money. "Fight," he said. "Put in gold teeth. You like them?"

"A fight!" she said. "How horrible!"

"I won fight," he explained quickly. "Broke his arm."

She murmured, "Oh," and did not talk of the teeth after that.

Her parents came from their swim and he stood politely while they greeted him and dried themselves with large green bath towels, the name of their hotel etched in block letters on the ends. Her father rubbed his face vigorously and said, "Well, how about this swimming lesson, Roy?"

He said, "We will swim," and then because he had to do something better than most, he ran toward the water and did a complete running flip in the air, landing lightly on his feet and immediately diving clean and shallowly through the incoming wave; he came up swimming and rolling on his back, smiling at her as she walked slowly into the water, her eyes shining on him.

"You like that?" he asked.

"It was wonderful," she said. "You're perfect."

"Can do better," he said modestly.

THEY swam for half an hour in the water just beyond standing depth, and he showed her how to float and swim as he did, and held her carefully by the arms or shoulders while she practiced. She learned quickly, and when he held himself up, treading water a few feet from her and said, "Swim here," she came toward him, splashing badly and going low at the legs, but making the five strokes in fair style. He held her by the elbows and smiled and she laughed happily, her face wet and clean and her eyes glinting with small flecks of silver. He saw José and the other divers watching him from a short distance, and he felt superior and extremely lucky, for this was the good feeling he had missed before with the older women, and now held so easily by the elbows.

"Enough swimming," he said. "Sun is too bright. You burn."

"I'm tanned," she protested.

He had watched too many *turistas* ignore the tropical sun and suffer for their carelessness, and this was not to be for her. He turned her inshore and swam with one arm, pulling her with the other. They reached wading water and he stood beside her, his eyes bright with happiness.

"Go on," he said. "Under the *paraguas*."

"The what?" she asked. "Oh, the umbrella."

"Yes," he said. "Umbrella. Please go. Do not burn."

From the chairs her father called, "Time for lunch, Kathy," and she waved and turned, giving him a sweet smile. "Thank you so much, Roy," she said. "Won't you come to Hornos this afternoon?"

"More swimming?" he asked.

"The big waves come in there," she said. "I want you to show me how to ride them."

"The waves," he said, losing the meaning of the words, "do what?"

She frowned and then said, "You know, ride them in," and made the motions with her arms.

"Yes," he said. "I teach you. What time?"

"Five o'clock," she said. "Goodby, Roy."

He said, *"Hasta luego,"* and stayed in the water while she ran lightly to the chairs and slipped into a blue robe and went to her parents' car, a big convertible. He remembered then that he had failed to ask where she lived, and had not sung to her, or done any of the things he knew to explain the feeling in his heart for a woman. And then he thought of the medallion and what he would do this afternoon.

José bobbed up beside him and blew water, regarding him enviously. "A good day," José said. "A very fine day."

He said, "José, is the medallion maker still in his shop?"

"This morning he was drunk," José said. "This noon—who knows? Maybe, maybe not."

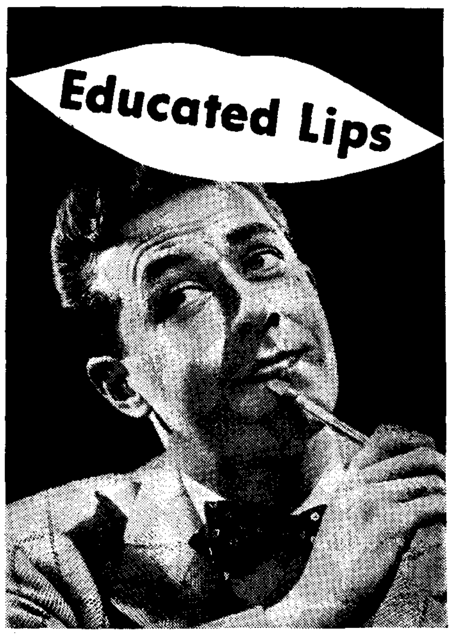
"Let us go to him," he said. "I have a job to do."

"A medallion?" José said. "It has gone that far?"

He said, "Do not ask so many questions. I do not have these things done for fun." . . .

The medallion maker was in his shop on the street north of the plaza, and he

Educated Lips



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bribed the old man with enough money to cause the making of the medallion. The medallion was made of pewter and on it were fixed his name and the girl's, his on the upper half of the round coin and hers on the lower rim. They had some trouble spelling her name but José called his friend, the hairdresser from the barbershop, and she spelled out the American letters that made the name Kathy. He thought this was a good thing to do, make this medallion, and then he thought that one was not enough and said, "We will have two, old man."

The medallion maker fumed and waved his arms, and finally struck and made the second medallion. José examined it, still hot from the press, and nodded his approval. "This is very good," he said. "This is the best of love. It will bring you close together."

The medallion maker smiled and said, "I have made many medallions. How many, I wonder often, bring the good luck?"

He said with the conviction riding high in his chest, "These are the best of your making, old man. These are of the best of luck."

"We hope," José said. "Let us eat and go to Hornos."

THEY went to the café frequented by the divers and swimmers and fishermen, and ate *tortillas* and beans with mangoes and bananas. José drank a small bottle of beer, but Royru refused the beer and drank a bottle of table water, wanting his breath to be pure and sweet when he saw the girl. It was later now and the *turista* cars were riding through the plaza and across the southern end of the town toward the afternoon beach, Hornos, where the long rollers came in from the bay mouth in regularly spaced movement. First there were three little ones about eight feet high, and then two big ones over ten and under fifteen feet, so that knowing how to ride these waves one could wait and turn and ride their crest from far out all the way to the edge of the water; and this was a great feeling and thrill.

They dropped from the bus and ran across the white sand to the line of umbrellas and the chairs. Many people were already on the beach, and he saw her only five chairs off, tying her hair and rubbing her face and shoulders with oil. She was wearing a yellow one-piece suit this late afternoon and he wondered at her beauty in so many different suits, remembering that the women sometimes looked beautiful in one suit and very bad in others, and terrible in the dresses. She called, "Roy, I was worried about you."

He said, "Let us swim," holding the medallions tight in his right hand. He slipped off his shirt and pants and stood beside her in his shorts.

"You wear them all the time, don't you?" she asked, looking at the bright orange shorts.

"The shorts?" he said. "Yes."

He did not explain that they were the badge of high caste on the beach, the mark of the high diver, the coveted position in the town. He would tell her of this later when they had reached an agreement; and he thought in this moment, running into the water beside her, that he was as good as the *turista* boys who came to the town with their money and cars. For he had a girl and she was one of them, and she had noticed him.

In the water he led her out along the gentle shelving slope of the bottom, far from shore and up to their chests, facing the incoming rollers. The small ones were rolling now and he showed her how to dive under them and come out after the wave had passed; and then the large one came, fast and breaking at the top, and he held her under so that the force went over their heads. Then he showed her how to time the wave and feel the pull of it against her legs, coming in, and how to turn and dive toward the shore, throwing her body up and flat on the top of the wave so that she would coast on its crest all the way to the beach. He allowed her to try this on the small waves, and she did well for a beginner, and she wanted to coast on the large one but he shook his head.

"No," he said. "Tomorrow."

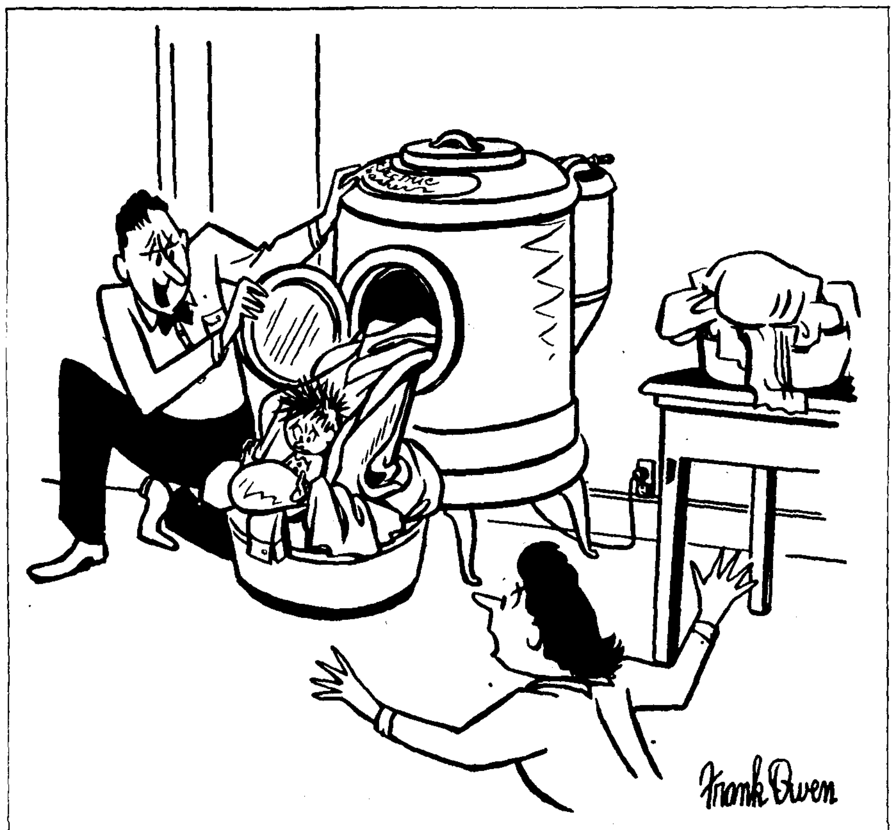
"I can do it, Roy," she said. "Please let me try it."

He slapped the back of his neck with both hands. "Too hard," he said. "Hurt neck."

"All right," she said. "You certainly watch out for me."

He thought this was a good time and he gave her one of the medallions. He said, "This for you, from me."

She looked at it and read his name, and her own, and she blushed, her face pink against the green of the water. She said, "How wonderful of you! This is



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sweet, Roy. I'll always remember this."

"Where you from?" he asked then.

"My home?" she said. "I live in Los Angeles."

He said, "Los Angeles?" and then he smiled, thinking of his friend, the coach. He said, "I come to Los Angeles."

"You?" she said. "When, Roy?"

"Soon," he promised proudly. "To dive."

"How perfectly wonderful," she said. "Then I'll see you there."

"Yes," he said. "I see you there. Will you come to dive tonight?"

They ducked under the first of the large waves and came up quickly, wiping their eyes, and she said, "Oh, yes. I want to see you dive tonight." She smiled. "Will you dive for me?"

He wanted to say it the right way, so that she would understand, and he thought of the correct words before he said, "For you I dive, the best dive. For you because of our love."

She said, "That was pretty, Roy."

And then he was bursting with happiness, and while they bobbed in the water and rode the small waves and ducked under the large ones, he sang his songs to her. He had a husky voice and he could sing low and with good tune, and he sang the words of Linda Mujer and imitated Bing Crosby in You Belong to My Heart and many others; and between them he gave her his version, in Spanish, of Pistol Packin' Mamma, and she laughed until she cried, and the *turistas* in the water gathered around them and laughed and patted his back, and he thought this was the most beautiful day of his life.

THEN, too soon, it was near dark, and her parents were calling and she had to go; and they waded slowly toward shore, holding hands and laughing together at anything spoken or anything they did with their hands; and he wondered then, with very deep thought, why it was he could be so fortunate. He remembered the *turistas* who came to the town and how some of them looked as if they had waited too long for the best things and were unhappy, maybe with the wrong man or woman, and how they seemed to attempt the finding of these things in ways that made no sense. And he was happy then that he had met her while he was young, and not in the years to come when she could be with someone else.

When they stepped from the water, he said, "I will see you tonight?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "And you will dive for me?"

"For you," he said. "For no one else." He wanted to use his own language and tell her the dive would be for her as if no one else stood on the *quebrada* and she was alone and he was diving for her, with his heart. But he could not say these words so she would understand, and he smiled and touched her arm.

"Tonight," he said. "For you."

José was coming and he waved and ran between the chairs, José following him, and they caught the back end of a truck and swung aboard. José wiped his face and grinned.

"Tonight," he said.

He looked at José and nodded. He was stringing the medallion on a chain around his neck. José saw it and understood. José said, "It is good. But wait until we dive three times. Then you may go with her."

"I did not say that," he said. "That will come later."...

It seemed a long time between the coming of night and the lights flashing on and the arrival of the people on the lower *quebrada* balcony; and then it was as all the other nights passed away, the people waiting and José walking among them, talking about the dive. José made a dive from the lower level at nine o'clock and that meant twenty pesos; he heard one *turista* say, "Will you dive from 'way up there?" and he nodded and said politely, "Yes, later," and went to the end of the balcony and waited in the deep shadow.

He heard her voice before they came from the steps, and he jumped out of the shadow and waited in the center of the balcony. José was against the wall and many people were talking and waiting for the next dive. Then she came from the step shadows across the balcony with her parents and someone else, and he held up his hand and said, *"Buenas noches,"* and waited for her to speak.

She said, "Roy, I hope we aren't late."

"Not late," he said. "Never too late."

She laughed happily and turned, saying to someone, "I told you he was sweet," and then the tall blond-haired boy stepped beside her and looked at him. The boy was their age and tall and white and dressed so neatly, with that short cropped hair the young *turistas* had, and his hand was holding her arm closely. The boy said, "Hello there, Roy. Kathy told me you were diving tonight. I just got in with the folks."

HE DID not understand all the words but he looked at the boy, and at the girl, and then the meaning and feeling of it was his, and he understood so much he had ignored during the day. He wanted to leap on the blond-haired boy and throw him over the parapet, and then he knew this was no good, and something was dying in him, something that was part of a great dream that had been and could never be.

"Will you dive now?" she asked.

He said softly, "Yes," and turned to the parapet.

Her father came up and said, "Here is the monev, Roy," and he wondered then if these people did not know of the custom of diving for the one loved without the money; that to offer the money in such a case was the worst insult. He did not answer but turned from her father and leaped the wall.

José said, "You dive now?" and he was going down the cliff with José behind him, and they stood on the ledge and José said, "What is the trouble?"

"There is no trouble," he said. "I will make this a good dive, maybe the best."

"Where is the money?" José asked. "Shall I hold it?"

"I did not take his money," he said. "You understand?"

José had seen the blond-haired boy, and José was his friend, his deep and true friend. José said, "I understand, Royru. Make the dive."

And then it was the same as the other nights, only with more feeling toward the water and the stars and the sky above; and he was on the high ledge and waiting before he could remember how he had crossed the cut and walked the edge of the cliff. Below, the same things were being said, and he was here, against the sky, and his heart was bad, very bad, with the love trickling away and the hate coming in and then the feeling of numbness. He had to dive and it must be good; it must be a different dive, of some sort, to make her remember him forever.

He called to José, and the oiled paper flared into orange-red light, and in this last moment he remembered the medallion. He laughed then, short and flatly, and broke the neck chain with one finger and tossed the medallion into the cut. It turned once, catching the light flare, and vanished. He dove then, quickly and with superlative skill, going far out and hanging for incredible moments against the dancing light, his back arched higher than ever before; and he knew as the drop began and he met the incoming wave with exact preciseness, that this dive would be remembered by her and never forgotten in his own mind as the finest dive of his life, and, sadly, the dive for which he would receive no reward.

THE END

MARY AND HER MAIL

Continued from page 17

woman wrote pitifully that, after 15 years of marriage, she had lost her husband "not to drink, wanderlust, or women, but to God," and that although he provided a good home he believes that "to reach great spiritual heights, one must practice celibacy," Mary Haworth consulted her soul and a lawyer, and firmly put paper into the typewriter.

"Indirectly," she answered, "he presents you with a clear-cut choice between (1) harkening to his example and becoming a passive if not enthusiastic fellow traveler or (2) quitting the alliance of your own volition. For advice: If you cannot embrace or tolerably adjust to his philosophy, then your salvation depends upon being at least as honest, fearless and nonpossessive as he, and fully as willing to dare the consequences of being true to yourself. You say you have no grounds for divorce, which isn't so, inasmuch as your husband's insistence on sexual abstinence is contrary to your wish. This is gross neglect of duty, in the legal view."

A Father-and-Stepson Problem

The divorced mother of a small son, married again, wrote that she was wretched because, although she had borne more babies, her husband disliked his stepson. "I love my husband despite the suffering, the sleepless nights and heart-heavy days he has caused me," she said. "But I cannot and will not bring further unrest and unhappiness on my first-born by arranging for him to live somewhere else. How can I make my husband see reason? Or how can I leave him and go back to making a living for three children and myself? Please help me." Mary's response was unequivocal. She answered:

"It has been my experience that persons who expect to get walked on and feel helpless about it are invariably the victims of bullies. From the outset of your second marriage, you were steeped in the conviction that your husband's feelings for your son would be mixed at best. Had you made this marriage in a spirit of pleasant self-confidence, the family relationship would have turned out differently.

"As for what to do now—stop sniveling with combined self-pity and fear for your child. Stop licking your husband's boots. Stop lying about loving him despite all this—rather tell him the shocking truth of your outraged feelings. Tell him: (1) His spite campaign daily increases your mother love for your Tim, and there isn't a chance of your parting from him. (2) If he insists on carving the family up, you'll take Tim and he can have his babies. (3) Since he objects to supporting Tim, you're going to become a wage earner again. Tell him: (4) This is your last-ditch answer to his unendurable griping. And if this means curtains to the marriage, so be it."

This is strong medicine, but people take it because Mary prescribes with authority. And probably because many who appeal to her are the indecisive and the insecure, who have never outgrown the notion that "Mother knows best."

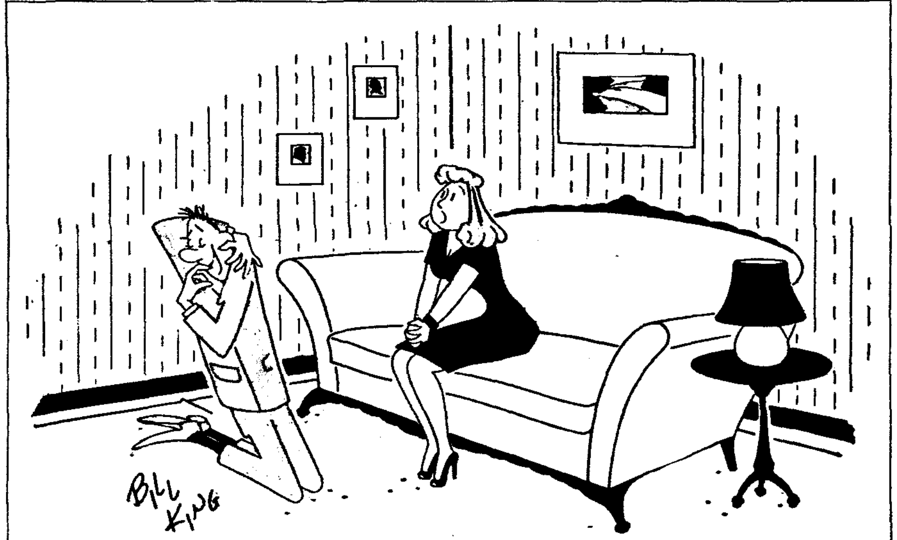
Although she is an admirable mother to her own two children, there is nothing maternal about Mary Haworth. She is a walking, talking Career. Her column has become her lover and her life. A bachelor who once took her to dinner reported, "I've had a delightful evening with an Institution."

A slender, pretty woman on the sunny side of forty, Mary's own life has enabled her to understand other people's troubles. It has not been a dramatic or a colorful life; on the contrary. Daughter of John Francis and Anne Brennan Reardon, Mary (whose real name is Mary Elizabeth) was raised with her six brothers and sisters on a farm in southern Ohio. After high school she got a job as a reporter on the daily paper in near-by Wilmington, Ohio.

She found the job so enthralling that her $18 pay came as a weekly shock; it seemed astounding to receive money for having such a wonderful time! She stayed on the paper three years, read mountains of books on journalism, took a few courses at the local college after the paper went to press, and finally went out looking for greener fields.

In Columbus, Ohio, she worked first on a church paper, then in the advertising department of the Ohio State Journal, where she would bring in news stories instead of business. After she was fired, she moved to Lima, Ohio, to another advertising job which she hated so viciously that she made a success of it. Marriage to William Young of Washington, D. C., brought her to the capital, where she felt so completely at home that she remained there after her divorce. About that time Eugene Meyer bought the Post. Mary got a job, first as feature writer on the woman's page, then as assistant editor of that department.

Shortly after she went to the Post, and as soon as the children were old enough, Mary put them in Catholic boarding schools near by, so they were home only over week ends. Now she has a larger apartment, complete with kitchen and cook, but the two girls continue with their schools and their week ends at home. That left Mary most of her time for her column—and she needs it. She



"But it won't sound silly, Chester! Just say, 'Alice, will you be my wife?'"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

Queen Anne

PECAN ROLL

10¢
PECAN ROLL
Queen Anne
Queen Anne
Queen Anne

Taste it... and you'll wonder how it can cost only a dime...

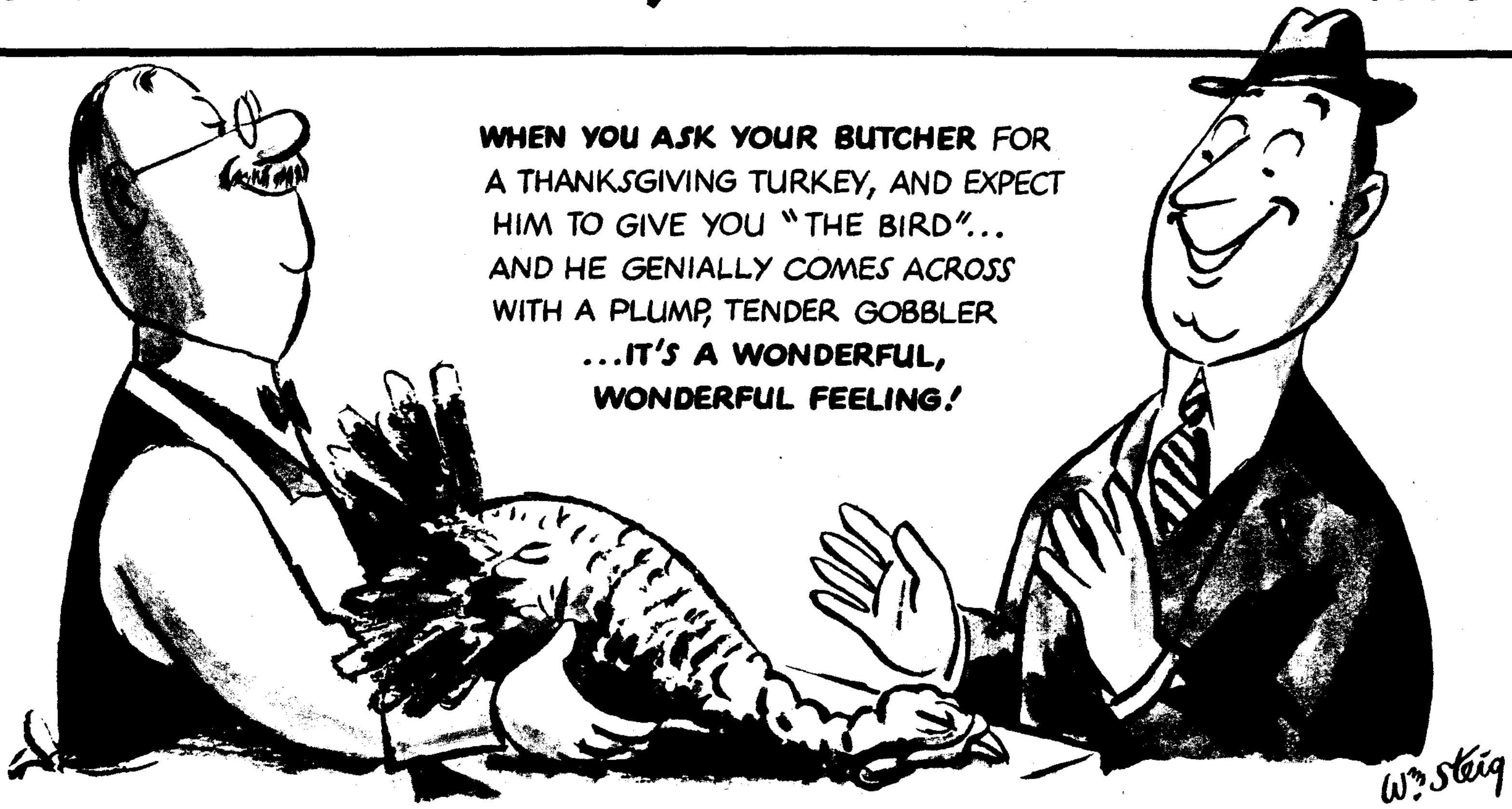
Relax and crunch the crisp, tender royal pecans—lots of them—set in rich, smooth chocolate. Let the creamy parfait fudge melt in your mouth . . . and the old-fashioned whole-milk caramel (the kind your mother may have made when you were a youngster).

Here's candy so good that the last bite tastes as perfect as the first! If you are choosy—appreciate really fine candy—don't put off treating yourself to a Queen Anne Pecan Roll.

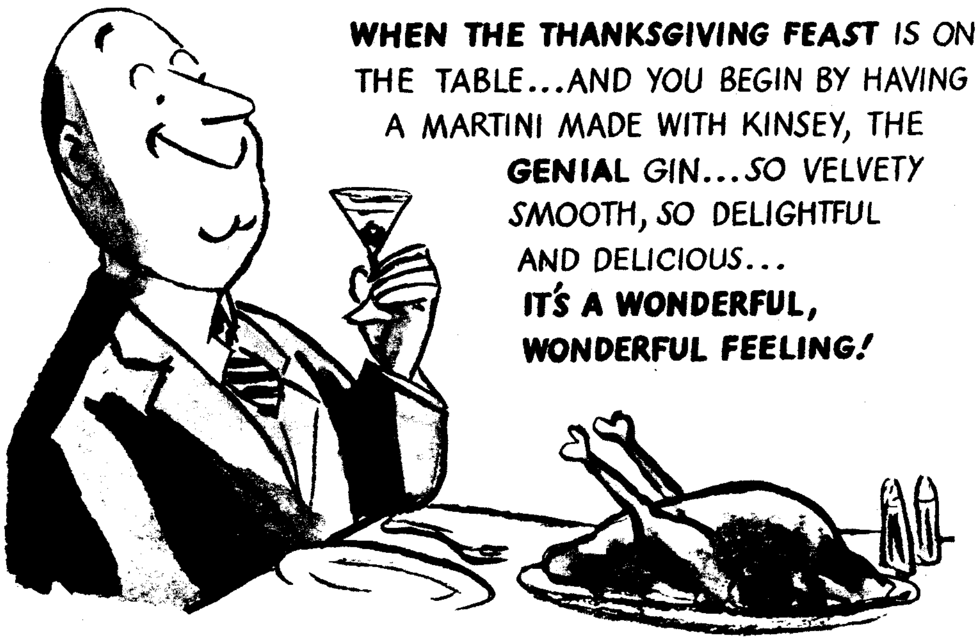
Candy counters are getting a *few* more now.

Queen Anne Candy Co., Hammond, Ind.

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!



WHEN YOU ASK YOUR BUTCHER FOR A THANKSGIVING TURKEY, AND EXPECT HIM TO GIVE YOU "THE BIRD"... AND HE GENIALLY COMES ACROSS WITH A PLUMP, TENDER GOBBLER **...IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



WHEN THE THANKSGIVING FEAST IS ON THE TABLE...AND YOU BEGIN BY HAVING A MARTINI MADE WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN...SO VELVETY SMOOTH, SO DELIGHTFUL AND DELICIOUS... **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

HIGH 944 PROOF
KINSEY
Distilled Dry Gin

94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
-so smooth you can drink it straight!

KINSEY *the Genial* GIN

MR. WEBSTER (THE BIG DICTIONARY MAN) SAYS: "**GENIAL**: CONTRIBUTING TO CHEERFULNESS AND LIFE; AGREEABLY WARM AND CHEERFUL."

Distilled Dry Gin. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL GIN-*TRY IT!*

is always working desperately against her deadline. She has absolutely no ability for organizing her time. This is infuriating to editors.

Now, of course, she does not have to cope with editors. She has moved away from the Post to an office building around the corner where she has quarters attractively furnished in warm-toned furniture of pleasant and feminine proportions, and at last a competent secretarial assistant to help her organize her vast mail. When she comes to work in the morning, she spends a couple of hours reading some of it, laying aside those letters that especially interest her, rereading them, until she has chosen the one to use that day.

Unfortunately she can answer only six letters a week because she counsels only through her column. She never even tried to reply in personal letters because Mark Etheridge, editor of the Post when the column started, said, "You can't run a hand-holding service if you're going to do a job." But she hates to throw away these appeals. So she files them in bales until she has to make room for more.

Varied Reasons for Selections

She isn't sure how she selects the letters she publishes. Sometimes she picks a letter on the basis of the urgency of the appeal; another time because the situation outlined is challenging; occasionally she uses a letter because of its over-all reader interest, but she says, "So far as I know I have never conducted the column with an eye to audience reaction."

The problems which come to her desk are as varied as human beings. One man is acutely dissatisfied with his childless marriage and his wife's sisterly attitude, and is thinking of divorce. A girl writes in about her mother, once a fine professional musician, who wants her fifteen-year-old daughter to follow in her footsteps, and threatens suicide if the girl doesn't practice all the time. A mother is heartsick because her soldier son is paying court to a married woman. A girl of twenty-six, secretly engaged, wants to know what to do about her widowed mother who uses her bad heart as an excuse to demand all her time and attention. A wife wonders whether she is noble or just a fool to lock in her heart her resentment of her husband's infidelities. A man asks advice because his great ardor versus his wife's restraint has been working havoc with their married life since they passed forty. And so on. . . .

Any one of these problems requires a Solomon, and Mary doesn't think she has all the answers. When she has selected her difficulty for the day, she first thinks it through, then picks up the telephone if that is indicated. If the case is that of a Protestant youth whose mother objects to his marrying a Catholic, she discusses the matter with a preacher and a priest. If their childlessness is corroding a couple's life, she calls physicians to learn the latest development in the treatment of sterility.

If a girl is in despair because she is pregnant, Mary investigates agencies which can care for her quietly and see that the infant is adopted after it is born. If a young man confesses morbid jealousy, she reads his letter to a psychiatrist. In almost every case she applies the reporter's method to the analysis and solution. She doesn't always agree with the experts, but they provide her with facts and ideas to knead.

Sometimes her answers are little lectures in psychology. The family of a snobbish young man wrote in some distress that he had taken up with a waitress. "She has set out to marry Roger," they wailed. "She's an ignorant little person. Roller skating and wrestling matches are her favorite entertainment. The association bewilders us. What has happened to him?"

This was no mystery to Mary. She replied: "This girl is to Roger what Cleopatra was to Caesar. And if she seems ignorant to you—well, as a huntress stalking her man, she isn't. She took him via his Achilles heel, namely: his ever-anxious inferiority complex. She burns incense to him, makes him feel great—which is the way Roger loves to feel."

Mary's taming of the psychiatrists is a greater achievement than she realizes, for good ones insist on knowing a good deal about any case before they give an opinion—and that's seldom free! When she began her column, she didn't seek psychiatric counsel; it came to her. An organization now called the Washington Institute for Mental Hygiene, which was trying to help the same sort of people Mary is aiding, sent a representative to see her, and a working partnership developed. Whenever she sent it a patient, he was received. Whenever she mentioned the Institute in the paper, about fifty people applied to it. Other psychiatrists became co-operative when they found that she was able to clarify their ideas in lay language. And the fees they collect, thanks to her column, must run into five or six figures each year!

Mary studies like a scientist to keep abreast of her field. She reads voraciously; she also attends lectures that have some bearing on her work. For instance, she had been getting a good deal of mail from and about servicemen unable to readjust to normal living, so she went to hear Colonel William C. Menninger tell what the Army is doing to help them. When she appealed to him later, he first balked at dealing with problems presented in letters, then not only succumbed to Mary's persuasion but has become an ardent fan!

Pampering a G.I. Husband

One of the problems typical of returning servicemen was this one:

After two years in the Navy, a husband was released from service. He and his wife went to their old home. But he refused his old job when it was offered him, protesting that the salary was not good enough. His wife then went to work to support him and their three-year-old son, until he found satisfactory employment. But after four months he was still loafing, and his wife wrote Mary, "I think I've pampered him long enough; that it's time he got a job, stood on his own feet, and made something of himself."

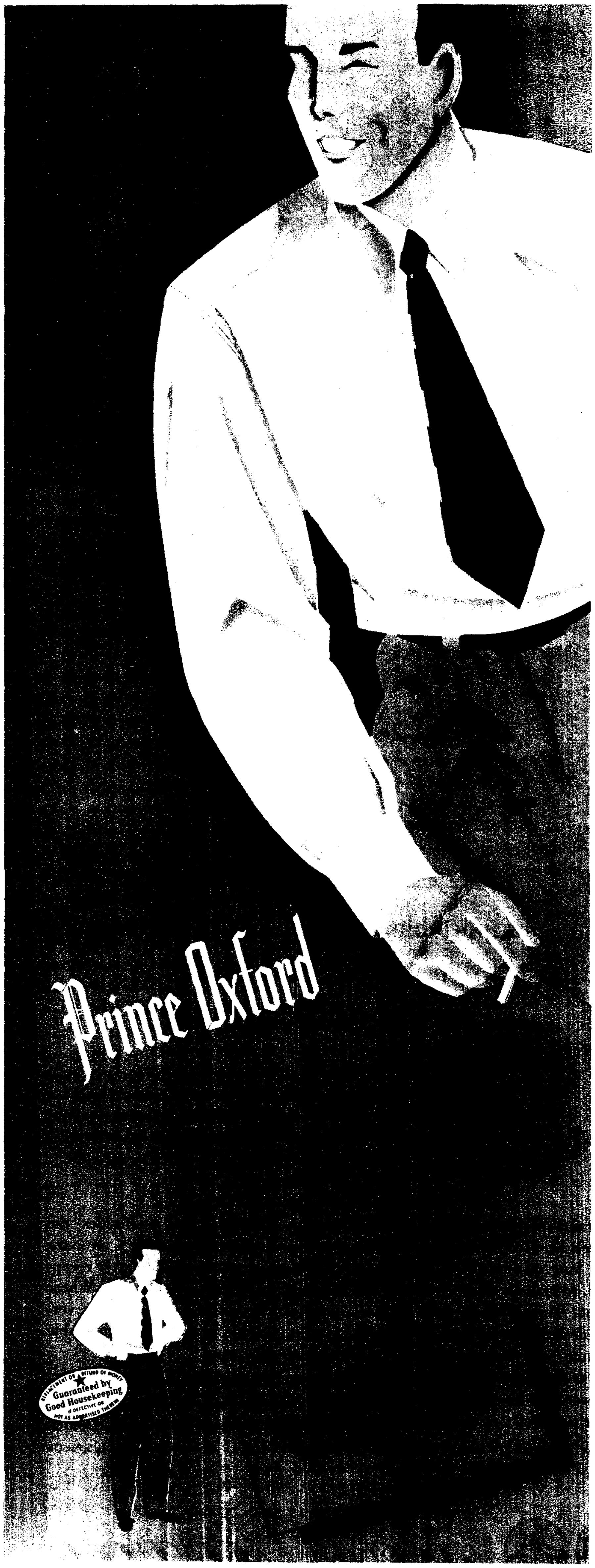
Mary agreed. In reply, she said, "We assume that every released serviceman faces a problem of readjustment to civilian life; and in general the folks at home are ready and willing to help him meet it.

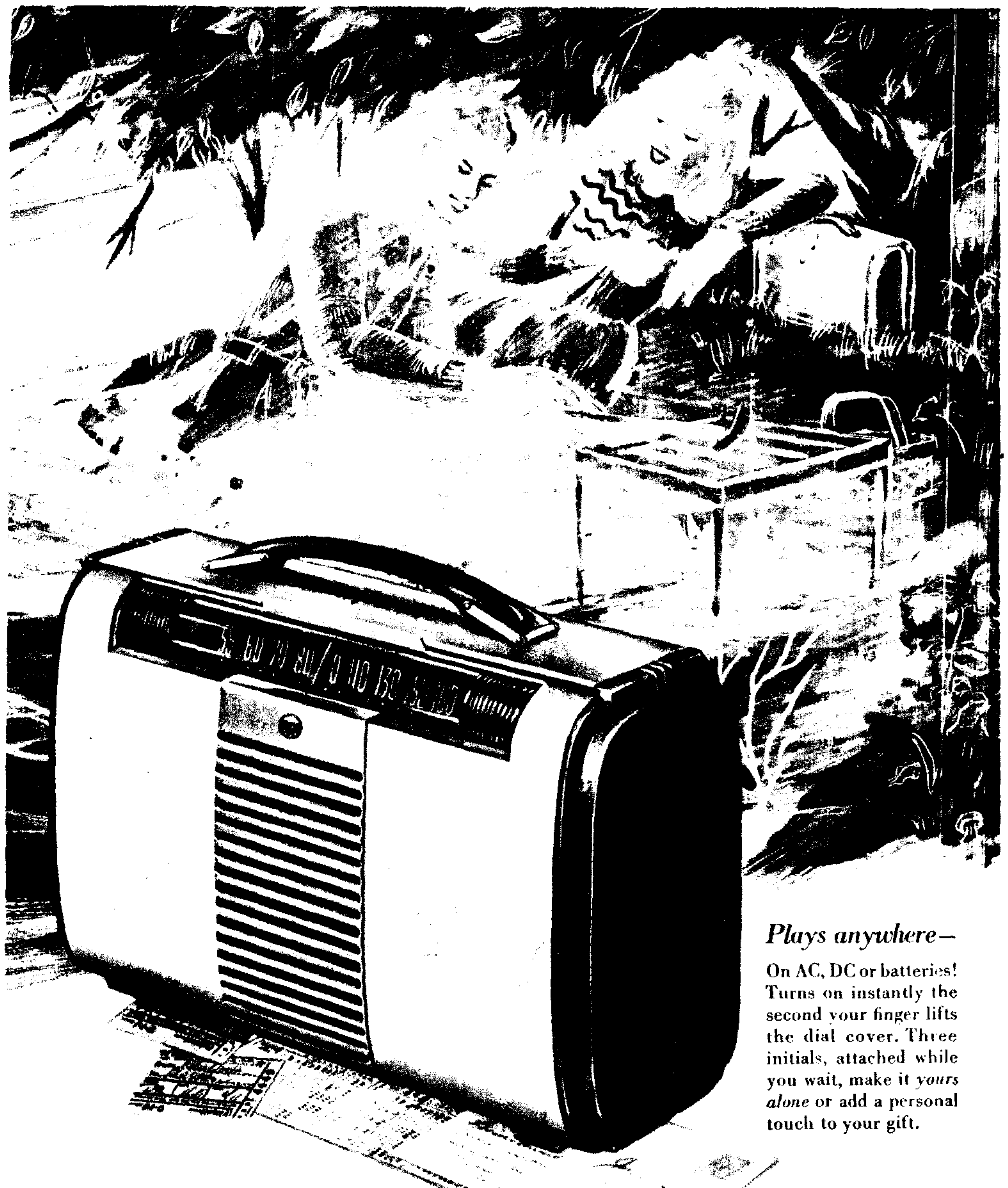
"The great majority make the grade, although not without some rough spots and some floundering for weeks or months. In this case your husband is making no honest effort to adjust to things as they are. He has been pampered quite enough. Any more indulgence would be detrimental, not beneficial.

"If he wants a further vote of confidence from you, he should earn it by taking a job, like it or not, in the present environment, and by 'staying put' for a year at least, or until you sincerely agree that a transfer elsewhere has everything to recommend it.

"The time has come to treat him with 'severe kindness,' in the sense of charging him sternly with inexcusable failure to measure up. It is a toss-up which way he will jump. He may do the right thing, that is, go to work. Or he may desert. If the latter, the fault will not be yours; and if he is a quitter, the sooner you get rid of him, the better."

Editors have complained because her text is too long and far above the head of the average reader. Mary has stood her ground—on length "because it takes time to tell the truth" and on style be-





Plays anywhere—
On AC, DC or batteries! Turns on instantly the second your finger lifts the dial cover. Three initials, attached while you wait, make it *yours alone* or add a personal touch to your gift.

The RCA Victor 'Globe-Trotter'

a brand-new portable with new weatherized case... new-type tubes...new controls... new year-round fun for you!

FINEST TONE SYSTEM IN RCA VICTOR HISTORY. This symbolizes the "Golden Throat"—RCA Victor's exclusive 3-Way Acoustical System. This thrilling development is explained technically in a booklet attached to RCA Victor instruments.

It's brand-span new all over! New, lightweight aluminum case with a special, long-lasting finish, electrically applied, to make it weather- and stain-resistant. This finish is *very durable!* Newly designed, golden thumb-wheels for tuning and volume control. Tiny, new, war-developed tubes give amazing power. Volume is ample even for outdoor dancing.

Enjoy it wherever you go, *even while you're on your way*... Besides the built-in loop antenna there's an extra aerial, easy to attach for better reception in train, plane, bus or car. Where electric current is available, this versatile portable works like a fine table model—just plug it in!

And—best of all—this compact radio has the beautifully balanced *tone* quality of RCA Victor's exclusive "Golden Throat"!

"Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

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RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

cause she knows from the evidence of her mail that baseball players and bartenders as well as professors of classic languages read it.

She edits but does not rewrite the text of the letters she publishes. She tries to keep intact each person's selection and arrangement of words, but she does narrow the material down and may reorganize it for better effect. Because she is a perfectionist, she searches and searches for the exact words with which to convey her ideas.

She is usually far from happy by the time she has finished her stint, for she has the unfortunate capacity for feeling keenly other people's troubles. When she worked only for the Post, she often tried to help directly. In those days you frequently saw her in a drugstore offering a handkerchief, a cup of coffee, and her advice to the emotionally needy.

A good many people in doubt still manage to get to her, in spite of her unlisted telephone and the hard-boiled operators on the Post switchboard. A minister, president of the Washington Federation of Churches, once telephoned to ask her advice about a seventeen-year-old girl and a boy of nineteen just going into the Army, who were waiting in his study to be married.

Not everyone agrees with her, by any means. Some say she is a menace, that hers is quack psychiatry, and dangerous. Some, though curiously not many, have objected to her frank approach to sex problems. Some of her columns have become a problem to the post office, for they have caused hundreds of pounds of controversial mail.

Whenever she can, Mary likes to print objections to her conclusions. Most Washingtonians remember the clamor caused by a "Navy Wife" who wrote that she didn't want to have children in wartime, and "drag around in pregnancy" while her husband was away. Mary thundered:

"God help humanity if your alleged thinking on this subject were a typical sample of what gallant men in general had to cope with." Then "Another Navy Wife" felt compelled to take her pen and tell Mary that these sentiments left her "trembling with rage for hours," and yet a third, boasting of being the highest honor graduate of a great university, announced that she considered that "drooling babies are unspeakable." Mary printed these responses, and equally indignant protests burst in at the rate of hundreds a day.

Doesn't Fall for Phony Tales

You might think letters like these are the product of mischievous readers who want to see what she'll say. But Mary has a sixth sense about that; she can almost always spot a phony story. Most of her leg-pulling mail comes from the U.S. Naval Academy, where her column has been for years part of the plebe-hazing ritual. Plebes are required to read and quote from it verbatim.

Intellectual though she is, Mary Haworth is inherently religious. Reared a Catholic, she sends her children to Catholic schools, and remains at heart a believer. This did not prevent her from divorce when her own marriage became untenable, nor does she fail to face publicly the fact that divorce is sometimes a necessity.

Naturally a suggestion of divorce is not always what Mary's "clients" want. Frequently they want her to tell them to keep their vows. However, Mary never flinches. One young woman whose husband fell in love with a Norwegian girl while overseas told Mary that he refused to live with her in the house she'd bought and that he refrained from marital relations, saying only that he wanted a divorce. "Why should I give him a divorce?" the wife asked. "I love him more than anything in life."

Mary's answer was Old Testament in its remorselessness. "It is an axiom of moral law that the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life," she lectured her. "You show yourself as the righteous Pharisee, obedient to the letter, dead to the spirit. You don't *love* him. You merely *want* him."

Mary is never afraid to take a firm stand, once she is sure of her ground. When a woman wrote to ask her whether or not to tell her devoted husband, who had just returned from overseas, that their second child was not his, Mary responded:

"No good purpose, in my opinion, would be served in gratuitously assailing your husband with a woebegone, repentant confession. Your wild impulse to be assured of his forgiveness is at least 50 per cent motivated by a weak desire to lighten the load on your conscience, thus buck-passing to him the lion's share of coping, mentally, with a problem which he had no part in concocting. If you feel you must confess, get it off your chest to an absolutely trustworthy physician or spiritual adviser, either of whom I feel sure would concur in my opinion."

Wife Demands a Home—or Else

Whenever it is possible to save a situation, Mary is anxious to do so. Here's one created by the housing shortage:

A husband, married eight years to the "perfect wife," could not find a place to live after his two years in the Army, and so sent his wife and children to her parents in Arizona until he could locate a home. After some months she wrote that the situation had become unbearable, because her parents, while loving and kind, had only a bedroom, living room, kitchen and bath—far too cramped quarters for three adults and two children. "Despite my apologies and explanations," the husband wrote Mary, "my wife's letters are increasingly cold, and yesterday she told me not to write her again until I am able to say I have located a place."

Mary's solution sounds sensible. "You and your wife have been apart too long," she answered. "Of course her feelings don't make sense from where you stand, but if you were in her shoes, you'd feel the same. Whereas, if she were at your side today, sharing the house hunt, the misunderstanding would not exist. She would see the predicament through your eyes and appreciate your panic.

"As an emergency measure, your wife should be relieved of the children's care for a month at least, so that she can rush here foot-loose to repair the rift in married companionship and to personally comb the town and surrounding countryside for a place to call home. Vote her parents, yours, anybody reliable, a big bonus if necessary to pinch-hit with the children. You need your wife at hand to captain the marriage if you are to lift it off the reef. Psychologically, you've been A.W.O.L."

It is not surprising, therefore, that Mary Haworth is a name rapidly becoming more familiar than Dorothy Dix, whose mantle—and public—she will surely inherit. King Features, which syndicates the column, was astute enough to realize this; and most newspapers know it. Mary takes a perfectly normal satisfaction in her success. She also likes the big money she suddenly finds coming in after a lifetime of penury. But most of all she counts her success in the coin of the help she is able to render. When one of her "clients" writes back to say that she has followed Mary's advice and found it good, Mary feels as though she'd had a quart of champagne.

The blurb on some promotion of her column describes her job pretty accurately: "Personal: Problems solved, tears dried, hearts neatly mended. Apply Mary Haworth, care of the Washington Post."

THE END

Hilton, shown with Hildegarde, currently singing at his Plaza, acquires hotels with an abandon that seems almost accidental

INNKEEPERS' IMBROGLIO

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Every time during the past few years that Conrad Hilton has gone dreamy-eyed he's wound up with another hotel. Now he's the biggest hotel man in the world, but his challenger, Arnold Kirkeby, lives just up the street

IN THE mind of various ancient beldams and gaffers, the sale of the Plaza Hotel in New York several years ago could only be associated with the fall of the Bastille, the decapitation of Charles the First and the fourth inaugural of Roosevelt. It was regarded as a disaster comparable with Austerlitz, Dunkerque and the battle of Cowpens. Nothing was added to the pitiable condition of same beldams by the further news that the purchaser was one Hilton, a gentleman of uncertain lineage hailing from a section often frighteningly designated as the West.

What the suite holders had in mind was never clear but it was vaguely assumed that the Plaza would now install cuspidors in the lobby and cater to a clientele inclined to shoot the hands off the clock behind the room clerk. When the management began making alterations, plaintive letters were addressed to the head office, "If you touch a speck of the sacred dust of the dear old Plaza, may God's hand, etc."

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON—PIX

Nothing daunted, the management proceeded to move a broker's firm from the first floor to the mezzanine, thus freeing the Oak Bar, which had been lost to history for years. It preserved the famous Oak Room intact, as well as the celebrated restaurant facing the Park. It removed the Tiffany glass arch over the Palm Court before it fell and maimed the permanent pewholders, and generally brightened up and lightened up the old institution. The guests were gradually mollified and eventually satisfied.

"Why, what a nice man, that handsome big Texan, Mr. Hilton," they cried and were only partly right as usual, for Mr. Hilton happens to be a New Mexican and is considered anything but nice by rival hotel men who sit cowering in their chairs in fear of the day when Hilton will lift their hostelry right out from under them.

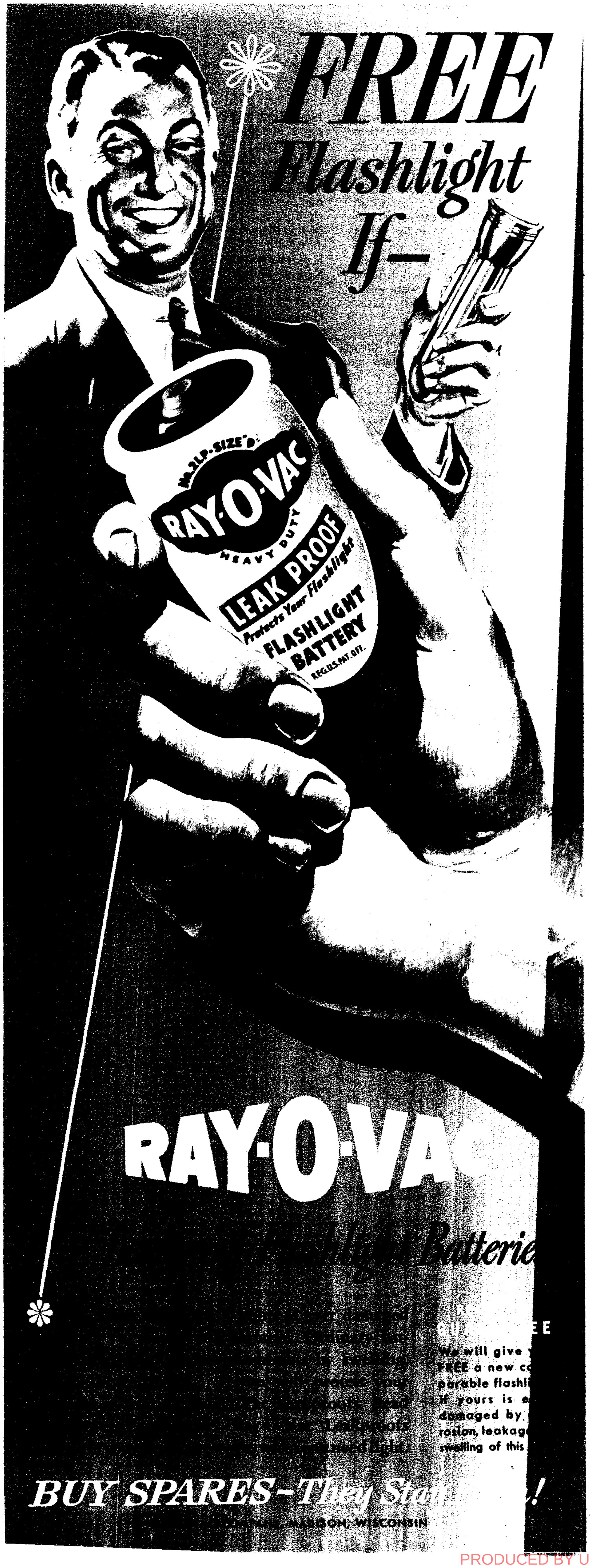
Since his acquisition of the Plaza, Hilton has bought the Palmer House and the Stevens in Chicago (the largest hotel in the world) and the Biltmore in Palm Beach. His deal for the Ambassador in Los Angeles has encountered court trouble but he already owns the Town House there and another hotel in near-by Long Beach. He leases the Roosevelt in New York and owns the Dayton-Biltmore in Ohio, the Palacio-Hilton in Chihuahua, Mexico, and Hilton's in El Paso, Lubbock and Longview, Texas, and Albuquerque, N. M.

This makes him the biggest hotel man in the world and if he needs a rival he can find him within a block of the Plaza in New York. Right up along Fifty-Ninth Street sits Arnold S. Kirkeby at the Hampshire House. Kirkeby owns the Gotham, Sherry-Netherlands and Warwick in New York (in addition to the Hampshire House). In Chicago he has the Blackstone (and formerly leased the Drake). In California he has the Beverly-Wilshire in Beverly Hills and the Sunset Towers in Hollywood. In Cuba he owns the famous Hotel Nacional and will operate under a management agreement the new superhotel in Panama City in the Canal Zone.

Both Hilton and Kirkeby are insulted at the suggestion that they are rivals, but the hotel world considers them in that light and watches their moves with the fascination of fear. The days are over when famous hotel properties fell into their laps like plums but there are still deals to be made, and Hilton and Kirkeby will be making them. Since old-line American hotel owners are waking up

(Continued on page 99)

Arnold Kirkeby, who owns Hampshire House just up the street from Hilton's Plaza, is his chief rival as hotel chain builder



YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE A PROFIT

Continued from page 19

$750,000,000. Far from being able to pay for it, even with our carry-back and accumulated reconversion funds, we have had to borrow a large sum—$125,000,000.

Many other industrial companies, especially those that suffered strikes, are finding themselves in the same position. Instead of making enormous profits out of the war, most established large companies now find themselves in a position where they must borrow large sums or sell additional stock in an effort to get on a sound peacetime production basis.

The subtle attacks on industry and our economic system take almost innumerable forms. One that you may remember well was the hue and cry about "opening the books" of General Motors during the strike last spring. The idea here was to give the public an impression that there was something concealed in these books; some hidden profit or sum of money out of which the company could pay increased wages without increasing prices.

As the union leaders well knew, "opening the books" was a false issue. How much General Motors takes in each year—how much it pays employees—how much it pays stockholders—how much it pays in taxes—how much net profit it makes—how much cash it has in banks—these and all other important facts, all attested to by independent outside auditors, are plainly stated in annual and quarterly reports. These are broadcast to 420,000 stockholders from coast to coast. They are sent to newspapers and libraries. They are filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission. Additional copies may be obtained free for the asking.

Putting Management on a Spot

The object of the demand was not to obtain information, but to have a finger in the pie of management; and at the very least, to make propaganda. A prominent union leader cynically explained at a union meeting following the strike that the whole "ability to pay" idea was cooked up merely "to win public support, and get the company over a barrel."

The management of an industrial company has two principal jobs: to keep the business functioning efficiently, and to divide up the proceeds as fairly as possible among three groups of people. The three interested groups, of course, are consumers, employees and stockholders.

Traditionally, it is the consumer who rules industry. What he wants to buy, and how much he will pay for it, sets the whole direction and level of the operation. He is a pretty fickle patron, for the most part. Fashions affect him. He is very sensitive to prices. He holds in his hands the power of life or death over every business enterprise. He demands better quality and lower prices.

Stockholders, of course, are the people who put up the money that makes the enterprise possible. They provide the tools and facilities required for efficient production. Thrift must have some reward and they want and deserve some return proportional to the risks they take in competitive industry.

The third group, the employees, receives the biggest single part of a manufacturing business' income dollar. The purpose of strikes in industry is usually to get a larger share for the employees. In the final analysis, strikes are attacks on the shares of the proceeds which go to the consumer and the stockholder.

Stockholders these days receive so small a part of industrial income that in effect the recent strikes have been aimed wholly at the consumer. When wages were forced up this spring by strikes and government intervention, there was no other course possible but to raise prices—so the consumer had to pay the increases.

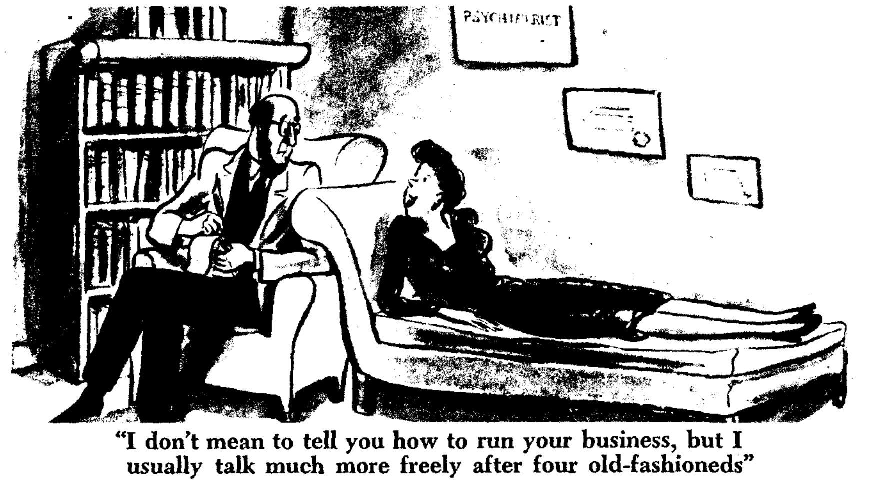
Consumers, of course, include employees, and consequently the members of unions. Even some of the leaders who brought about the recent strikes now apparently are beginning to realize that salvation is not in industrial warfare, which itself increases costs, or in increased money wages, but in efficient production. For, of course, money is worth nothing unless there are goods to buy with it. When desired products are scarce, wage increases only serve to inflate prices, without adding in any way to the sum total of what can be purchased.

What do we want out of life, anyhow? To most Americans, I think, the principal economic goals are reasonable peace and security, ability to get ahead in proportion to ambition and talent, freedom to choose where you are to live, whom you work for and what kind of work you will do, and an increasing share of the material things that make life happy and comfortable.

Obviously, as a nation, we can all have more only if we produce more.

There may be many ways to try to achieve these goals. But broadly, there are only two general types of organized human society. At one extreme is the system in which the government, or the state, is more important than the man. In such a system everybody exists and works in a kind of peonage to the state. Each man's life is the state's; he is entitled to no personal ambitions, and can reach no higher living standards than those the state assigns to him.

This is totalitarianism, whether you call it by the label of Fascist, Communist, Nazi or something else. It begins by pretending to give all men security; it ends by putting the whole nation in bondage.



"I don't mean to tell you how to run your business, but I usually talk much more freely after four old-fashioneds"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

It has its own methods of getting things done. In the absence of the profit motive, these must be based principally on compulsion and fear.

At the other extreme is the idea that the most important unit in civilization is the individual himself; that government, or the state, should be only an organization for determining the rules desired by a majority of the people and a kind of traffic cop to keep the machinery running smoothly and to see that the rules are observed until the people themselves wish to change them. In this system people do not exist to serve the state. The state exists to serve the people. In America, this is what we commonly refer to as democracy. The capitalist type of economy is the one best fitted to function in a democracy, because capitalism, like democracy, is a system which places great value on the individual. In capitalism, production is primarily for individual consumption, and it results primarily from voluntary individual or group venturing and initiative.

The human race, no matter where it lives, or under what political or economic system, has nothing at all except what it can produce. Food, clothing, shelter, conveniences and comforts—none of these comes without effort. The population that produces most will have the most. If abundant material prosperity is what we want, we are most likely to get it under some form of human organization that fully harnesses normal motives and desires.

This is where the capitalistic system has one of its major advantages. It induces men to produce by offering rewards for productivity—and it scales the rewards in proportion to ability and efficiency. The profit and loss mechanism that brings this about is simple, automatic and just, requiring no officer, bureaucrat, judge or jury to administer or enforce it. Capitalism is the only economic system that contains such an automatic self-disciplining mechanism, and is the only system that has within itself the power to correct its own mistakes, without revolution.

One of the great difficulties with government enterprises is that they have no natural self-correcting device like this. The patrons of government enterprises ordinarily have little or nothing to say about either the quality or the cost of the goods or services they obtain. In some governments they do not even dare raise their voices in inquiry or protest. Under our system the customer's desire is the ultimate law. He casts his vote for the survival or death of a business enterprise every time he makes a purchase.

Some people would have you believe, nevertheless, that under a government-controlled economy, goods would cost less "because government does not have to make a profit." It may be that in the ordinary limited use of the word "profit" this is true. But the assumption that this would make goods cost less is one of the saddest fallacies in current thinking.

The books of all going enterprises, whether publicly or privately owned, must balance, and when losses occur under government operation they have to be made up by extra charges to the people through taxation. So the people still pay the extra cost in another form.

But the worst fallacy of all is that under government operation the same progress would be made in developing better products and that the costs of production and distribution would be the same without the profit motive.

Government Mistakes Cost More

If all the extra costs, including losses, that are involved in government operations are added up, it will be found that the extra margin government operation requires must almost always be larger than that of private industry—because when private managers make mistakes, the losses are relatively limited, affecting only one company or one unit in an industry. But when a government manager makes a mistake it may affect the whole economy.

The economic system of Russia is often held up to us by "liberals" as being more sensitive to the material needs of the common people than our own. The Russians themselves have tried to keep us from finding out whether this is so.

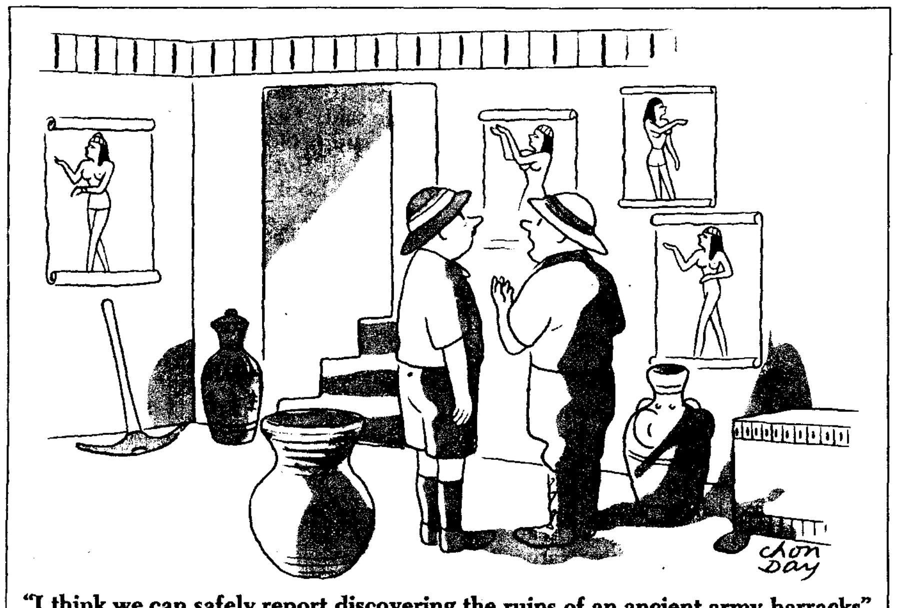
Only now and then does a momentary crack appear in this iron curtain. When it does, we invariably discover that prices (including the government's profit) are very high in Russia, and wages low. Since both are set by law, this means simply that if the living standards of the Russian people are low, the government must accept the responsibility.

Commenting on disclosures of living conditions in Russia, a writer in *Labor's Monthly Survey,* a publication of the American Federation of Labor, recently pointed out that "For Russian workers, automobiles, radios at home, bathtubs, vacuum cleaners and other things the American worker enjoys daily are nothing but dreams."

Human nature being what it is, no economic system is or ever will be perfect. But all things considered, our own system, when permitted to function according to its principles, is undoubtedly the most efficient and most productive so far devised, and its benefits are the most widely and justly distributed.

I think, therefore, it's about time somebody began speaking up on behalf of capitalism and the profit motive. We've kicked them around long enough.

THE END



"I think we can safely report discovering the ruins of an ancient army barracks"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

oh, what a wonderful feeling!

Here it is—a Van Heusen Sport Shirt in *Vanisuede*—the soft, smooth, friendly-to-human-skin fabric. Yes, Van Heusen built true luxury into this shirt, and plenty of style. The exclusive California Lo-No Collar looks right without a tie—right handsome *with* a tie! Six smart, bright colors: Kelly green, beige, maize, wine, chocolate and azure. Van Heusen sewmanship, too, to bring you superior fit and comfort. Just purr at your dealer and pad home with several Van Heusen Sport Shirts in *Vanisuede.*

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VANISUEDE SPORT SHIRTS

Vanisuede ... Its fluffy, kitten-fur texture will stay luxurious through countless tubbings. Sanforized and Vat-dyed.

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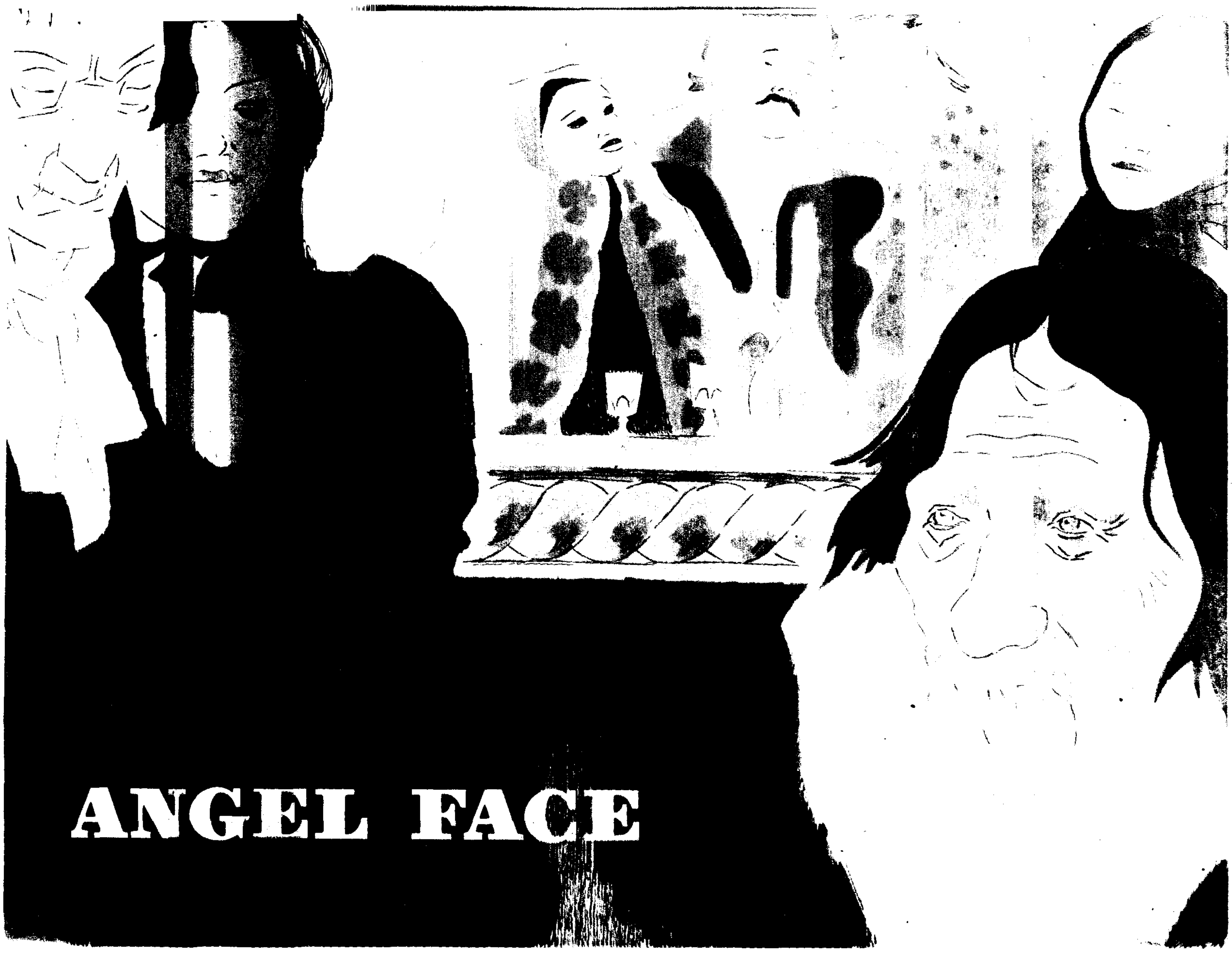

ANGEL FACE

A short short story complete on this page

BY
GERALD
KERSH

There was Kanibalski, looking all around, glancing from face to face in that smoky beerhouse

I REMEMBER looking at Adze and marveling at his ugliness. He had a head like a wind-lashed rock—bare, barren, cruel, unapproachable and cold. His features were still quite regular, but his bleak passions had cracked and marred his face as frost cracks stone.

There was something about him that repelled you. Humanity had departed from him, leaving a desolation. I was looking at him, I say, and wondering if blood had ever flowed out of the knife cut on his left cheek. He caught my eye and said:

"You do not like my face?"

I hesitated. Adze lifted a corner of his upper lip; it was like the prizing open of a bear trap. That was his way of smiling. Then he said:

"Yet you have heard of the artist Kanibalski? You have seen a picture he painted called Saint Michael and The Devil? The museum paid thousands for that picture. Did you notice the face of Saint Michael? You did. And you liked that face, I think? Well, that was me."

"No!"

"Yes," said Adze.

He went on talking in his hard, metallic voice, which made the sentences sound like handfuls of peas falling on a tin plate:

"Yes. I was Kanibalski's model for St. Michael. The likeness is good, apart from the halo. You say Kanibalski was a great artist. I say he was a fool. He was religious, too, and prayed to God for inspiration. He had money of his own, so he did not starve. He drank brandy. When drunk he would pray in a broken voice.

"I met him in 1880, in Moscow. It was in a café. Kanibalski sometimes got drunk there—a comical little man with a long black coat, black hat, black tie, a little black book in his hand, a face like a child, blue eyes, clear as glass, and a fair beard.

"I was drinking tea when he first spoke to me. He grasped me by the hand and shouted out loud. I could smell the brandy he had drunk. He said: 'Yours is the face I saw in my vision. I am painting a picture of Saint Michael vanquishing the Evil One. I prayed for inspiration. God sent me a vision. In this vision I saw your face! Do not laugh, for what I say is God's own truth. Now I have found you, and you must come with me to my studio while I paint you.'

"I said, 'What do I get out of it?'

"'I will pay,' he said, 'only come. Come.'

"I went. He had a studio full of canvases covered with unfinished Christs and saints. He paid me fifty kopecks an hour. You will see how I looked as a young man in the face of Saint Michael. I had to stand on a platform with my legs wide apart. Ha! I was Saint Michael towering over the fallen Devil. Amusing, eh? Hou!"

Adze laughed. I protested:

"What is there so funny in that? Kanibalski was a noble soul; he saw the virtue in everything. Yours was a strong face. For Kanibalski, to be strong was to overcome temptation, to overcome Satan. So he saw you as Saint Michael."

"He was crazy," said Adze. "A lunatic. Look how he died. Suicide! There is no sense in that."

I asked Adze, "Did you ever see him again?"

"Yes," said Adze. "Twenty years later in Odessa. I had just come off a boat. I went into a beer shop called the Gambrinus—a rough place, frequented by the lowest criminals in the city.

"I was sitting there alone, smoking a cigarette, when I heard a man laugh while a woman said, 'Look at the drunken priest.'

"AND there was Kanibalski, dressed in a dirty suit and playing with a cross. His beard was whiter and his face was taut on its bones, but he still had big blue eyes like a baby.

"He looked all around, glancing from face to face in that smoky beerhouse. Then he saw me and jumped, walked over to me, placed his hands on my shoulders, and looked into my eyes.

"'You're here!' he said. 'And for twenty years I have been looking for you.'

"I said, 'What for?'

"He said, 'My friend, you're the one man in all the world for whom I have been waiting. I saw your face in a vision sent by God. You must come with me to my studio now. I must paint you: only your head—your face. In God's Holy Name, I command you to come.'

"I followed him. His studio looked the same as the one in Moscow, but there were now more canvases. On the easel stood my picture. There I was, Saint Michael, all in white armor, with my foot on the breast of a black thing with bat's wings that lay in a pool of blood.

"'Look,' said Kanibalski.

"'Good,' said I. 'Where do you want me to stand?'

"'You do not stand,' said Kanibalski, and he burst into tears. 'God help you, stranger, poor unknown brother—but you must lie upon the ground, for yours is the face of Satan.'"

Adze laughed again.

"I let him finish," he said. "It took a week. When it was finished, I said to him, 'You do not seem to remember me!'

"He said, 'I saw you in a vision.'

"I said, 'No, you saw me in Moscow. But then I was Saint Michael. Look at me carefully now. You will see.'

"Kanibalski's face grew gray as ashes.

"'No,' he said, but he knew that what I said was true. When I left him he was praying in a broken voice. At twelve o'clock that night he drowned himself."

"The poor wretch," I said, "but why didn't you tell him before he started?"

"He might not have finished the picture."

"True," I said, "and the world would have lost a masterpiece."

"And I should have lost my pay, forty rubles," said Adze.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. HALLMAN

PHILIP MORRIS PRESENTS

TWO PIPE TOBACCOS each entirely different!

BOND STREET
PIPE
REVELATION
SMOKING MIXTURE
Try Both—in Your Pipe
SEE WHICH YOU LIKE BEST!
Some smokers blend the two

THE PIPE TOBACCOS YOU CAN INHALE

PROVED IN THE LABORATORY! Laboratory measurement of the irritation in the smoke, indicates that the average of six other leading popular pipe tobaccos is over three times as irritating as REVELATION! Cool, clean-smoking BOND STREET also gives you this important Philip Morris advantage. Try both of these fine Philip Morris mixtures!

A Great Philip Morris Advance
THE FLAVOR'S IN—
BUT THE BITE IS OUT!

Even if you sometimes pay up to $2 and $3 a pound for pipe tobacco, we urge you to try BOND STREET or REVELATION. *Compare with the most expensive tobaccos you can buy!*

BOND STREET tobacco contains a rare aromatic mixture never before used in popular price blends. It's truly aromatic. REVELATION is a magnificent blend of 5 choice tobaccos cut 5 different ways. Both have delightful flavor and aroma—yet each is entirely different! Both are so mild and gentle, you can actually inhale them, if you wish. Try BOND STREET and REVELATION—see which you like best!

BOND STREET

A genuine and very different aromatic mixture never before used in popular-price blends. Here is tobacco with wonderful flavor and aroma, even non-smokers approve. Smooth, cool and clean-burning.

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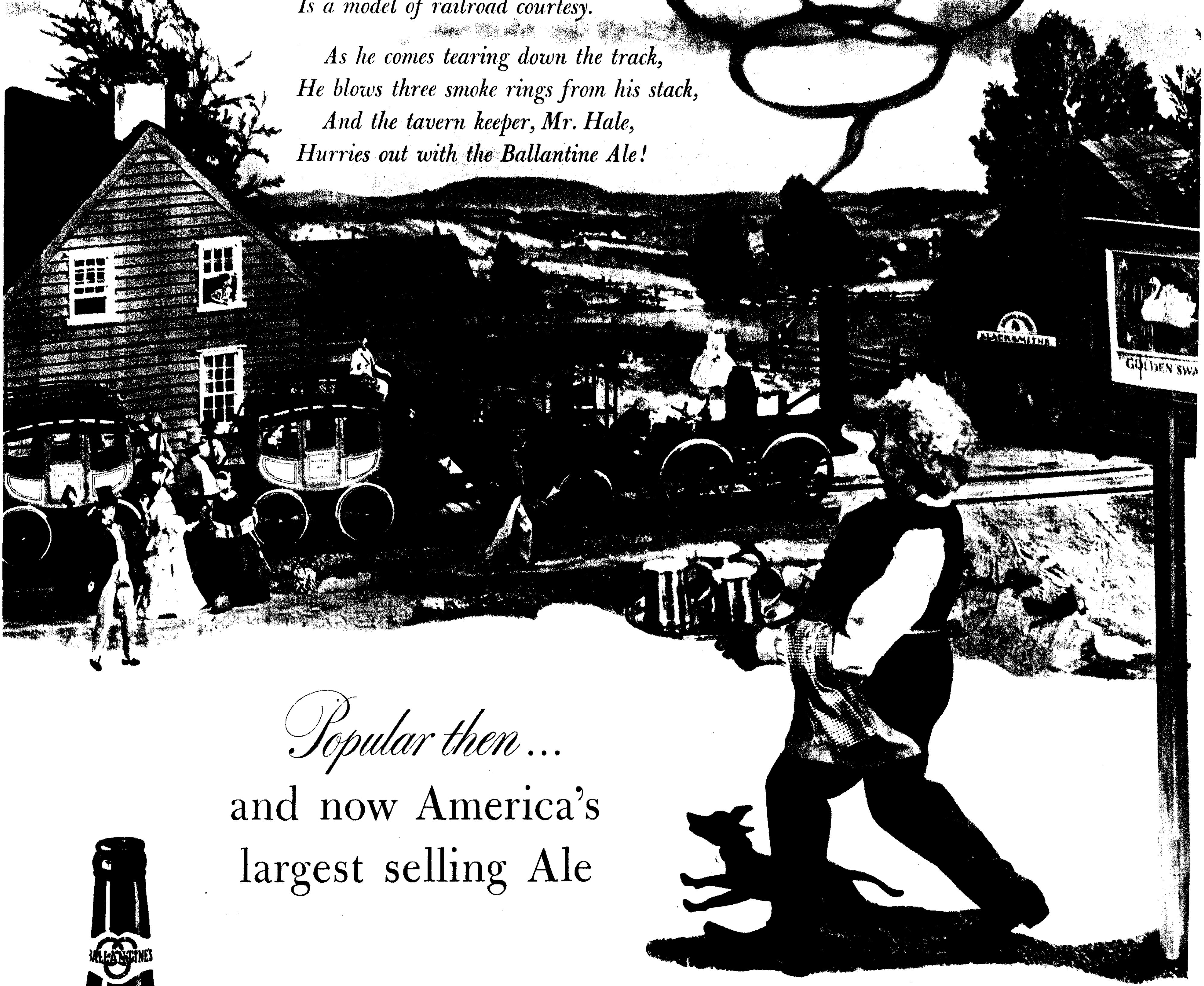
FINEST QUALITY—AT A POPULAR PRICE
Back Again In TINS
PHILIP MORRIS & CO.
Dedicated to the Production of Fine Tobacco Products

The ride's been dusty, the day is hot,
The passengers are a thirsty lot;
But the engineer, as you can see,
Is a model of railroad courtesy.

As he comes tearing down the track,
He blows three smoke rings from his stack,
And the tavern keeper, Mr. Hale,
Hurries out with the Ballantine Ale!



Popular then...

and now America's
largest selling Ale

BALLANTINE'S
BALLANTINE'S
XXX
ALE

Back in 1840, Peter Ballantine took one drink to judge PURITY, a second for BODY, a third for FLAVOR . . . and adopted as his trade mark the three moisture rings left by his glass on the table.

Today, the 3 rings is the trade mark everybody knows . . . the trade mark everybody looks for . . . to make *sure* it's Ballantine Ale they're getting—and no mistake.

Ballantine Ale is the big seller, has been for years, because it's brighter, brisker, livelier... because it's unusually rich in the extra flavor that characterizes ale at its finest.

Look for the 3 rings; call for "Ballantine Ale." *America's finest since 1840.* P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

"Ballantine" on the cap for your protection

BALLANTINE PURITY BODY FLAVOR TRADE-MARK ALE

BREWED ON THE SAME SITE SINCE 1840

INNKEEPERS' IMBROGLIO

Continued from page 93

to the fact that they are in the midst of a boom and are no longer dumping their possessions on Kirkeby and Hilton with a glad and stupid cry, the great men are feeling around in foreign waters and from that section may possibly come the next combat.

Both Hilton and Kirkeby have a great deal in common and don't know it. Kirkeby is proud of his Norwegian ancestry (both his mother and father were born in Norway) and was greatly surprised and a bit doubtful at learning that Hilton is also the son of a Norwegian-born father.

Hilton has had much more practical hotel experience than Kirkeby but they both started as financial men.

Kirkeby's father was in the small-grains business in Chicago and able with a struggle to send his son to college, but instead young Kirkeby quit after graduating from Carl Schurz High School at eighteen and went into an investment house as a messenger. At the age of twenty he had his own securities house and in his second year was employing sixteen salesmen doing a business of $16,000,000 a year. The depression brought him up sharp and by 1934 he knew he would have to get into something else. He leased the Sheridan Beach and Evanshire hotels, semiresidential, and later leased the Drake. That started the thing rolling.

A Scalping Party Near Socorro

Hilton's father was born in Norway, came to Dodge City, Kansas, and later wandered down to Socorro, N. M., at a time when the Indians were still loitering in the suburbs intent on reprimanding any wayward paleface. On one occasion the elder Hilton was the sole survivor of a raid in which eight white men were killed and scalped. When Socorro reached a population of a thousand, the Hiltons acquired an acute case of claustrophobia and retreated farther south to the little town of San Antonio, a hot and bedraggled spot on the railroad between Albuquerque and El Paso. Conrad (Connie) Hilton was born there, the second of eight children.

Father Hilton ran the store, owned a drugstore on the side, was postmaster and traded for pelts, minerals and piñon nuts. As he kept adding to the rambling Mexican house which served as store and home, he finally had five rooms that could be used as a hotel. Connie was made boss of the outfit, which consisted of meeting the traveling salesmen as they left the train, southbound at one fifteen, and northbound at three o'clock in the morning.

"One dollar a day, board and room," says Hilton proudly, "and I wish we could get food like that now."

At twenty-two he was elected to the New Mexico legislature. At twenty-four he had organized and was president of the State Bank of San Antonio, total assets, $30,000. At twenty-five he went to war and came back a lieutenant. While he was in France his father was killed in an automobile accident and that, with the knowledge of the world he had picked up in foreign travel, made Connie decide that San Antonio was not a place for the ambitious.

He went up to Albuquerque to see a girl friend and found her father on his deathbed. The advice Connie got from her father, Mr. Vaughey, changed his life. "I have only a few days to live," Mr. Vaughey said, "and I have been thinking about you, Connie. I have a little money and I want you to take it. The future is in Texas. Go down there and make your fortune."

He landed in Cisco, Texas, in the middle of the famous Burkburnett oil field and was ready to close for the purchase of a small bank when the New York owner welshed on his offer and raised the price. Disgusted with such chicanery, Connie spied the Mobley Hotel and bought that instead, acquiring two partners during the operation. One gentleman turned out to possess a philosophy which might be admirable in other circumstances but hindered him as a hotel man. When Connie once urged him to be attentive to a certain patron, our friend replied, "I don't want to meet him. I know all the people I want to know now." He sold out to Connie in due course and presumably retired to live in a cave.

The Mobley operated on a system somewhat less exiguous than the one set down by Cesar Ritz but it coined money nevertheless. "It wasn't exactly a hotel," muses Hilton. "It was sort of a flophouse. We considered it a bad day when we didn't have a three-time turnover on the rooms. It was also a bad night when I had my own bed to myself."

The Hilton luck revealed itself almost immediately when every bank in the region met the depression of 1920 by snuggling sadly into the arms of the receiver and expiring. Connie went on to Fort Worth to acquire another caravansary which answered readily to the name of wreck. Its furniture was suffering from spur wounds and the cockroaches had only recently completed a national convention in the kitchen. Hilton rushed into this battle with soap, insecticides and assorted battle cries and soon had it operating as a small mint. He bought a second hotel in Fort Worth and his first in Dallas.

The serenity of this scene was shattered by murder. In buying the first Fort Worth hotel Hilton had taken on two partners, a former restaurant man named Soderman and Major Jay Clay Powers, his commander in the late war. Soderman had later sold out and seems to have cherished resentment over the deal because he met Major Powers in the lobby of the Waldorf Hotel in Fort Worth and killed him with two shots. The trial was a Texas sensation and ended with Soderman getting a five-year sentence for manslaughter.

Dressed to Kill, But No Shootin'

He was pardoned in two years in one of Ma Ferguson's clean sweeps of the jails, and this caused some consternation in the Hilton entourage because reports had been floating back from the penitentiary that Hilton would next be perforated. Nothing ever came of the episode except a tame interview with Soderman at which nothing untoward was hinted, but for months Hilton went well-garbed with artillery and his minions about the tavern were tickled almost into insensibility by the pressure of gats under the armpits.

It was in Dallas that Hilton built his first Hilton Hotel and where his financial wizardry became evident. The structure would rear itself fourteen stories above the mesquite bushes of Texas and cost a million dollars. Connie saw an advertisement in a business paper, "We will finance you; if you need money see us," and took the train to New York to visit this philanthropist.

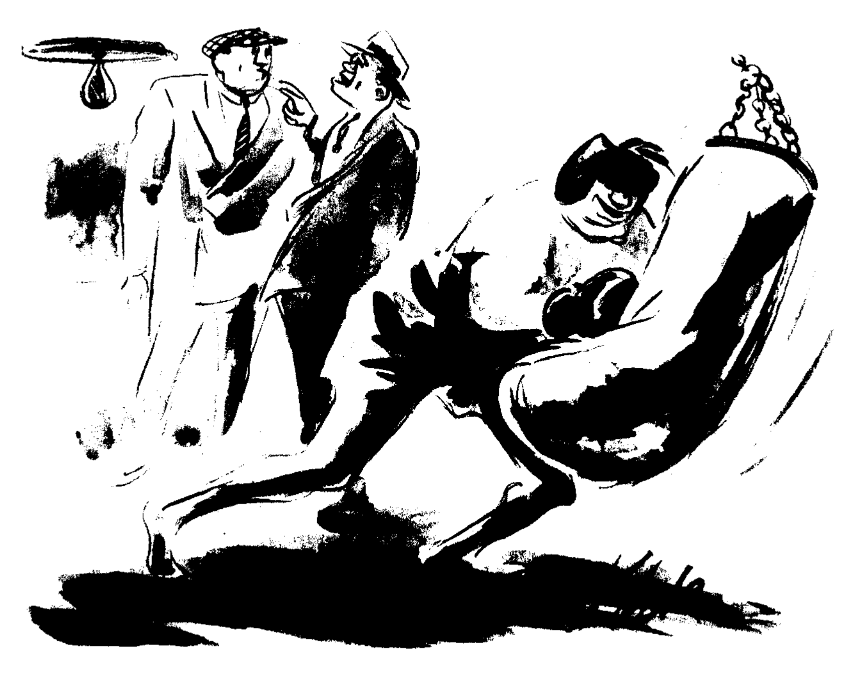
"He sold me a big insurance policy," reports Hilton wryly, "and gave me no money to build the hotel."

So he retraced his steps, braced a man in Dallas who owned a well-situated lot and offered to lease it at big money if he could have the privilege of mortgaging it. The man agreed and Hilton was immediately on his way to St. Louis, where he met W. L. Hemingway, president of the National Bank of Commerce, and got a loan of $500,000. He next approached a building constructor and said he could have the contract to build the hotel if he loaned Hilton $150,000. He agreed and Hilton chased around to a local bank and talked them out of $50,000. The rest he got from friends and started to dig the foundation.

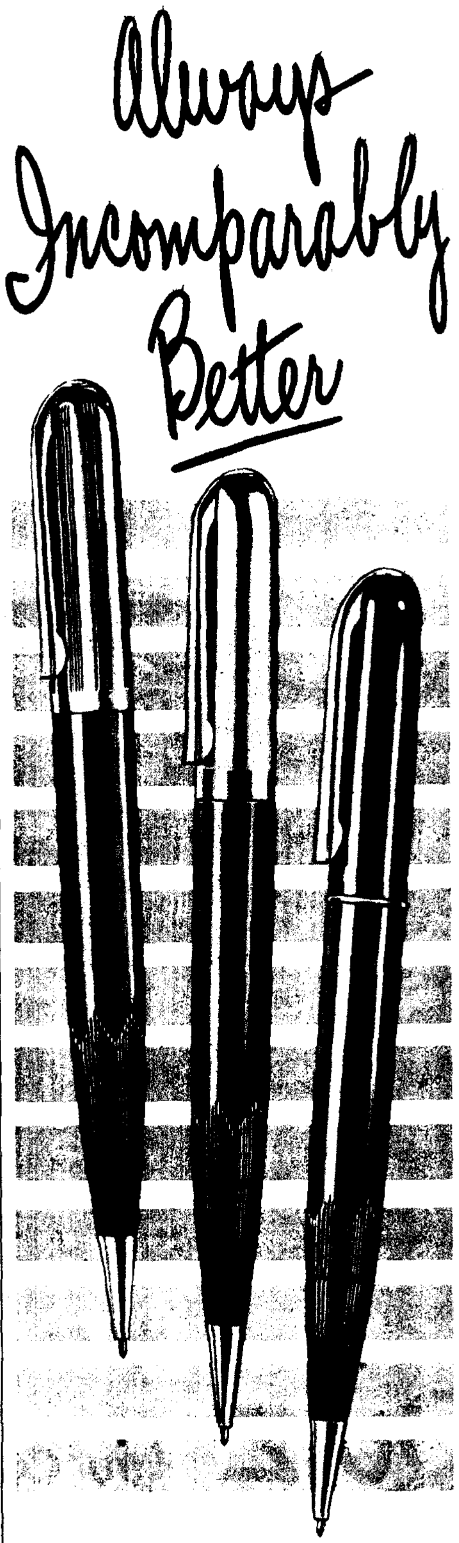
"Just one little thing I forgot," says Mr. Hilton. "Extras. Instead of a foundation, we seemed to be digging a well. That cost $20,000 more than we had figured on and every doorknob suddenly decided to be precious."

When they reached the tenth floor, Hilton scraped the last nickel out of his pockets and began hunting around frantically for another $100,000. The plumbers hadn't been paid and the Dallas bank suddenly called and asked for its $50,000. Hilton stalled the plumbers by saying that he had just put a check in the mails and they'd have it Monday morning. He then wrote out the check, as if by reflex action, let it lie on his desk and went out to scour the town.

Halfway down the street he met a



COLLIER'S "The kid don't know what fear is—or anything" KIRK STILES



The new "Autopoint" pencils, as always, are incomparably better in smart styling with gleaming gold trim and new "pocket-level" clips . . . better in the flawless, trouble-free writing they deliver. Their famous "Grip-Tite" tips won't let leads wobble, turn or fall out. It takes time to precision build quarter-century proved "Autopoint" pencils. So while they are not plentiful now, accelerated output soon will put an "Autopoint" in your pocket or purse. Pencils shown, left to right: $3.75 (plus excise tax), $2.65 and $1.75 (no excise tax). Models for standard or real thin leads.

Autopoint Leads in New Improved Plastic Tube

Ask your dealer for "Autopoint" leads in the new "Turn-top, Tilt-lead-out" plastic tube—the greatest improvement ever made in a lead container. Turn top and tilt leads out. No cap to remove and lose. Stops leads spilling out. With standard leads 10c—Real Thin 15c.

Business organizations give imprinted "Autopoint" Pencils to spark up sales, build good will.

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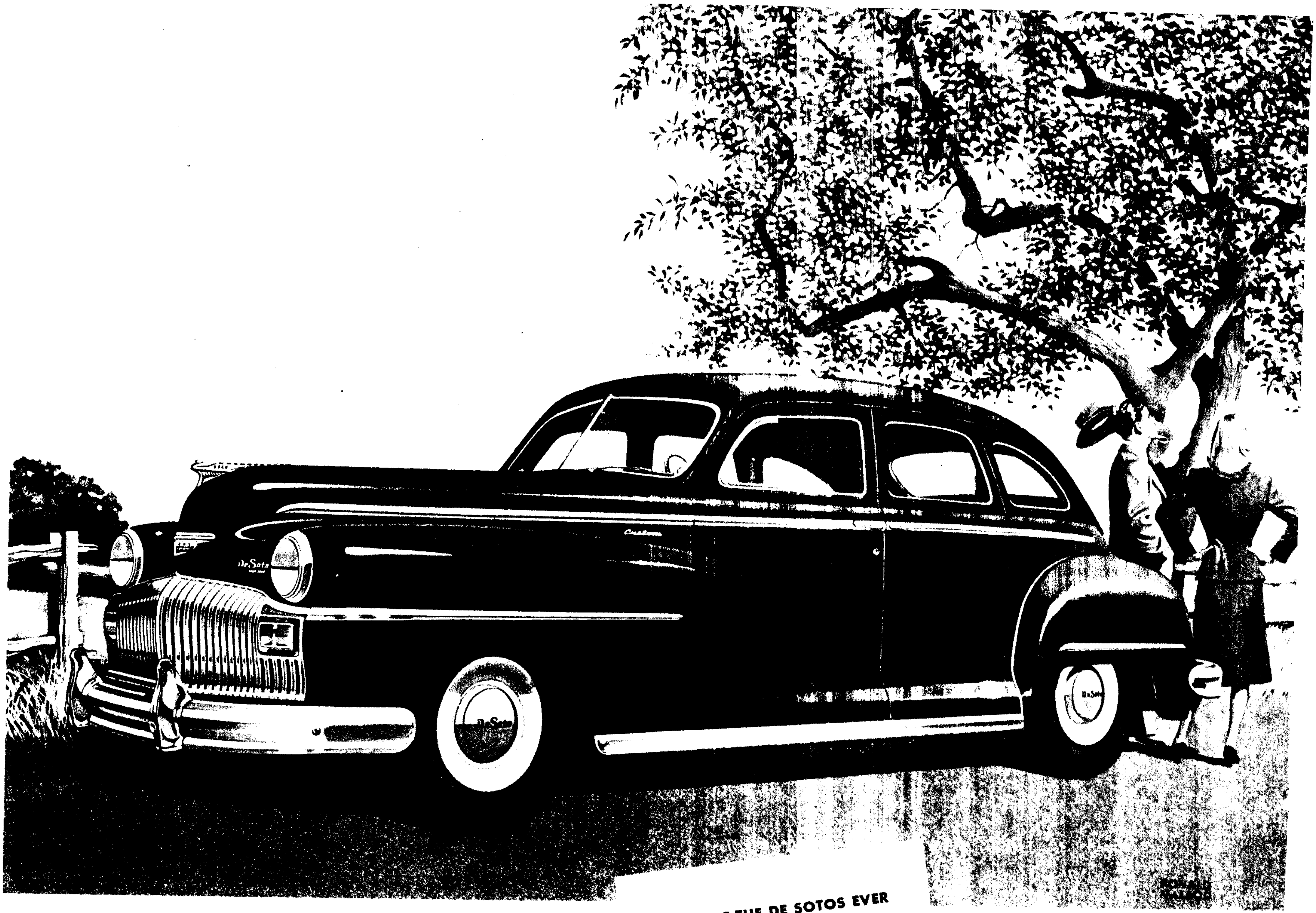
BETTER PENCILS

FIT ANY POCKET... EVERY POCKETBOOK



QUIZ for car buyers

(De Soto owners know the answers)

MOST OF THE DE SOTOS EVER BUILT ARE STILL RUNNING

Right? ☐
Wrong? ☐

Right! And in a recent survey among 1941-'42 De Soto owners, 8 out of 10 said "Most satisfactory car I ever owned" and added that their next car would be *another* De Soto.

THERE'S A NEW KIND OF BLOWOUT PROTECTION

Right? ☐
Wrong? ☐

Right! De Soto's new Safety-Rim Wheels hold tire and tube in place in case of a blowout. Even at high speed, they help you come to a safe, straight stop. A vital safety feature.

NO CAR CAN RUN WITHOUT A METAL FLYWHEEL

Right? ☐
Wrong? ☐

Wrong! In the new De Soto with Fluid Drive there is no metal flywheel. Instead, a *liquid* coupling cushions the flow of power, prevents jerky starts, absorbs driving strains.

8 out of 10 say **De Soto** again*

The demand for De Soto is so great th in spite of all our efforts some delay m be necessary before your dealer c make delivery to you. But if you do ha to wait, you'll be glad you did!

DE SOTO DIVISION
OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

*Based on a survey among 1941-42 De Soto owne friend, started to tell him about the check and was suddenly struck by the horrible thought that somebody might pick up the letter with the check and mail it by mistake. He hurriedly called his office and told them to hold the letter. "Too late," they said amiably, "already in the mails."

He was about to start on a run for the post office when his friend stopped him. "If you do get the letter out and you still can't pay the plumber and the men fail to show up Monday, how's that going to help you? Everybody in town knows you're busted and that's the end of you."

A Small Matter of Fifty Grand

Hilton went back to his office. The phone rang again and it was the bank reminding him of that small matter of the $50,000. He suddenly realized that it was silly to be worrying about the bank. "I have the $50,000," he reasoned, "and they don't have it. Also they aren't plumbers. They can wait." He refused to answer the phone and set about getting the $100,000. The matter was finally resolved by other interests finishing the hotel and taking possession and Hilton leasing it from them. It made him a small fortune.

He started building hotels all over Texas and also began taking on a few airs, among them the acquisition of a French chef for the Dallas triumph. This lasted only briefly.

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Married life has taught me one invaluable thing—to think of things far enough ahead not to say them!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Connie," said his steady patrons sadly, "a sauce is all right if it comes under the head of gravy but you're not going to make Texans forget the cow. What we want are steaks. We don't care how you cook them just so long as they cover the plate."

What really proved that Hilton was a hotel man was the depression. Texas was hit full in the midriff and hotel clerks often stood for days behind the desk without welcoming a guest. Hilton rode out the storm by getting new financing (a sad and disagreeable experience that has forever soured him on associations of that kind), shearing off the weaker units and hanging on grimly.

His right-hand man was J. B. Herndon, an old friend from Albuquerque, who had been in the banking field and knew exactly what made the eagle on the gold piece scream. They became geniuses at making short cuts that saved money and came out of the struggle with such a knowledge of the hotel business that they have ever since been running over opposition managers who lack their confidence.

Hilton went into Long Beach, California, and bought a hotel that had been a jinx since its opening. It had never made money and then an earthquake had seemingly put it entirely out of its misery. Hilton jacked it up, refurbished it, opened a cocktail lounge on the roof and started it coining pure gold.

"A mint on stilts," they refer to it in the Hilton chain.

Everything Hilton touches seems to turn out as fortunately and if there is an end to his mania for acquiring hotels it hasn't yet been reached. He has surrounded himself with his New Mexican and Texas associates and sticks closely to his home in Beverly Hills, letting them do the work of running the hotels.

Herndon is running the Plaza in New York and Dean Carpenter, Hilton's brother-in-law, operates the Roosevelt in the same city. It is only lately that his operations have grown to a point where he has run out of old friends and has had to hire other hotel men to help him. The operations are in the hands of a committee of his managers, who meet every month in Chicago and set policies. Hilton denies the charge that he is a promoter instead of an operating hotel man.

"We've spent a million and a half on the Plaza in repairs and refurnishing," he says. "We may not succeed but we hope eventually to make it the finest hotel in the world. If we were intending to sell it we wouldn't go to all that trouble."

What makes Hilton a great hotel figure is his mastery of finances. His depression experiences taught him how to run a good hotel economically. He knows how to group his properties so that they get the best tax break, and he can spot a bargain half a continent away. His campaign for the Stevens covered a period of almost ten years and he refused to despair even when the government took it over and it seemed gone forever.

"There's always one thing you can count on about a war," he said. "Some day it's going to stop."

Hilton is six feet four, wears a mustache with a Continental look and walks with a swinging gait. He has a naïve look and an air of charm that beguiles even tough hotel receivers. He likes people to live well in his hotels but even now can't understand some of them.

"What can anybody do in a hotel in more than one room?" he asks.

Out Hollywood way he plays a lot of golf, runs his affairs from his office in the Town House and for the rest rides trains back and forth across the country. He never seems hurried and what he really likes is hotels. When he gets into a strange town he walks up and down the streets looking at the properties.

"Golly, I'd like to have that one," he says longingly at a hotel that catches his eye. Just now he is picking up information on foreign properties because he expects tourist travel to be so great in future years that nobody could possibly lose on a hotel. His plans cover Mexico and South America, as well as Europe.

Kirkeby is also something of a financial wizard and the cash involved in some of the Kirkeby and Hilton deals borders on the ludicrous. Hilton bought the Plaza for $7,500,000 but put up only $600,000 in cash and has since paid for all improvements out of earnings. The Nacional in Havana cost $9,000,000 to build but Kirkeby, believe it or not, bought it for $180,000! It earned $700,000 last year and will go as high as a million in profits this year. The Stevens cost $28,000,000 to build and Hilton got it for $7,500,000. He paid $19,500,000 for the Palmer House and it is said the land alone at that site is worth $10,000,000.

Hilton has had his share of mistakes, the worst being a hotel he rushed to completion at Wertham, Texas, to take care of an oil well. He opened on time and only three guests ever came. The oil well turned out to be a water well.

He got in bad in San Francisco early in the war by settling a labor strike against the wishes of his competitors. That caused him to sell the Sir Francis Drake and he has been kicking himself ever since. He lately thought he had the St. Francis bought but some of the bondholders kicked and held it up. Kirkeby's big mistake was selling the Town House in Los Angeles to Hilton. It turned into a gold mine during the war.

"It's the one time I lost my nerve," says Kirkeby. "It was just after Pearl Harbor and I got the jitters like everybody else out there."

Snatching a Hotel by Phone

But he has had great courage in other deals, particularly in the case of the Beverly-Wilshire which he bought over the phone from Chicago, snatching it before the eyes of a Detroit troupe which was haggling with the owner in his Beverly Hills office. Kirkeby is in his forties and a handsome job in his own right. He is specializing on quality hotels and has the Metropolitan Life and Wertheim & Company in New York behind him. Hilton is tied up with Floyd Odlum and the Atlas Corporation.

Both of them were fortunate in hitting New York at the right time. By some quirk of fate, the war boom reached the metropolis belatedly. As late as 1942 the town was half empty and hotel bondholders had long since learned that their engrossed documents were good only for papering the rumpus room.

Hilton arrived, presumably with his saddlebags stuffed with cart wheels, and bought $500,000 worth of Waldorf-Astoria bonds at 4½. Six months later he sold them at 85. Kirkeby was doing the same with the Sherry-Netherlands. The only thing that prevented them from buying up the town was their inability to be more than one man at a time.

Well, they have them now and the rivalry is there in full force whether they recognize it or not. They have good hotels and they see at least five years of bumper business ahead. Hilton is a restless man who is always thinking. As his sister, Mrs. Carpenter, says about him: "You'll be talking to him and you'll notice him looking off over your shoulder. You might as well give up, then. He isn't hearing a word you're saying. He's off on some new deal."

Both gentlemen have been looking off over shoulders for several years. They seem to like what they see there and undoubtedly crave more of it. There will be more hotels grabbed and either Hilton or Kirkeby will be in on the snatch.

THE END

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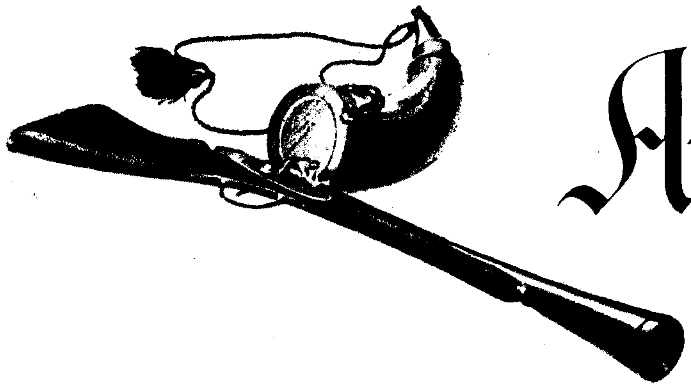

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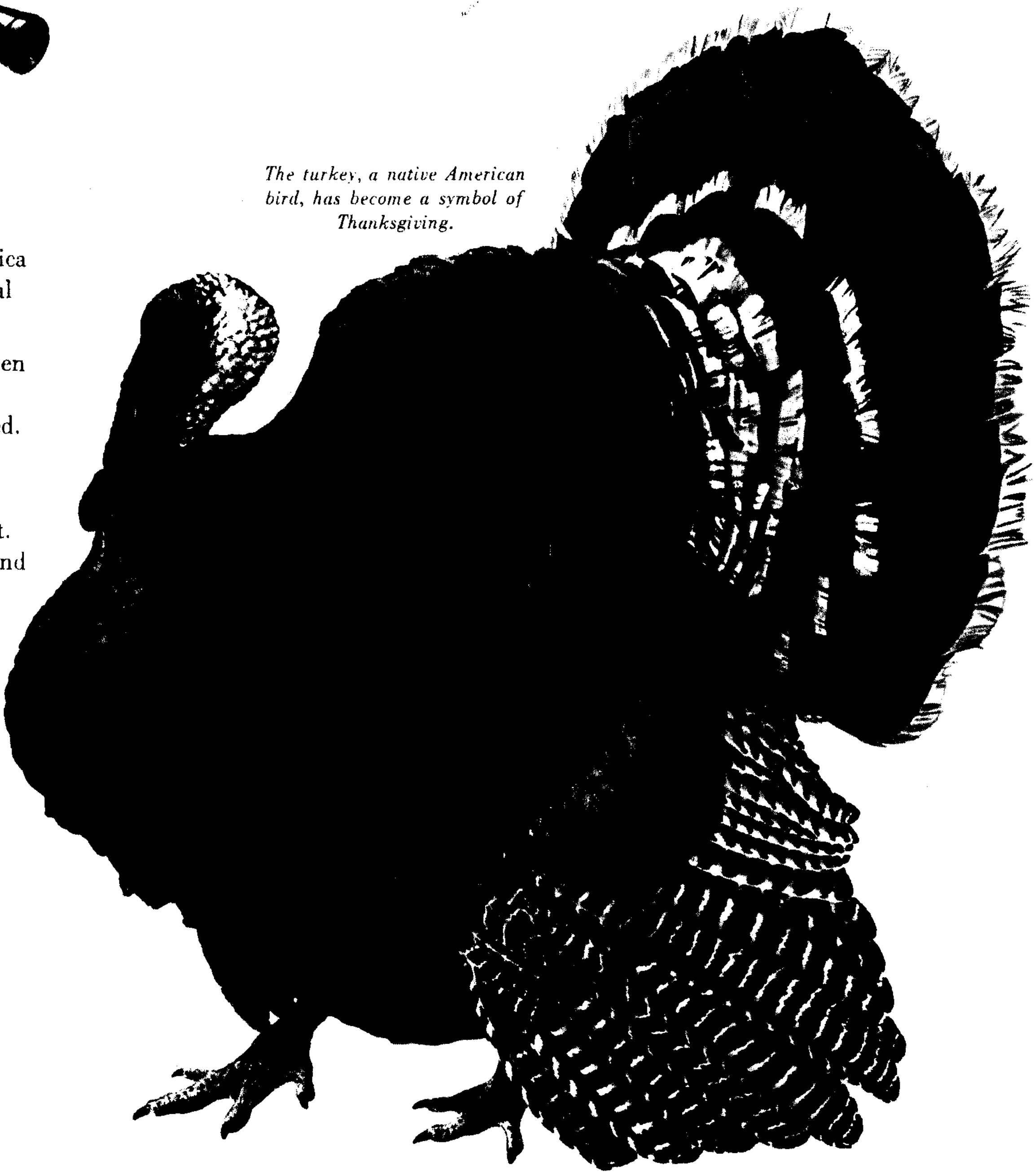

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The Pedigree Gin

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

determination and work as told by Mr. Haydn could be duplicated all over the nation, our national welfare would be advanced inestimably.

HOLLIS L. CASWELL, Associate Dean,
Teachers College, Columbia University

MONEY IN THE BANK

DEAR SIRS: In Blackjack Over Nevada (Sept. 21st.), Cameron Shipp says that Nevada is the only state without debt. Indiana has no debt, although gambling is not legalized in the Hoosier State.

W. H. ARNETT, Kokomo, Ind.

. . . Nebraska has no debt, and in its treasury it has a surplus of more than $15,000,000.

WILL M. MAUPIN, Clay Center, Neb.

The Bureau of Census terms Nevada the only "100 per cent debt-free" state. Several other states, including Indiana and Nebraska, are technically debt-free in that they owe no money but their state institutions do. Institutional debts listed for Indiana total $6,431,000, for Nebraska, $970,000.

PARTCH PEOPLE

DEAR EDITOR: Does Virgil Partch realize the serious condition of Ed's feet in the cartoon on page 30, Oct. 5th issue?

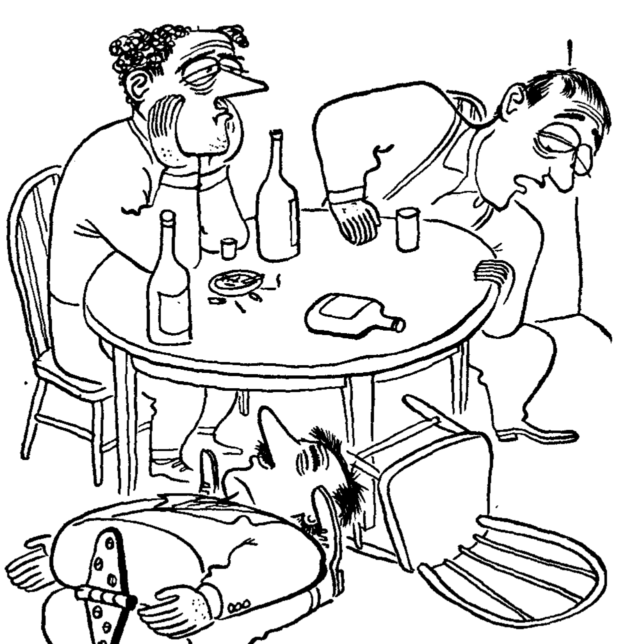
IRMA CRISP, Howard, Kan.

. . . I'd like to turn poor Ed's feet around before he unfolds; otherwise he's going to be in the same boat with the bunch in Washington—he won't know whether he's coming or going.

C. E. BERRY, Watsonville, Cal.

. . . I can overlook the hinge, but if drinking causes a fellow to wear his shoes backward, I think I'll climb on the wagon.

SAM E. ROYSE, Houston, Texas



"Gosh, Ed's folded up already"

. . . *Professor Partch admits he has no control over his characters' anatomical attributes. Many of them have multiple fingers, swivel ankles, collapsible craniums. But our recent request for pro and con votes on popularity of Vip's zanies polled 80 per cent for them, 20 per cent against. Long live the kinks!*

BURNING QUESTION

DEAR EDITOR: Even the excellence of Mr. J. K. Lagemann's article, Firetrap U.S.A. (Sept. 21st), does not excuse his blunder in asserting that "one small New England community burned 19 witches at the stake." Salem regrettably *hanged* persons accused of witchcraft. The burning of human beings was reserved for parts of the nation far to the south of New England.

OSCAR E. MAURER, D.D.,
New Haven, Conn.

CANADA SPEAKS

DEAR SIR: For years I've been meeting Yanks who know very little about Canada. Here are a few facts:

Canada is *larger* than the United States (Canada's area: 3,729,665 square miles; United States': 3,045,600 square miles). Texas, your largest state, is 141,482 square miles smaller than our second largest province. Our money is *not* pounds, shillings and pence—it is dollars and cents, at present at par with your currency.

E. A. GODFREY,
Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada

BEDSIDE BILL

DEAR EDITOR: I have read Mr. Maisel's one-sided article, Battle of the Bedside (Sept. 21st), and I would like to know why a man with a $2,500 income should call on the public to pay half a $150 medical bill.

JAMES T. YOUNG, Philadelphia, Pa.

FETCHING FACE

DEAR EDITOR: Orchids to Collier's for your cover of Sept. 28th. There is a challenge for each one to interpret the thought and character of the girl. I've seen those eyes, that expression before.

BRAD CHASE,
Univ. of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.

. . . Your cover on the Sept. 28th issue disgusts me.

JOAN STEVENSON, R.N., Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . I hope the cover isn't supposed to represent good *photography.* Down with Bauman-Greene (the photographers). What happened to my old pal Lawson Wood?

JERRY PULLIAM,
Grand Island, Neb.

Another cover depicting the antics of Lawson Wood's animals is coming up soon.

. . . Your Sept. 28th cover looks like hell. As a matter of fact, all your covers look like hell.

VICTOR SKREBNEWSKI,
Chicago 10, Ill.

MORNING MOON

THE WEEK'S MAIL: Your August 31st issue contained a most remarkable story—Twenty to One It's Love, by William A. Krauss—in which (oh me, oh my!) Edgar Brooke steps out on the veranda deck into a clear, moonlit night—at 9 o'clock in the morning. This Atomic Age!

MRS. E. S. TYLER, JR., New Haven, Conn.

Right—and our proofreaders have been in the doghouse since 9 o'clock this morning.

POSTWAR BATTLE

DEAR EDITOR: Amy Porter's article on the Legion (The Legion Eats 'Em Alive, Oct. 5th) is but an echo of most veterans' opinion of the Legion. We veterans of World War II, in the fight to wrest the power from the old guard, will change the "beer drinking weekly meeting" to a citizens' group of value. We are joining the Amvets and/or the AVC to make an outside fight, if necessary.

BENNETT ASQUITH, Boston, Mass.

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SHINGLE ON WINGS

WINNIFRED WISE

In his Stinson L-5, Veterinarian Dr. C. A. Mohr, Jr., covers a wide field

IT WAS calving time at Farmer Sim Griffin's ranch, and one of his cows had torn herself badly in labor. She was Sim's prize Jersey and he couldn't afford to lose her. Sim put in an emergency call to Doctor C. A. Mohr, one of Oklahoma's pioneering young veterinarians, urging him to hurry. Doctor Mohr made the 15 miles from his office in Sapulpa to Sim's farm, west of Glenpool, in a record-breaking two and one half hours, his buckboard bouncing along the deeply rutted oil-field roads and jolting over rocks and corn stubble as he cut across the fields. That was in November, 1911.

Last month, when Sim's son put in an obstetrical emergency call to the Mohr veterinary hospital, now located in Tulsa, Doctor Mohr sent *his* son, Doctor C. A. Mohr, Jr., rushing to the Griffin farm. It took young Doctor Mohr just 15 minutes to make the 30-mile trip, and the 1946 calf was safely ushered into the world.

"Young Doc" answers emergency calls in a gleaming white Consolidated Vultee Stinson L-5 liaison plane, emblazoned with the blue cross, symbol of veterinary medicine. The wings of this specially equipped flying veterinarian hospital are spreading the fame of Oklahoma's able and colorful young sky-doctor over five states and thousands of square miles of Southwest cattle country.

He is probably the first veterinarian to combine medical skill with flying skill. This combination solves two of the big problems that farm veterinarians have always faced: How best to bring big-city methods to the country crossroads, and how to do it with lifesaving speed. You'll seldom find a veterinarian who isn't in a hurry.

Farmers hope and pray over their animals until the last minute before calling in the doc, making nearly every call an emergency.

Personable 32-year-old Doctor Mohr states the solution with characteristic simplicity: "I can't fly the horse to the hospital, but I can sure fly the hospital to the horse. And many's the time the few hours or even minutes I save by flying means the difference between a dead horse and a live one."

A barnyard becomes a modern operating room when Doctor Mohr sets his compactly fitted mercy ship down on an adjoining hay meadow. The sterilizer keeps his instruments as germ-free as those in his Tulsa hospital; the portable X ray is there for diagnoses; the inhalator for emergencies; serums and biologics are kept at regulated temperatures in the portable refrigeration unit until the moment they are used.

Doc owns and flies three planes, all Army surplus, bought from the government at a total cost of $3,850. In addition to the Stinson L-5, he owns two other ships which he uses for routine long-distance calls, such as yearly vaccinations and examinations. On his silver Consolidated Vultee BT-13 and his Fairchild PT-19 he has painted his personal trade-mark, a winged syringe on a field of blue.

Doctor Mohr estimates that he makes a saving of at least half time on short trips, more proportionately as the distance increases. Since he made his first call by plane in September of last year, he has averaged at least 2,000 miles a month. Although his average trip is from 40 to 50 miles, he has flown as far as 600 miles on a case.

Doctor Mohr believes that as more and more veterinarians follow his lead, far greater specialization in veterinary medicine will be possible. Earth-bound veterinarians, whose radius of practice includes at the very most a few hundred miles, are necessarily of the old country-doctor variety, treating any and all ailments.

A veterinarian with wings can afford to specialize, as Doctor Mohr has done in surgery. He has been available at a moment's notice for emergency cases and consultations at such widely scattered points as Borger, Texas; Fayetteville, Arkansas; Douglass, Kansas; and Springfield, Missouri.

The cost of flying is not prohibitive, Doctor Mohr has found, and he makes no additional charge for answering a call by air Since much of the average farm veterinarian's time is taken up by traveling, the time Doctor Mohr saves by flying makes it possible for him to have a larger practice.

He is a stocky, five-foot-eleven brunet

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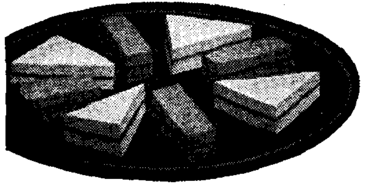

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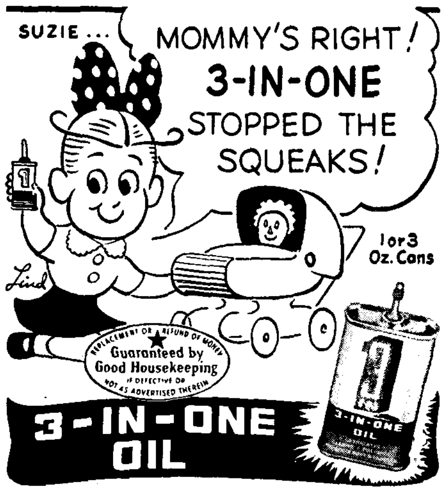
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In this case, your real trouble is not in the stomach at all. But in the intestinal tract where 80% of your food is digested. And when the lower part gets blocked food may fail to digest properly.

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whose 185 pounds come in handy when he's practicing his bedside manner with an unruly steer. Doc says proudly that he's one-sixteenth Cherokee Indian—but the rest must be pure cowboy. He collects hand-tooled leather accessories, and frequently tosses aside his khaki work clothes and dudes up in tailor-made gabardine rancher's pants, fancy decorated boots, fine felt hat and leather belt with his name worked into intricate floral designs.

Young Doc's interest in veterinary medicine started in what Old Doc likes to call the buckboard days. Before he was big enough to hold down a pillow on the jouncing seat, young Charlie Mohr was accompanying his doctor father on his rounds.

The only time Young Doc wavered in his determination to become a veterinarian was at the end of his undergraduate course at Kansas State University in 1938, when the lure of flying almost made an Air Corps cadet out of him. But after a long talk with Old Doc, he decided against it.

Doctor Mohr, Jr., has not depended on the glamor of his flying or on his father's reputation to build his own practice. While working on his doctor's degree at Texas A & M, he held the highest student record in the United States in veterinary medicine and surgery, and he attracted attention by controlling a particularly stubborn disease among cattle.

The success of this treatment, along with Young Doc's pioneering in the use of sulfa drugs and penicillin in veterinary medicine, created such a demand for his services that between the time he started practicing in June, 1941, and the time he took up flying in 1945, he wore out four cars making calls all over Oklahoma.

Only Doctor Mohr, Sr., who describes himself as "old and fogy" remains a bit skeptical about flying. "I reckon I'm just plain scared," he says, and points out that the transition from a two-horse buckboard to a 400-horsepower BT-13 is too much for an old-timer.

But even Old Doc admits, in a more serious mood, that it's the beginning, not the end of "this flying business" for his doctor son and hundreds like him who will hang their shingles in the sky.

WINNIFRED WISE and
CAROL LYNN GILMER

REVOLUTION WITH A CAMERA

Continued from page 23

camera truck or "dolly" had to be constructed— one that could "walk" through doors easily. For this purpose, John Arnold, A.S.C., head of M-G-M's camera department, devised a contraption with wheels on both ends and steering apparatus like a hook and ladder. He also designed the special harness and bracket for the battery-driven camera worn by the cameraman.

To Director of Photography Paul Vogel, A.S.C., all this was a stimulating challenge. His principal concern was to execute the required photographic gymnastics without letting the camera become obtrusive.

Lighting was a headache. The camera wandered about the set so fluidly that lights could not be placed on the floor in the conventional manner. They were suspended overhead, adding further to the problem of microphone shadows.

At several points in the story, Montgomery is seen in front of mirrors, and the problem there was to show his reflection without showing either the man himself or the camera.

Moreover, the camera's point of view had to simulate his own, and he had to co-ordinate his movements so that when he walked toward the mirror or away from it, the camera "eye" would do likewise.

Sound engineers, too, found Lady in the Lake no bed of technical roses. Since action within a separate scene was often played all over a wide expanse of set, it was frequently necessary to use as many as five microphones to pick up the sound as the camera went galloping after the rest of the players.

Montgomery recorded his dialogue from a special microphone set up off-screen next to his director's chair. In the final print his lines were dubbed in slightly louder than the rest of the dialogue in order to sharpen the subjective effect.

Whereas the average motion-picture scene covers one page of script and runs about 30 seconds in length, most of the scenes in Lady covered from 4 to 9 pages of script and ran as much as eight minutes in length—thus setting a mark for the longest "takes" on record.

This kept all of the players on their mettle. Everything had to go just right. No one could fluff a line and get away with it, knowing that the mistake could later be covered from another angle. The usual "piecework" atmosphere of movie making disappeared when actors had to tread the boards of the sound stage for eight solid minutes without a cut.

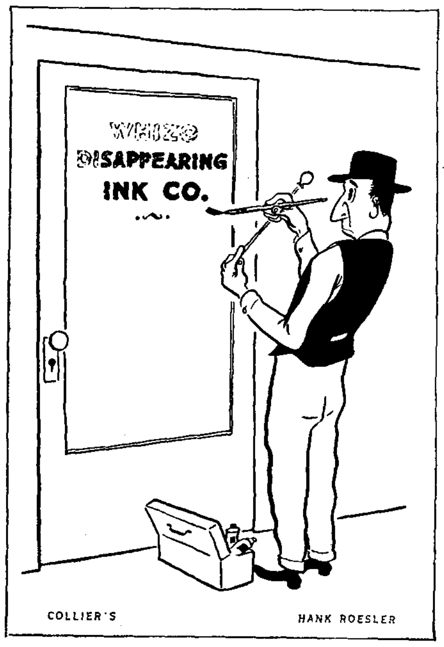
Filming called for a wide departure from previously standardized techniques. The cameraman, for instance, browbeaten for years into believing that each scene should be precisely framed and centered, was suddenly told to forget all that in sequences where the hero's point of view was a bit unbalanced.

It was difficult for the cast to learn to look at the camera and actually play their scenes into the lens.

Audrey Totter had perhaps the easiest time of any player catching on to this little trick. Miss Totter came to Hollywood from the world of radio, where she had been accustomed to speaking directly into the microphone. Breaking into pictures, she had found it difficult to keep from looking into the camera lens until directors with stevedore vocabularies persuaded her to make like the camera wasn't there at all. For Lady in the Lake she found it a simple matter to lapse back.

Actually, everyone working on the film had to adopt a new point of view. They had constantly to regard the camera as a living, breathing person. That they were able to do so is a tribute to Director Montgomery.

THE END



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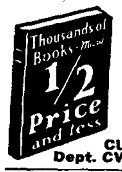

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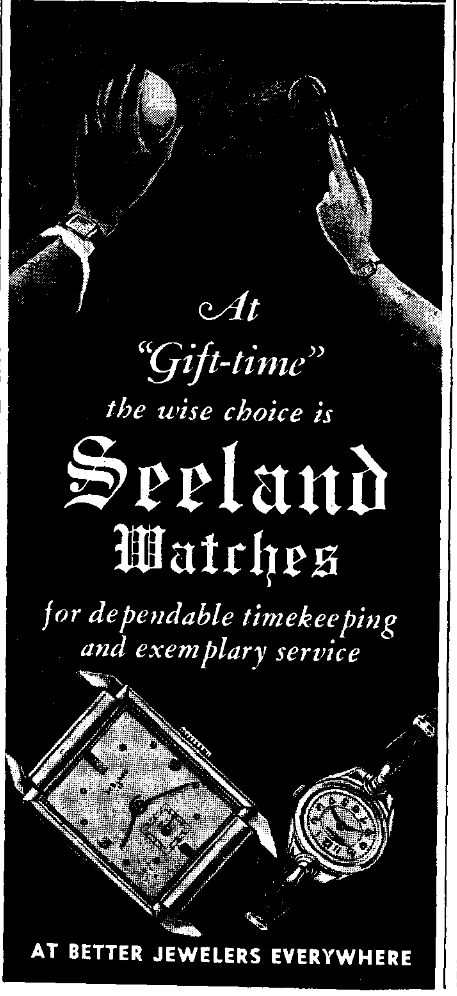
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WAR COVERAGE and EXTRA BENEFITS

Childbirth Expense paid, up to . . .	$75.00

Sickness or accident can easily wipe out, in a few weeks, savings it may have taken years to accumulate. Don't let this happen to you. With a Family Mutual Hospitalization policy, you'll be able to pay your hospital bills. In case of accident, you will be reimbursed for your doctor expenses and for loss of time from work. You may choose any hospital in the United States and your own family doctor may attend you. Benefits applying to children are 50% of those paid adults.

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601 Shipley St., Wilmington 99, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, complete information on your Economical Hospitalization Plan.

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A STATEMENT OF FACT

AN EDITORIAL

We have received a note unsigned, unplaced, undated that reads:

> “*It is a sad day for America when men like you lend their names and respectability to the spread of Communism.*”

It would be sad if it were true. It happens not to be true. Neither as private citizens nor as journalists do the editors, publishers, writers or anyone else associated with Collier's lend names, respectability or anything they own to the spread of Communism.

It is sad that an American citizen should at this time be so bewildered by the confusion of these postwar years as to write and to send even anonymously such a letter of false accusation. Certainly nothing ever published in Collier's can reasonably be interpreted as favoring Communism.

Collier's, however, gets these mistaken and false accusations from fanatics on both sides of the road. George Seldes, who once was a reporter on the staff of the Chicago Tribune, gets out a weekly newsletter that he calls “In Fact.” This generally follows the Communist party line.

In a recent issue he publishes an untrue and irresponsible attack on Collier's as an agency of J. P. Morgan and Company. Among other things he says:

> “*Among the minor enterprises controlled by J. P. Morgan and Company is the Crowell Publishing Company which prints several of the most widely circulated magazines in America, thus influencing public opinion in favor of the Morgan interests... The Crowell Publishing Company's two most powerful publications are the weekly Collier's and the monthly American Magazine. These and other magazines put over the Morgan line in America.*”

There is not a single word of truth in George Seldes' attack on Collier's or the American Magazine. J. P. Morgan and Company never directly or indirectly controlled the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.

The late Huey Long circulated that falsehood. The Communists who hated Huey Long picked up his falsehoods. George Seldes repeats the falsehood. The only item of fact in the malicious canard is that Thomas W. Lamont, a Morgan partner, is a minority stockholder of the Crowell Company. But neither he nor any of his partners, nor the Morgan bank, ever controlled or even attempted in any way or at any time to participate in the editorial direction of Collier's, the American, or any other Crowell magazine. Collier's is controlled neither by conservatives nor radicals. Collier's independent policy was well stated a generation ago by the late Robert J. Collier, son of the founder of the magazine, when he said:

> “*It is the aim of Collier's to reflect impartially the best contemporary thought and on its own behalf to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare. It aims furthermore to keep always before its readers a high, sane, and cheerful ideal of American citizenship.*”

Collier's still seeks to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare. This independent stand vexes partisans on both sides, right and left.

For example, we had another letter the other day berating an editorial that urged the broadening of the social insurance plan to cover those not now protected. This editorial was denounced as Communist propaganda. When the critic was informed that the editorial followed precisely the policy adopted by the Republican National Convention on the subject in 1944, and a more recent recommendation of the Federal Reserve Board, he said he was still against it. Yet he boasts of being a Republican.

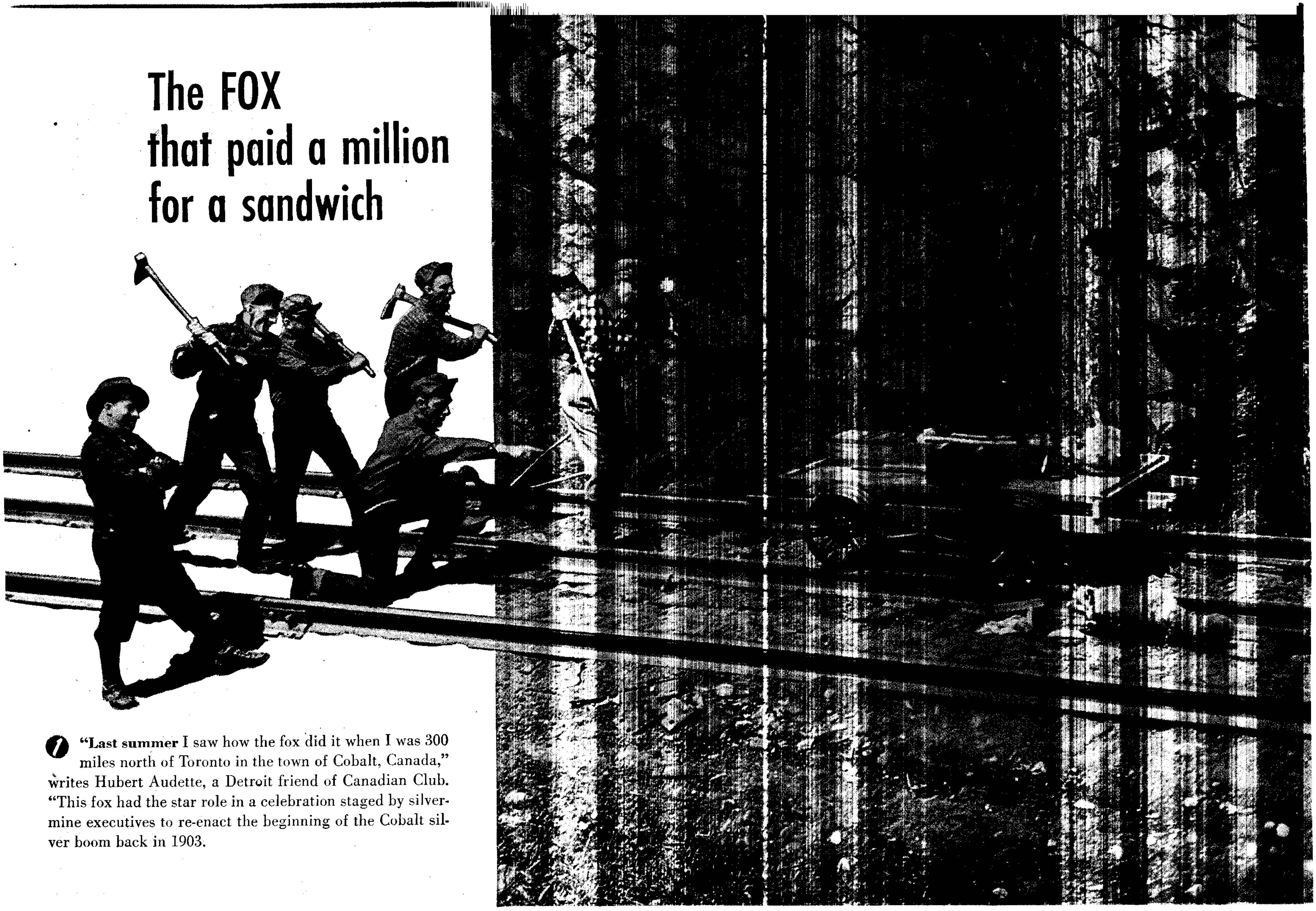
As for Collier's, we shall go forward along the same sane and progressive lines we have long followed. We are still nonpartisan as to political parties and candidates. We continue zealous to uphold the great American principles of freedom and of opportunity to the ambitious and aspiring. We are now detached, and we hope to keep detached, from the bitterness of factional controversy.

Collier's Congressional Awards, that this year went to Senator Vandenberg, Republican, and Congressman Mike Monroney, Democrat, typify our editorial policy. These awards of $10,000 each go to the representative and to the senator adjudged by a nonpolitical committee of distinguished citizens to have rendered the most memorable service to the nation during a twelve-month period. The accent is on service to the nation and not to a party. For that idea we stand.

So we are undisturbed by the invective of that excited group of Americans who can't tell the difference between American social progress demanded and achieved by Republicans and Democrats on the one hand and Communist propaganda on the other. We are not upset by George Seldes who takes the Communist line or the anti-Communist Westbrook Pegler who advocates a boycott of those who don't share his intolerance.

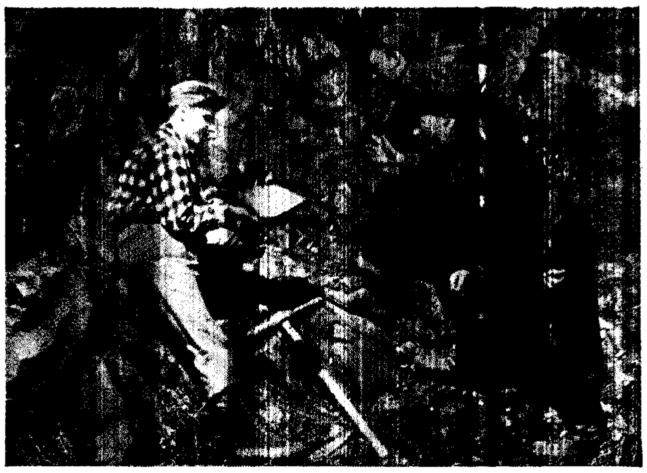
COLLIER'S
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
WALTER DAVENPORT Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

The FOX that paid a million for a sandwich

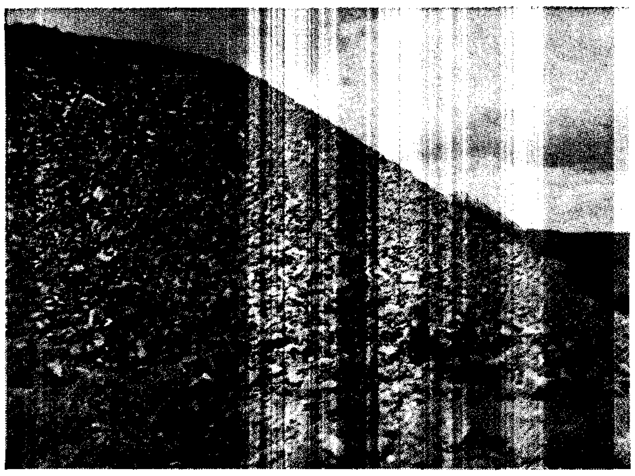


① **"Last summer** I saw how the fox did it when I was 300 miles north of Toronto in the town of Cobalt, Canada," writes Hubert Audette, a Detroit friend of Canadian Club. "This fox had the star role in a celebration staged by silver-mine executives to re-enact the beginning of the Cobalt silver boom back in 1903.

② **"The lunch box of Fred La Rose,** a railroad worker, was raided time and again by a fox that liked La Rose's sandwiches. One day La Rose got *really* mad and threw his railroad hammer at the fox. He missed the fox, but hit the jackpot.



③ **"Retrieving his hammer,** La Rose noticed a glittering chunk of rock his wild throw had knocked loose. Excited, he called the gang over. They agreed it looked like silver ore. It was... almost *pure* silver. And the Cobalt bonanza was on. La Rose made a million dollars.



④ **"A ghost town for 20 years** when the price of silver slumped, Cobalt is now booming again. I saw countless huge dump heaps of cobalt ore like this that were ignored by early miners. Now even this 'rubbish' is fabulously valuable.

⑤ **"After the celebration,** I enjoyed Canadian Club highballs with one of the chemists before a fireplace built of ore that is almost solid silver. The contrasts of incredible richness and roughness made me feel I was back in America's pioneering days. We drank to a long life for Cobalt's new boom, and to rich silver veins for every diamond drill crew in town."

⑥ **Even today** travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth ... often from a cherished prewar supply. Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening, in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. That's what made it the largest selling imported whisky in the United States.

Canadian Club

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The brand named most was Camel!

The rich, full flavor and cool mildness of Camel's superb blend of costlier tobaccos seem to have the same appeal to the smoking tastes of doctors as to millions of other smokers the world around. If you are a Camel smoker, this preference among doctors will hardly surprise you. If you're not—well, try Camels now.

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